THE

# WORKS

OF

# *HANNAH MORE,*

IN EIGHT VOLUMES:

INCLUDING

Several Pieces never before publiſhed.

VOL. V.

*LONDON:*
Printed by A. Strahan, Printers-Street,
FOR T. CADELL JUN. AND W. DAVIES, IN THE STRAND.
1801.

# TALES

FOR THE

# *COMMON PEOPLE.*

---

Religion is for the man in humble life, and to raiſe his nature, and to put him in mind of a ſtate in which the privileges of opulence will ceaſe, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue.

BURKE on the French Revolution.

# CONTENTS

OF

# THE FIFTH VOLUME.


The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain: In Two Parts - - Page 1

The Two Shoemakers: In Six Parts - 69

The History of Tom White the Postboy: In Two Parts - - - 219

The History of Hester Wilmot: In Two Parts; Being the Sequel to the Sunday School 283

The Grand Assize, or General Gaol Delivery. An Allegory - - - 332

The Servant Man turned Soldier: An Allegory 350

The History of Betty Brown the St. Giles's Orange Girl, with some Account of Mrs. Sponge the Money-Lender - - 372

Black Giles the Poacher: In Two Parts. Containing some Account of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work 397

Tawney Rachel; or, the Fortune-teller; with some Account of Dreams, Omens, and Conjurers - - - - 478

# ADVERTISEMENT

TO THIS AND THE PRECEDING

## VOLUME OF TALES.

---

To improve the habits, and raiſe the principles of the common people, at a time when their dangers and temptations, moral and political, were multiplied beyond the example of any former period, was the motive which impelled the Author of theſe volumes to deviſe and proſecute the inſtitution of the Cheap Repoſitory. This plan was eſtabliſhed with an humble wiſh, not only to counteract vice and profligacy on the one hand, but error, diſcontent, and falſe religion on the other. And as an appetite for reading had, from a variety of cauſes, been increaſing among the inferior ranks in this country, it was judged expedient, at this critical period, to ſupply ſuch

wholefome aliment as might give a new direction to their tafte, and abate their relifh for thofe corrupt and inflammatory publications which the confequences of the French Revolution have been fo fatally pouring in upon us.

The fuccefs of the plan exceeded the moft fanguine expectation of its projector. Above two millions of the Tracts were fold within the firft year, befides very large numbers in Ireland; and they continue to be very extenfively circulated, in their original form of fingle Tracts, by Evans, in Long-lane, Weft Smithfield, Hatchard in Piccadilly, and Hazard in Bath, as well as in three bound volumes fold by Rivington, Hatchard, and all other bookfellers.

As thefe ftories, though *principally*, are not calculated *exclufively* for the middle and lower claffes of fociety, the Author has, at the defire of her friends, felected thofe which were written by herfelf, and prefented them to the public in this collection of her works, in an enlarged and improved form.

THE

# SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

MR. JOHNSON, a very worthy charitable gentleman, was travelling ſome time ago acroſs one of thoſe vaſt plains which are well known in Wiltſhire. It was a fine ſummer's evening, and he rode ſlowly that he might have leiſure to admire God in the works of his creation. For this gentleman was of opinion, that a walk or a ride was as proper a time as any to think about good things; for which reaſon, on ſuch occaſions, he ſeldom thought ſo much about his money, or his trade, or public news, as at other times, that he might with more eaſe and ſatisfaction enjoy the pious thoughts which the wonderful works of the great Maker

Maker of heaven and earth are intended to raiſe in the mind.

As this ſerene contemplation of the viſible heavens inſenſibly lifted up his mind from the works of God in nature, to the ſame God as he is ſeen in revelation; it occurred to him that this very connexion was clearly intimated by the Royal Prophet in the nineteenth pſalm. That moſt beautiful deſcription of the greatneſs and power of God exhibited in the former part, plainly ſeeming intended to introduce, illuſtrate, and unfold the operations of the word and ſpirit of God on the heart in the latter. And he began to run a parallel in his own mind between the effects of that highly poetical and glowing picture of the material ſun in ſearching and warming the earth, in the firſt ſix verſes, and the ſpiritual operation attributed to the "law of God," which fills up the remaining part of the pſalm. And he perſuaded himſelf that the divine ſpirit which dictated this fine hymn, had left it as a kind of general intimation

to

to what uſe we were to convert our admiration of created things; namely, that we might be led by a ſight of them to raiſe our views from the kingdom of nature to that of grace, and that the contemplation of God in his works might draw us to contemplate him in his word.

In the midſt of theſe reflections, Mr. Johnſon's attention was all of a ſudden called off by the barking of a Shepherd's dog, and looking up he ſpied one of thoſe little huts, which are here and there to be ſeen on thoſe great downs; and near it was the Shepherd himſelf buſily employed with his dog in collecting together his vaſt flock of ſheep. As he drew nearer, he perceived him to be a clean, well looking, poor man, near fifty years of age. His coat, though at firſt it had probably been of one dark colour, had been in a long courſe of years ſo often patched with different ſorts of cloth, that it was now become hard to ſay which had been the original colour. But

this, while it gave a plain proof of the Shepherd's poverty, equally proved the exceeding neatneſs, induſtry, and good management of his wife. His ſtockings no leſs proved her good houſewifery, for they were entirely covered with darns of different coloured worſted, but had not a hole in them; and his ſhirt, though nearly as coarſe as the ſails of a ſhip, was as white as the drifted ſnow, and was neatly mended where time had either made a rent, or worn it thin. This furniſhes a rule of judging, by which one ſhall ſeldom be deceived. If I meet with a labourer, hedging, ditching, or mending the highways with his ſtockings and ſhirt tight and whole, however mean and bad his other garments are, I have ſeldom failed, on viſiting his cottage, to find that alſo clean and well ordered, and his wife notable, and worthy of encouragement. Whereas a poor woman, who will be lying a-bed, or goſſiping with her neighbours when ſhe ought to be fitting

out

out her husband in a cleanly manner, will seldom be found to be very good in other respects.

This was not the case with our Shepherd: and Mr. Johnson was not more struck with the decency of his mean and frugal dress, than with his open honest countenance, which bore strong marks of health, cheerfulness, and spirit.

Mr. Johnson, who was on a journey, and somewhat fearful from the appearance of the sky, that rain was at no great distance, accosted the Shepherd with asking what sort of weather he thought it would be on the morrow. "It will be such weather as "pleases me," answered the Shepherd. Though the answer was delivered in the mildest and most civil tone that could be imagined, the gentleman thought the words themselves rather rude and surly, and asked him how that could be. "Because," replied the Shepherd, "it will be such weather "as shall please God, and whatever pleases "him always pleases me."

Mr. Johnſon, who delighted in good men and good things, was very well ſatisfied with his reply. For he juſtly thought that though an hypocrite may eaſily contrive to appear better than he really is to a ſtranger; and that no one ſhould be too ſoon truſted, merely for having a few good words in his mouth; yet as he knew that "out of the abundance of the heart the "mouth ſpeaketh;" he always accuſtomed himſelf to judge favourably of thoſe who had a ſerious deportment and ſolid manner of ſpeaking. It looks as if it proceeded from a good habit, ſaid he, and though I may now and then be deceived by it, yet it has not often happened to me to be ſo. Whereas if a man accoſts me with an idle, diſſolute, vulgar, indecent, or prophane expreſſion, I have never been deceived in him, but have generally on inquiry found his character to be as bad as his language gave me room to expect.

He entered into converſation with the Shepherd in the following manner:—

"Yours

"Yours is a troublesome life, honest "friend," said he.—"To be sure, sir," replied the Shepherd, "'tis not a very lazy "life; but 'tis not near so toilsome as that "which my GREAT MASTER led for my "sake; and he had every state and condi-"tion of life at his choice, and *chose* a hard "one; while I only submit to the lot that "is appointed me."—"You are exposed "to great cold and heat," said the gentle-man;—"true, sir," said the shepherd; "but then I am not exposed to great tempt-"ations; and so throwing one thing against "another, God is pleased to contrive to "make things more equal than we poor, "ignorant, short-sighted creatures, are apt "to think. David was happier when he "kept his father's sheep on such a plain as "this, and employed in singing some of "his own psalms perhaps, than ever he "was when he became king of Israel and "Judah. And I dare say we should never "have had some of the most beautiful "texts in all those fine Psalms, if he had

 "not

" not been a ſhepherd, which enabled him " to make ſo many fine compariſons and " ſimilitudes, as one may ſay, from country " life, flocks of ſheep, hills, and vallies, " fields of corn, and fountains of water."

" You think then," ſaid the gentleman, " that a laborious life is a happy one."— " I do, ſir, and more ſo eſpecially, as it " expoſes a man to fewer ſins. If king " Saul had continued a poor laborious man " to the end of his days, he might have " lived happy and honeſt, and died a natu- " ral death in his bed at laſt, which you " know, ſir, was more than he did. But " I ſpeak with reverence, for it was divine " Providence overruled all that, you know, " ſir, and I do not preſume to make com- " pariſons. Beſides, ſir, my employment " has been particularly honoured—Moſes " was a ſhepherd in the plains of Midian. " It was to 'ſhepherds keeping their flocks " 'by night,' that the angels appeared in " Bethlehem, to tell the beſt news, the " gladdeſt tidings, that ever were revealed

" to poor ſinful men: often and often has " the thought warmed my poor heart in " the coldeſt night, and filled me with " more joy and thankfulneſs than the beſt " ſupper could have done."

Here the ſhepherd ſtopped, for he began to feel that he had made too free, and had talked too long. But Mr. Johnſon was ſo well pleaſed with what he ſaid, and with the cheerful contented manner in which he ſaid it, that he deſired him to go on freely, for that it was a pleaſure to him to meet with a plain man, who, without any kind of learning but what he had got from the bible, was able to talk ſo well on a ſubject in which all men, high and low, rich and poor, are equally concerned.

" Indeed I am afraid I make too bold, " ſir, for it better becomes me to liſten to " ſuch a gentleman as you ſeem to be, " than to talk in my poor way: but as I " was ſaying, ſir, I wonder all working men " do not derive as great joy and delight as " I do from thinking how God has ho-

" noured

" noured poverty! Oh! ſir, what great, " or rich, or mighty men have had ſuch " honour put on them, or their condition, " as ſhepherds, tent-makers, fiſhermen, " and carpenters have had? Beſides, it " ſeems as if God honoured induſtry alſo. " The way of duty is not only the way of " ſafety, but it is remarkable how many " in the exerciſe of the common duties of " their calling, humbly and rightly per- " formed, as we may ſuppoſe, have found " honours, preferment, and bleſſing; while " it does not occur to me that the whole " ſacred volume preſents a ſingle inſtance " of a like bleſſing conferred on idleneſs. " Rebekah, Rachel, and Jethro's daughters, " were diligently employed in the loweſt " occupations of a country life, when Pro- " vidence, by means of thoſe very occupa- " tions, raiſed them up huſbands ſo famous " in hiſtory, as Iſaac, Jacob, and the pro- " phet Moſes. The ſhepherds were neither " playing nor ſleeping, but 'watching " 'their flocks,' when they received the

" news

"news of a Saviour's birth; and the "woman of Samaria, by the laborious "office of drawing water, was brought to "the knowledge of Him who gave her to "drink of 'living water."

"My honeſt friend," ſaid the gentleman, "I perceive you are well acquainted with "ſcripture."—"Yes, ſir, pretty well, "bleſſed be God! through his mercy I "learnt to read when I was a little boy; "though reading was not ſo common when "I was a child, as I am told, through the "goodneſs of Providence and the genero-"ſity of the rich, it is likely to become "now-a-days. I believe there is no day "for the laſt thirty years, that I have not "peeped at my bible. If we can't find "time to read a chapter, I defy any man to "ſay he can't find time to read a verſe; "and a ſingle text, ſir, well followed and "put in practice every day, would make "no bad figure at the year's end; three "hundred and ſixty-five texts, without "the loſs of a moment's time, would make "a pretty

" a pretty ſtock, a little golden treaſury, " as one may ſay, from new-year's day to " new-year's day; and if children were " brought up to it, they would come to " look for their text as naturally as they " do for their breakfaſt. No labouring " man, 'tis true, has ſo much leiſure as a " ſhepherd, for while the flock is feeding, " I am obliged to be ſtill, and at ſuch times " I can now and then tap a ſhoe for my " children or myſelf, which is a great " ſaving to us, and while I am doing that I " repeat a chapter or a pſalm, which makes " the time paſs pleaſantly in this wild ſoli- " tary place. I can ſay the beſt part of " the New Teſtament by heart; I believe " I ſhould not ſay the beſt part, for every " part is good, but I mean the greateſt " part. I have led but a lonely life, and have " often had but little to eat, but my bible " has been meat, drink, and company to me, " as I may ſay, and when want and trouble " have come upon me, I don't know what " I ſhould have done indeed, ſir, if I had

" not

" not had the promiſes of this book for my
" ſtay and ſupport."

" You have had great difficulties then?" ſaid Mr. Johnſon. " Why, as to that, ſir, " not more than neighbours' fare; I have " but little cauſe to complain, and much to " be thankful; but I have had ſome little " ſtruggles, as I will leave you to judge. " I have a wife and eight children, whom " I bred up in that little cottage which you " ſee under the hill about half a mile off." " What, that with the ſmoke coming out " of the chimney?" ſaid the gentleman. " O no, ſir," replied the ſhepherd, ſmiling, " we have ſeldom ſmoke in the evening, " for we have little to cook, and firing is " very dear in theſe parts. 'Tis that cot- " tage which you ſee on the left hand of " the church, near that little tuft of haw- " thorns."—" What, that hovel with only " one room above and below, with ſcarcely " any chimney? how is it poſſible you can " live there with ſuch a family!—" O! " it is very poſſible and very certain too," cried

cried the Shepherd. "How many better "men have been worſe lodged! how many "good chriſtians have periſhed in priſons "and dungeons, in compariſon of which "my cottage is a palace! The houſe is very "well, ſir; and if the rain did not ſome-"times beat down upon us through the "thatch when we are a-bed, I ſhould not "deſire a better; for I have health, peace, "and liberty, and no man maketh me "afraid."

"Well, I will certainly call on you be-"fore it be long; but how can you con-"trive to lodge ſo many children?"—"We do the beſt we can, ſir. My poor "wife is a very ſickly woman, or we ſhould "always have done tolerably well. There "are no gentry in the pariſh, ſo that ſhe "has not met with any great aſſiſtance in "her ſickneſs. The good curate of the "pariſh who lives in that pretty parſonage "in the valley, is very willing, but not very "able to aſſiſt us on theſe trying occaſions, "for he has little enough for himſelf, and

"a large

" large family into the bargain. Yet he " does what he can, and more than many " richer men do, and more than he can well " afford. Befides that, his prayers and " good advice we are always fure of, and " we are truly thankful for that, for a man " muft give, you know, fir, according to " what he hath, and not according to what " he hath not."

" I am afraid," faid Mr. Johnfon, " that " your difficulties may fometimes lead you " to repine."

" No, fir," replied the Shepherd, " it " pleafes God to give me two ways of " bearing up under them. I pray that " they may be either removed or fanctified " to me. Befides, if my road be right I " am contented, though it be rough and " uneven. I do not fo much ftagger at " hardfhips in the right way, as I dread a " falfe fecurity, and a hollow peace, while " I may be walking in a more fmooth, but " lefs fafe way. Befides, fir, I ftrengthen " my faith by recollecting what the beft

"men have ſuffered, and my hope, with the "view of the ſhortneſs of all ſuffering. It "is a good hint, ſir, of the vanity of all "earthly poſſeſſions, that though the whole "Land of Promiſe was his, yet the firſt bit "of ground which Abraham, the father of "the faithful, got poſſeſſion of, in the land "of Canaan, was a *grave*."

"Are you in any diſtreſs at preſent?" ſaid Mr. Johnſon. "No, ſir, thank God," replied the Shepherd. "I get my ſhilling "a-day, and moſt of my children will ſoon "be able to earn ſomething; for we have "only three under five years old."— "Only!" ſaid the gentleman, "that is a "heavy burden."—"Not at all; God "fits the back to it. Though my "wife is not able to do any out-of-door "work, yet ſhe breeds up our children "to ſuch habits of induſtry, that our "little maids, before they are ſix years "old, can firſt get a halfpenny, and then "a penny a day by knitting. The boys "who are too little to do hard work, get a

"trifle

"trifle by keeping the birds off the corn; "for this the farmers will give them a "penny or two-pence, and now and then "a bit of bread and cheeſe into the bargain. "When the ſeaſon of crow-keeping is over, "then they glean or pick ſtones; any "thing is better than idleneſs, ſir, and if "they did not get a farthing by it, I would "make them do it juſt the ſame, for the "ſake of giving them early habits of labour.

"So you ſee, ſir, I am not ſo badly off as "many are; nay, if it were not that it coſts "me ſo much in 'pothecary's ſtuff for my "poor wife, I ſhould reckon myſelf well "off, nay I do reckon myſelf well off, "for bleſſed be God, he has granted her "life to my prayers, and I would work "myſelf to a 'natomy, and live on one "meal a-day, to add any comfort to her "valuable life; indeed I have often done "the laſt, and thought it no great matter "neither."

While they were in this part of the diſcourſe, a fine plump cherry-cheek little girl

ran up out of breath, with a ſmile on her young happy face, and without taking any notice of the gentleman, cried out with great joy—"Look here, father, only ſee "how much I have got!" Mr. Johnſon was much ſtruck with her ſimplicity, but puzzled to know what was the occaſion of this great joy. On looking at her he perceived a ſmall quantity of coarſe wool, ſome of which had found its way through the holes of her clean, but ſcanty and ragged woollen apron. The father ſaid, "this "has been a ſucceſsful day indeed, Molly, "but don't you ſee the gentleman?" Molly now made a curtſey down to the very ground; while Mr. Johnſon inquired into the cauſe of the mutual ſatisfaction which both father and daughter had expreſſed, at the unuſual good fortune of the day.

"Sir," ſaid the Shepherd, "poverty is "a great ſharpener of the wits.—My wife "and I cannot endure to ſee our children "(poor as they are) without ſhoes and

"ſtockings,

" ſtockings, not only on account of the
" pinching cold which cramps their poor
" little limbs, but becauſe it degrades and
" debaſes them; and poor people who have
" but little regard to appearances, will ſel-
" dom be found to have any great regard
" for honeſty and goodneſs; I don't ſay
" this is always the caſe; but I am ſure
" it is ſo too often. Now ſhoes and ſtock-
" ings being very dear, we could never
" afford to get them without a little con-
" trivance. I muſt ſhew you how I manage
" about the ſhoes when you condeſcend to
" call at our cottage, ſir; as to ſtockings,
" this is one way we take to help to get
" them. My young ones, who are too little
" to do much work, ſometimes wander at
" odd hours over the hills for the chance
" of finding what little wool the ſheep may
" drop when they rub themſelves, as they
" are apt to do, againſt the buſhes*. Theſe

* This piece of frugal induſtry is not imaginary, but a real fact, as is the character of the Shepherd, and his uncommon knowledge of the ſcriptures.

 " ſcattered

"ſcattered bits of wool the children pick "out of the brambles, which I ſee have "torn ſad holes in Molly's apron to-day; "they carry this wool home, and when "they have got a pretty parcel together, "their mother cards it; for ſhe can ſit and "card in the chimney corner, when ſhe is "not able to waſh, or work about houſe. "The biggeſt girl then ſpins it; it does "very well for us without dying, for poor "people muſt not ſtand for the colour of "their ſtockings. After this our little boys "knit it for themſelves, while they are em-"ployed in keeping cows in the fields, and "after they get home at night. As for the "knitting which the girls and their mother "do, that is chiefly for ſale, which helps to "pay our rent."

Mr. Johnſon lifted up his eyes in ſilent aſtoniſhment at the ſhifts which honeſt poverty can make rather than beg or ſteal; and was ſurpriſed to think how many ways of ſubſiſting there are, which thoſe who live at their eaſe little ſuſpect. He ſecretly reſolved

refolved to be more attentive to his own petty expences than he had hitherto been; and to be more watchful that nothing was wafted in his family.

But to return to the Shepherd. Mr. Johnfon told him, that as he muft needs be at his friend's houfe, who lived many miles off, that night, he could not, as he wifhed to do, make a vifit to his cottage at prefent. "But I will certainly do it," faid he, "on "my return, for I long to fee your wife "and her nice little family, and to be an "eye-witnefs of her neatnefs and good ma- "nagement." The poor man's tears ftarted into his eyes on hearing the commendation beftowed on his wife; and wiping them off with the fleeve of his coat, for he was not worth a handkerchief in the world, he faid—"Oh, fir, you juft now, I am "afraid, called me an humble man, but "indeed I am a very proud one."— "Proud!" exclaimed Mr. Johnfon, "I "hope not—Pride is a great fin, and as the "poor are liable to it as well as the rich, fo

 "good

" good a man as you ſeem to be, ought to " guard againſt it."—" Sir," ſaid he, " you are right, but I am not proud of my-" ſelf, God knows, I have nothing to be " proud of. I am a poor ſinner, but in-" deed, ſir, I am proud of my wife: ſhe is " not only the moſt tidy, notable woman on " the plain, but ſhe is the kindeſt wife and " mother, and the moſt contented, thank-" ful chriſtian that I know. Laſt year I " thought I ſhould have loſt her in a violent " fit of the rheumatiſm, caught by going " to work too ſoon after her lying-in, I " fear; for 'tis but a bleak coldiſh place, " as you may ſee, ſir, in winter, and ſome-" times the ſnow lies ſo long under the hill, " that I can hardly make myſelf a path to " get out and buy a few neceſſaries in the " next village; and we are afraid to ſend " out the children, for fear they ſhould be " loſt when the ſnow is deep. So, as I was " ſaying, the poor ſoul was very bad indeed, " and for ſeveral weeks loſt the uſe of all " her limbs except her hands; a merciful

" Providence

“ Providence ſpared her the uſe of theſe, “ ſo that when ſhe could not turn in her “ bed, ſhe could contrive to patch a rag or “ two for her family. She was always “ ſaying, had it not been for the great “ goodneſs of God, ſhe might have had “ her hands lame as well as her feet, or the “ palſy inſtead of the rheumatiſm, and then “ ſhe could have done nothing—but, no- “ body had ſo many mercies as ſhe had.

“ I will not tell you what we ſuffered “ during that bitter weather, ſir, but my “ wife's faith and patience during that try- “ ing time, were as good a leſſon to me as “ any ſermon I could hear, and yet Mr. “ Jenkins gave us very comfortable ones “ too, that helped to keep up my ſpirits.”

“ I fear, Shepherd,” ſaid Mr. Johnſon, “ you have found this to be but a bad “ world.”

“ Yes, ſir,” replied the Shepherd, “ but “ it is governed by a good God. And tho' “ my trials have now and then been ſharp, “ why then, ſir, as the ſaying is, if the pain

" be violent, it is ſeldom laſting, and if it " be but moderate, why then we can bear " it the longer, and when it is quite taken " away, eaſe is the more precious, and gra- " titude is quickened by the remembrance; " thus every way and in every caſe I can al- " ways find out a reaſon for vindicating " Providence."

" But," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, " how do " you do to ſupport yourſelf under the " preſſure of actual want. Is not hunger a " great weakener of your faith?"

" Sir," replied the Shepherd, " I en- " deavour to live upon the promiſes. You " who abound in the good things of this " world are apt to ſet too high a value on " them. Suppoſe, ſir, the king, ſeeing me " hard at work, were to ſay to me, that, if " I would patiently work on till Chriſtmas, " a fine palace and a great eſtate ſhould be " the reward of my labours. Do you " think, ſir, that a little hunger, or a little " cold, or a little wet, would make me " flinch, when I was ſure that a few months

"would put me in poffeffion? Should I "not fay to myfelf frequently—chear up "Shepherd, 'tis but till Chriftmas! now is "there not much lefs difference between "this fuppofed day and Chriftmas, when I "fhould take poffeffion of the eftate and "palace, than there is between time and "eternity, when I am fure of entering on a "kingdom not made with hands? There "is fome comparifon between a moment "and a thoufand years, becaufe a thoufand "years are made up of moments, all time "being made up of the fame fort of ftuff, "as I may fay; while there is no fort of "comparifon between the longeft portion of "time and eternity. You know, fir, there "is no way of meafuring two things, one "of which has length and breadth, which "fhows it muft have an end fomewhere, "and another thing, which being eternal, is "without end and without meafure."

"But," faid Mr. Johnfon, "is not the "fear of death fometimes too ftrong for "your faith?"

"Bleffed

" Bleſſed be God, ſir," replied the Shepherd, " the dark paſſage through the valley " of the ſhadow of death is made ſafe by the " power of Him who conquered death. I " know, indeed, we ſhall go as naked out " of this world as we came into it, but an " humble penitent will not be found naked " in the other world, ſir. My bible tells " me of garments of praiſe and robes of " righteouſneſs. And is it not a ſupport, ſir, " under any of the petty difficulties and di" ſtreſſes here, to be aſſured by the word of " Him who cannot lie, that thoſe who were " in white robes came out of great tribula" tion? But, ſir, I beg your pardon for " being ſo talkative. Indeed you great " folks can hardly imagine how it raiſes " and chears a poor man's heart, when " ſuch as you condeſcend to talk familiarly " to him on religious ſubjects. It ſeems to " be a practical comment on that text " which ſays, *the rich and poor meet to*" *gether, the Lord is the maker of them* " *all.* And ſo far from creating diſreſpect,

" ſir,

" ſir, and that nonſenſical wicked notion " about equality, it rather prevents it. But " to return to my wife. One Sunday after- " noon when ſhe was at the worſt, as I was " coming out of church, for I went one " part of the day, and my eldeſt daughter " the other, ſo my poor wife was never left " alone; as I was coming out of church, " I ſay, Mr. Jenkins, the miniſter, called " out to me, and aſked me how my wife " did, ſaying he had been kept from coming " to ſee her by the deep fall of ſnow, and " indeed from the parſonage-houſe to my " hovel it was quite impaſſable. I gave him " all the particulars he aſked, and I am " afraid a good many more, for my heart " was quite full. He kindly gave me a " ſhilling, and ſaid he would certainly try " to pick out his way and come and ſee " her in a day or two.

" While he was talking to me, a plain " farmer-looking gentleman in boots, who " ſtood by, liſtened to all I ſaid, but ſeemed " to take no notice. It was Mr. Jenkins's

" wife's father, who was come to paſs the " Chriſtmas-holidays at the parſonage-" houſe. I had always heard him ſpoken " of as a plain frugal man, who lived cloſe " himſelf, but was remarked to give away " more than any of his ſhow-away neigh-" bours.

" Well! I went home with great ſpirits at " this ſeaſonable and unexpected ſupply; " for we had tapped our laſt ſixpence, and " there was little work to be had on account " of the weather. I told my wife I had not " come back empty-handed.—' No, I " dare ſay not,' ſays ſhe, ' you have been " ſerving a maſter *who filleth the hungry* " *with good things, though he ſendeth the* " *rich empty away*.'—True, Mary, ſays I, " we ſeldom fail to get good ſpiritual food " from Mr. Jenkins, but to-day he has " kindly ſupplied our bodily wants. She " was more thankful when I ſhewed her " the ſhilling, than, I dare ſay, ſome of your " great people are when they get a hundred " pounds."

Mr.

Mr. Johnſon's heart ſmote him when he heard ſuch a value ſet upon a ſhilling; ſurely, ſaid he to himſelf, I will never waſte another; but he ſaid nothing to the Shepherd, who thus purſued his ſtory:

" Next morning before I went out, I ſent " part of the money to buy a little ale and " brown ſugar to put into her water-gruel; " which you know, ſir, made it nice and " nouriſhing. I went out to cleave wood " in a farm-yard, for there was no ſtanding " out on the plain, after ſuch ſnow as had " fallen in the night. I went with a lighter " heart than uſual, becauſe I had left my " poor wife a little better; and comfortably " ſupplied for this day, and I now reſolved " more than ever to truſt God for the ſup- " plies of the next. When I came back at " night, my wife fell a crying as ſoon as " ſhe ſaw me. This, I own, I thought but " a bad return for the bleſſings ſhe had ſo " lately received, and ſo I told her.—' O', " ſaid ſhe, ' it is too much, we are too " rich; I am now frightened, not leſt we

" ſhould

" ſhould have no portion in this world, but
" for fear we ſhould have our whole por-
" tion in it. Look here, John!' So ſaying,
" ſhe uncovered the bed whereon ſhe lay,
" and ſhewed me two warm, thick, new
" blankets. I could not believe my own
" eyes, ſir, becauſe when I went out in the
" morning, I had left her with no other
" covering than our little old, thin, blue rug.
" I was ſtill more amazed when ſhe put
" half a crown into my hand, telling me
" ſhe had had a viſit from Mr. Jenkins,
" and Mr. Jones, the latter of whom had
" beſtowed all theſe good things upon us.
" Thus, ſir, have our lives been crowned
" with mercies. My wife got about again,
" and I do believe, under Providence, it
" was owing to theſe comforts; for the
" rheumatiſm, ſir, without blankets by
" night and flannel by day, is but a baddiſh
" job, eſpecially to people who have little or
" no fire. She will always be a weakly
" body; but thank God her ſoul proſpers
" and is in health. But I beg your pardon,
" ſir,

"sir, for talking on at this rate."—"Not "at all, not at all," said Mr. Johnson; "I "am much pleased with your story, you "shall certainly see me in a few days. "Good night." So saying, he slipped a crown into his hand and rode off. Surely, said the Shepherd, *goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life*, as he gave the money to his wife when he got home at night.

As to Mr. Johnson, he found abundant matter for his thoughts during the rest of his journey. On the whole he was more disposed to envy than to pity the Shepherd. I have seldom seen, said he, so happy a man. It is a sort of happiness which the world could not give, and which I plainly see, it has not been able to take away. This must be the true spirit of religion. I see more and more, that true goodness is not merely a thing of words and opinions, but a living principle brought into every common action of a man's life. What else could have supported this poor couple under every bitter trial

trial of want and ſickneſs? No, my honeſt Shepherd, I do not pity, but I reſpect and even honour thee; and I will viſit thy poor hovel on my return to Saliſbury with as much pleaſure as I am now going to the houſe of my friend.

If Mr. Johnſon keeps his word in ſending me the account of his viſit to the Shepherd's cottage, I ſhall be very glad to entertain my readers with it.

## PART II.

I AM willing to hope that my readers will not be ſorry to hear ſome farther particulars of their old acquaintance *the Shepherd of Saliſbury Plain*. They will call to mind that at the end of the firſt part, he was returning home full of gratitude for the favours he had received from Mr. Johnſon, whom we left purſuing his journey, after having promiſed to make a viſit to the Shepherd's cottage.

Mr.

Mr. Johnſon, after having paſſed ſome time with his friend, ſet out on his return to Saliſbury, and on the Saturday evening reached a very ſmall inn, a mile or two diſtant from the Shepherd's village; for he never travelled on a Sunday without ſuch a reaſon as he might be able to produce at the day of judgment. He went the next morning to the church neareſt the houſe where he had paſſed the night; and after taking ſuch refreſhment as he could get at that houſe, he walked on to find out the Shepherd's cottage. His reaſon for viſiting him on a Sunday was chiefly, becauſe he ſuppoſed it to be the only day which the Shepherd's employment allowed him to paſs at home with his family; and as Mr. Johnſon had been ſtruck with his talk, he thought it would be neither unpleaſant nor unprofitable to obſerve how a man who carried ſuch an appearance of piety ſpent his Sunday; for though he was ſo low in the world, this gentleman was not above entering very cloſely into his character, of which

which he thought he ſhould be able to form a better judgment, by ſeeing whether his practice at home kept pace with his profeſſions abroad: for it is not ſo much by obſerving how people talk, as how they live, that we ought to judge of their characters.

After a pleaſant walk Mr. Johnſon got within ſight of the cottage, to which he was directed by the clump of hawthorns and the broken chimney. He wiſhed to take the family by ſurpriſe; and walking gently up to the houſe he ſtood awhile to liſten. The door being half open, he ſaw the Shepherd, (who looked ſo reſpectable in his Sunday coat that he ſhould hardly have known him,) his wife, and their numerous young family, drawing round their little table, which was covered with a clean though very coarſe cloth. There ſtood on it a large diſh of potatoes, a brown pitcher, and a piece of a coarſe loaf. The wife and children ſtood in ſilent attention, while the Shepherd, with uplifted hands and eyes, devoutly begged the bleſſing of Heaven on

their

their homely fare. Mr. Johnſon could not help ſighing to reflect, that he had ſometimes ſeen better dinners eaten with leſs appearance of thankfulneſs.

The Shepherd and his wife then ſat down with great ſeeming chearfulneſs, but the children ſtood; and while the mother was helping them, little freſh-coloured Molly, who had picked the wool from the buſhes with ſo much delight, cried out, "Father, "I wiſh I was big enough to ſay grace, I "am ſure I ſhould ſay it very heartily to-"day, for I was thinking what muſt *poor* "people do who have no ſalt to their po-"tatoes, and do but look, our diſh is quite "full."—"That is the true way of think-"ing, Molly," ſaid the father; "in what-"ever concerns bodily wants and bodily "comforts, it is our duty to compare our "own lot with the lot of thoſe who are "worſe off, and this will keep us thankful: "on the other hand, whenever we are "tempted to ſet up our own wiſdom or "goodneſs, we muſt compare ourſelves with

"thoſe who are wiſer and better, and that "will keep us humble." Molly was now ſo hungry, and found the potatoes ſo good, that ſhe had no time to make any more remarks; but was devouring her dinner very heartily, when the barking of the great dog drew her attention from her trencher to the door, and ſpying the ſtranger, ſhe cried out, "Look father, ſee here, if yonder is not "the good gentleman!" Mr. Johnſon finding himſelf diſcovered, immediately walked in, and was heartily welcomed by the honeſt Shepherd, who told his wife that this was the gentleman to whom they were ſo much obliged.

The good woman began, as ſome very neat people are rather too apt to do, with making many apologies that her houſe was not cleaner, and that things were not in fitter order to receive ſuch a gentleman. Mr. Johnſon however, on looking round, could diſcover nothing but the moſt perfect neatneſs. The trenchers on which they were eating were almoſt as white as their

linen; and notwithſtanding the number and ſmallneſs of the children, there was not the leaſt appearance of dirt or litter. The furniture was very ſimple and poor, hardly indeed amounting to bare neceſſaries. It conſiſted of four brown wooden chairs, which, by conſtant rubbing, were become as bright as a looking glaſs; an iron pot and kettle; a poor old grate, which ſcarcely held a handful of coal, and out of which the little fire that had been in it appeared to have been taken, as ſoon as it had anſwered the end for which it had been lighted—that of boiling their potatoes. Over the chimney ſtood an old faſhioned broad bright candleſtick, and a ſtill brighter ſpit; it was pretty clear that this laſt was kept rather for ornament than uſe. An old carved elbow chair, and a cheſt of the ſame date which ſtood in the corner, were conſidered as the moſt valuable part of the Shepherd's goods, having been in his family for three generations. But all theſe were lightly eſteemed by him, in compariſon of another poſſeſſion, which,

which, added to the above, made up the whole of what he had inherited from his father; and which laſt he would not have parted with, if no other could have been had, for a king's ranſom: this was a large old bible, which lay on the window ſeat, neatly covered with brown cloth, variouſly patched. This ſacred book was moſt reverently preſerved from dog's ears, dirt, and every other injury, but ſuch as time and much uſe had made it ſuffer in ſpite of care. On the clean white walls was paſted, a hymn on the Crucifixion of our Saviour, a print of the Prodigal Son, the Shepherd's Hymn, a *New Hiſtory of a True Book*, and Patient Joe, or the Newcaſtle Collier*.

After the firſt ſalutations were over, Mr. Johnſon ſaid, that if they would go on with their dinner he would ſit down. Though a good deal aſhamed, they thought it more reſpectful to obey the gentleman, who having caſt his eye on their ſlender

* Printed for the Cheap Repoſitory, price ½ d. each.

provisions,

provisions, gently rebuked the Shepherd for not having indulged himself, as it was Sunday, with a morsel of bacon to relish his potatoes. The Shepherd said nothing, but poor Mary coloured and hung down her head, saying, "Indeed, sir, it is not my "fault, I did beg my husband to allow him-"self a bit of meat to-day out of your ho-"nour's bounty; but he was too good to "do it, and it is all for my sake." The Shepherd seemed unwilling to come to an explanation, but Mr. Johnson desired Mary to go on. So she continued: "You must "know, sir, that both of us, next to a sin, "dread a debt, and indeed in some cases a debt "is a sin; but with all our care and pains "we have never been able quite to pay off "the doctor's bill for that bad fit of rheu-"matism which I had last winter. Now "when you were pleased to give my hus-"band that kind present the other day, I "heartily desired him to buy a bit of meat "for Sunday, as I said before, that he might "have a little refreshment for himself out

" of your kindneſs. ' But,' anſwered he, " ' Mary, it is never out of my mind long " together that we ſtill owe a few ſhillings " to the doctor, (and thank God it is all " we did owe in the world). Now if I " carry him this money directly it will not " only ſhew him our honeſty and our good-" will; but it will be an encouragement " to him to come to you another time in " caſe you ſhould be taken once more in " ſuch a bad fit; for I muſt own,' added " my poor huſband, ' that the thought of " your being ſo terribly ill without any help, " is the only misfortune that I want courage " to face."

Here the grateful woman's tears ran down ſo faſt that ſhe could not go on. She wiped them with the corner of her apron, and humbly begged pardon for making ſo free. " Indeed, ſir," ſaid the Shepherd, " though my wife is full as unwilling to be " in debt as myſelf, yet I could hardly pre-" vail on her to conſent to my paying this " money juſt then, becauſe ſhe ſaid it was

" hrad

" hard I ſhould not have a taſte of the gen-
" tleman's bounty myſelf. But for once,
" ſir, I would have my own way. For you
" muſt know, as I paſs beſt part of my time
" alone, tending my ſheep, 'tis a great point
" with me, ſir, to get comfortable matter
" for my own thoughts; ſo that 'tis rather
" ſelf intereſt in me to allow myſelf in no
" pleaſures and no practices that won't bear
" thinking on over and over. For when
" one is a good deal alone, you know, ſir,
" all one's bad deeds do ſo ruſh in upon
" one, as I may ſay, and ſo torment one,
" that there is no true comfort to be had
" but in keeping clear of wrong doings and
" falſe pleaſures; and that I ſuppoſe may
" be one reaſon why ſo many folks hate to
" ſtay a bit by themſelves.—But as I was
" ſaying—when I came to think the mat-
" ter over on the hill yonder, ſaid I to my-
" ſelf, a good dinner is a good thing I
" grant, and yet it will be but cold comfort
" To me a week after, to be able to ſay—
" To be ſure I had a nice ſhoulder of mut-
" ton laſt Sunday for dinner, thanks to the
" good

"good gentleman! but then I am in debt. "I *had* a rare dinner, that's certain, but "the pleasure of that has long been over, "and the debt still remains. I have spent "the crown; and now if my poor wife "should be taken in one of those fits again, "die she must, unless God work a miracle "to prevent it, for I can get no help for "her. This thought settled all; and I set "off directly and paid the crown to the "doctor with as much chearfulness as I "should have felt on sitting down to the "fattest shoulder of mutton that ever was "roasted. And if I was contented at the "time, think how much more happy I have "been at the remembrance! O sir, there "are no pleasures worth the name but such "as bring no plague or penitence after "them."

Mr. Johnson was satisfied with the Shepherd's reasons; and agreed, that though a good dinner was not to be despised, yet it was not worthy to be compared with *a contented mind, which* (as the Bible truly says) *is a continual feast.* "But come," said the good

good gentleman, "what have we got in "this brown mug?"—"As good water," ſaid the Shepherd, "as any in the king's "dominions. I have heard of countries "beyond ſea in which there is no whole- "ſome water; nay, I have been myſelf in a "great town not far off, where they are "obliged to buy all the water which they "get, while a good Providence ſends to my "very door a ſpring as clear and fine as "Jacob's well. When I am tempted to "repine that I have often no other drink, "I call to mind, that it was nothing better "than a cup of cold water which the wo- "man at the well of Sychar drew for the "greateſt gueſt that ever viſited this world."

"Very well," replied Mr. Johnſon; "but "as your honeſty has made you prefer a "poor meal to being in debt, I will at leaſt "ſend and get ſomething for you to drink. "I ſaw a little public houſe juſt by the "church, as I came along. Let that little "roſy-faced fellow fetch a mug of beer." So ſaying, he looked full at the boy who did not offer to ſtir; but caſt an eye at his

father to know what he was to do. "Sir," ſaid the Shepherd, "I hope we ſhall not "appear ungrateful, if we ſeem to refuſe "your favour; my little boy would, I am "ſure, fly to ſerve you on any other occaſion. "But, good ſir, it is Sunday; and ſhould "any of my family be ſeen at a public-houſe "on a ſabbath-day, it would be a much "greater grief to me than to drink water all "my life. I am often talking againſt theſe "doings to others; and if I ſhould ſay one "thing and do another, you can't think "what an advantage it would give many of "my neighbours over me, who would be "glad enough to report that they had "caught the Shepherd's ſon at the alehouſe "without explaining how it happened. "Chriſtians you know, ſir, muſt be doubly "watchful; or they will not only bring "diſgrace on themſelves, but what is much "worſe, on that holy name by which they "are called."

"Are you not a little too cautious, my "honeſt friend?" ſaid Mr. Johnſon. "I "humbly aſk your pardon, ſir," replied the

the Shepherd; "if I think that is impoſ-
"ſible. In my poor notion I no more un-
"derſtand how a man can be too cautious,
"than how he can be too ſtrong, or too
"healthy."

"You are right indeed," ſaid Mr. Johnſon "as a general principle, but this ſtruck "me as a very ſmall thing." "Sir," ſaid the Shepherd, "I am afraid you will think me "very bold, but you encourage me to ſpeak "out."—"'Tis what I wiſh," ſaid the gentleman. "Then, Sir," reſumed the Shepherd, "I doubt if, where there is a frequent "temptation to do wrong, any fault can be "called ſmall; that is, in ſhort, if there is any "ſuch thing as a ſmall wilful ſin. A poor "man like me is ſeldom called out to do "great things, ſo that it is not by a few "ſtriking deeds his character can be judged "by his neighbours, but by the little round "of daily cuſtoms he allows himſelf in."

"I ſhould like," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, "to know how you manage in this "reſpect."

"I am

"I am but a poor ſcholar, ſir," replied the Shepherd, "but I have made myſelf a "little ſort of rule. I always avoid, as I "am an ignorant man, picking out any "one ſingle difficult text to diſtreſs my "mind about, or to go and build opinions "upon, becauſe I know that puzzles and "injures poor unlearned Chriſtians. But "I endeavour to collect what is the *general* "ſpirit or meaning of ſcripture on any par- "ticular ſubject, by putting a few texts "together, which though I find them diſ- "perſed up and down, yet all ſeem to look "the ſame way, to prove the ſame truth, "or hold out the ſame comfort. So when "I am tried or tempted, or any thing hap- "pens in which I am at a loſs what to do, "I apply to my rule—To the *law and the* "*teſtimony*. To be ſure I can't always find "a particular direction as to the very caſe, "becauſe then the Bible muſt have been "bigger than all thoſe great books I once "ſaw in the library at Saliſbury palace, "which the butler told me were acts of par- "liament;

" liament; and had that been the cafe a " poor man would never have had money " to buy, nor a working man time to read " the Bible; and fo Chriftianity could only " have been a religion for the rich, for " thofe who had money and leifure; which, " bleffed be God! is fo far from being the " truth, that in all that fine difcourfe of our " Saviour to John's difciples, it is enough " to reconcile any poor man in the world " to his low condition to obferve, when " Chrift reckons up the things for which " he came on earth, to obferve, I fay, what " he keeps for laft. *Go tell John*, fays he, " *thofe things which ye do hear and fee; the* " *blind receive their fight, and the lame walk,* " *the lepers are cleanfed, and the deaf hear,* " *and the dead are raifed up.* Now, fir, " all thefe are wonders to be fure, but they " are nothing to what follows. They are " but like the lower rounds of a ladder, as " I may fay, by which you mount to the " top—*And the poor have the gofpel preached* " *to them.* I dare fay, if John had had any

" doubts

"doubts before, this laſt part of the meſſage "muſt have cleared them up at once. For "it muſt have made him certain ſure at "once, that a religion which placed "preaching ſalvation to the poor above "healing the ſick, which ranked the ſoul "above the body, and ſet heaven above "health, muſt have come from God."

"But," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, "you ſay you "can generally pick out your particular "duty from the Bible, though that imme-"diate duty be not fully explained."

"Indeed, ſir," replied the Shepherd, "I think I can find out the principle at "leaſt, if I bring but a willing mind. The "want of that is the great hindrance. "*Whoſo doeth my will he ſhall know of the* "*doctrine.* You know that text, ſir. I "believe a ſtubborn will makes the Bible "harder to be underſtood, than any want "of learning. 'Tis corrupt affections "which blind the underſtanding, ſir. The "more a man hates ſin, the clearer he will "ſee his way, and the more he loves holi-

"neſs,

"nefs, the better he will underftand his "Bible. The more practical conviction "will he get of that pleafant truth, that "*the fecret of the Lord is with them that* "*fear him.* Now, fir, fuppofe I had time "and learning, and poffeffed all the books "I faw at the Bifhop's, where could I find "out a furer way to lay the axe to the root "of all covetoufnefs, felfifhnefs, and in-"juftice, than the plain and ready rule, *to* "*do unto all men as I would they fhould do* "*unto me.* If my neighbour does me an "injury can I be at any lofs how to pro-"ceed with him, when I recollect the pa-"rable of the unforgiving fteward, who re-"fufed to pardon a debt of an hundred "pence, when his own ten thoufand talents "had been remitted to him? I defy any "man to retain habitual felfifhnefs, hard-"nefs of heart, or any other allowed fin, "who daily and confcientioufly tries his "own heart by this touchftone. The ftrait "rule will fhew the crooked practice to

"every one who honeſtly tries the one by "the other."

"Why you ſeem to make ſcripture a "thing of general application," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, "in caſes to which many, I fear, "do not apply it."

"It applies to every thing, ſir," replied the Shepherd. "When thoſe men who are "now diſturbing the peace of the world, "and trying to deſtroy the confidence of "God's children in their Maker and their "Saviour; when thoſe men, I ſay, came to "my poor hovel with their new doctrines "and their new books, I would never look "into one of them; for I remembered it "was the firſt ſin of the firſt pair to loſe "their innocence for the ſake of a little "wicked knowledge; beſides, *my own* "*Book* told me—*To fear God and honour* "*the king*—*To meddle not with them who* "*are given to change*—*Not to ſpeak evil of* "*dignities*—*To render honour to whom ho-* "*nour is due.* So that I was furniſhed

"with

"with a little coat of mail, as I may ſay, "which preſerved me, while thoſe who had "no ſuch armour fell into the ſnare."

While they were thus talking, the children who had ſtood very quietly behind, and had not ſtirred a foot, now began to ſcamper about all at once, and in a moment ran to the window-ſeat to pick up their little old hats. Mr. Johnſon looked ſurpriſed at this diſturbance; the Shepherd aſked his pardon, telling him it was the ſound of the church bell which had been the cauſe of their rudeneſs; for their mother had brought them up with ſuch a fear of being too late for church, that it was but who could catch the firſt ſtroke of the bell, and be firſt ready. He had always taught them to think that nothing was more indecent than to get into church after it was begun; for as the ſervice opened with an exhortation to repentance, and a confeſſion of ſin, it looked very preſumptuous not to be ready to join in it; it looked as if people did not feel themſelves to be ſinners. And though

ſuch as lived at a great diſtance might plead difference of clocks as an excuſe, yet thoſe who lived within the ſound of the bell, could pretend neither ignorance nor miſtake.

Mary and her children ſet forward. Mr. Johnſon and the Shepherd followed, taking care to talk the whole way on ſuch ſubjects as might fit them for the ſolemn duties of the place to which they were going. "I "have often been ſorry to obſerve," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, "that many who are reckon-"ed decent, good kind of people, and who "would on no account neglect going to "church, yet ſeem to care but little in what "frame or temper of mind they go thither. "They will talk of their worldly concerns "till they get within the door, and then "take them up again the very minute the "ſermon is over, which makes me ready "to fear they lay too much ſtreſs on the "mere form of going to a place of worſhip. "Now, for my part, I always find that it "requires a little time to bring my mind

"into a ſtate fit to do any *common* buſineſs "well, much more this great and moſt "neceſſary buſineſs of all."—"Yes, ſir," replied the Shepherd; "and then I think "too how buſy I ſhould be in preparing "my mind, if I was going into the pre-"ſence of a great gentleman, or a lord, or "the king; and ſhall the King of kings be "treated with leſs reſpect? Beſides, one "likes to ſee people feel as if going to "church was a thing of choice and plea-"ſure, as well as a duty, and that they "were as deſirous not to be the laſt there, "as if they would be if they were going to "a feaſt, or a fair."

After ſervice, Mr. Jenkins the clergyman, who was well acquainted with the character of Mr. Johnſon, and had a great reſpect for him, accoſted him with much civility; expreſſing his concern that he could not enjoy juſt now ſo much of his converſation as he wiſhed, as he was obliged to viſit a ſick perſon at a diſtance, but hoped to have a little talk with him before he left the vil-

 lage.

lage. As they walked along together, Mr. Johnſon made ſuch inquiries about the Shepherd, as ſerved to confirm him in the high opinion he entertained of his piety, good ſenſe, induſtry, and ſelf-denial. They parted, the clergyman promiſing to call in at the cottage in his way home.

The Shepherd, who took it for granted that Mr. Johnſon was gone to the parſonage, walked home with his wife and children, and was beginning in his uſual way to catechiſe and inſtruct his family, when Mr. Johnſon came in, and inſiſted that the Shepherd ſhould go on with his inſtructions juſt as if he were not there. This gentleman, who was very deſirous of being uſeful to his own ſervants and workmen in the way of religious inſtruction, was ſometimes ſorry to find that though he took a good deal of pains, they now and then did not quite underſtand him; for though his meaning was very good, his language was not always very plain; and though the *things* he ſaid were not hard to be underſtood, yet the *words* were,

were, eſpecially to ſuch as were very ignorant. And he now began to find out that if people were ever ſo wiſe and good, yet if they had not a ſimple, agreeable and familiar way of expreſſing themſelves, ſome of their plain hearers would not be much the better for them. For this reaſon he was not above liſtening to the plain, humble way in which this honeſt man taught his family; for though he knew that he himſelf had many advantages over the Shepherd, had more learning, and could teach him many things, yet he was not too proud to learn even of ſo poor a man, in any point where he thought the Shepherd might have the advantage of him.

This gentleman was much pleaſed with the knowledge and piety which he diſcovered in the anſwers of the children, and deſired the Shepherd to tell him how he contrived to keep up a ſenſe of divine things in his own mind, and in that of his family, with ſo little leiſure, and ſo little reading. "O! "as to that, ſir," ſaid the Shepherd, "we "do

" do not read much except in one book to
" be ſure; but with my hearty prayer for
" God's bleſſing on the uſe of that book,
" what little knowledge is needful ſeems to
" come of courſe, as it were. And my chief
" ſtudy has been to bring the fruits of the
" Sunday reading into the week's buſineſs,
" and to keep up the ſame ſenſe of God
" in the heart, when the Bible is in the
" cupboard as when it is in the hand. In
" ſhort, to apply what I read in the book to
" what I meet with in the field."

"I don't quite underſtand you," ſaid Mr. Johnſon. "Sir," replied the Shepherd, "I have but a poor gift at conveying theſe things to others, though I have much
" comfort from them in my own mind;
" but I am ſure that the moſt ignorant and
" hard-working people, who are in earneſt
" about their ſalvation, may help to keep
" up devout thoughts and good affections
" during the week, though they have hardly
" any time to look at a book; and it will
" help them to keep out bad thoughts too,

" which

"which is no ſmall matter. But then they "muſt know the Bible; they muſt have "read the word of God diligently; that is "a kind of ſtock in trade for a Chriſtian to "ſet up with; and it is this which makes "me ſo careful in teaching it to my child- "dren; and even in ſtoring their memories "with pſalms and chapters. This is a "great help to a poor hard-working man, "who will ſcarcely meet with any thing in "them but what he may turn to ſome good "account. If one lives in the fear and the "love of God, almoſt every thing one ſees "abroad will teach one to adore his power "and goodneſs, and bring to mind ſome "texts of Scripture, which ſhall fill the "heart with thankfulneſs, and the mouth "with praiſe. When I look upwards *the* "*Heavens declare the glory of God;* and "ſhall I be ſilent and ungrateful? If I look "round and ſee the valleys ſtanding thick "with corn, how can I help bleſſing that "Power who *giveth me all things richly to* "*enjoy?* I may learn gratitude from the "beaſts of the field, for the *ox knoweth his*

"*owner*,

" *owner, and the aſs his maſter's crib*, and " ſhall a Chriſtian not know, ſhall a Chriſ- " tian not conſider what great things God " has done for him? I, who am a Shep- " herd, endeavour to fill my ſoul with a " conſtant remembrance of that good Shep- " herd, who *feedeth me in green paſtures,* " *and maketh me to lie down beſide the ſtill* " *waters, and whoſe rod and ſtaff comfort* " *me.* A religion, ſir, which has its ſeat in " the heart, and its fruits in the life, takes " up little time in the ſtudy. And yet in " another ſenſe true religion, which from " ſound principle brings forth right prac- " tice, fills up the whole time, and life too " as one may ſay."

" You are happy," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, " in this retired life, by which you eſcape " the corruptions of the world."—" Sir," replied the Shepherd, " I do not eſcape the " corruptions of my own evil nature. Even " there, on that wild ſolitary hill, I can find " out that my heart is prone to evil " thoughts. I ſuppoſe, ſir, that different " ſtates have different temptations. You

" great

" great folks that live in the world, per-" haps, are expofed to fome, of which fuch " a poor man as I am, know nothing. But " to one who leads a lonely life like me, " evil thoughts are a chief befetting fin; " and I can no more withftand thefe with-" out the grace of God, than a rich gentle-" man can withftand the fnares of evil com-" pany, without the fame grace. And I " feel that I ftand in need of God's help " continually, and if he fhould give me up " to my own evil heart I fhould be " loft."

Mr. Johnfon approved of the Shepherd's fincerity, for he had always obferved, that where there was no humility, and no watch-fulnefs againft fin, there was no religion, and he faid that the man who did not feel himfelf to be a finner, in his opinion, could not be a chriftian.

Juft as they were in this part of their dif-courfe, Mr. Jenkins, the clergyman, came in. After the ufual falutations, he faid, " Well, Shepherd, I wifh you joy; I know

" you

" you will be ſorry to gain any advantage " by the death of a neighbour; but old " Wilſon, my clerk, was ſo infirm, and I " truſt ſo well prepared, that there is no " reaſon to be ſorry for his death. I have " been to pray by him, but he died while I " ſtaid. I have always intended you ſhould " ſucceed to his place; 'tis no great mat- " ter of profit, but every little is ſome- " thing."

" No great matter, Sir!" cried the Shepherd; " indeed it is a great thing to " me; it will more than pay my rent. " Bleſſed be God for all his goodneſs!"— Mary ſaid nothing, but lifted up her eyes full of tears in ſilent gratitude.

" I am glad of this little circumſtance," ſaid Mr. Jenkins, " not only for your ſake, " but for the ſake of the office itſelf. I ſo " heartily reverence every religious inſtitu- " tion, that I would never have even the " *Amen* added to the excellent prayers of " our church, by vain or profane lips, and " if it depended on me, there ſhould be no

"ſuch thing in the land as an idle, drunken, "or irreligious pariſh-clerk. Sorry I am "to ſay that this matter is not always ſuffi- "ciently attended to, and that I know ſome "of a very indifferent character."

Mr. Johnſon now inquired of the clergyman whether there were many children in the pariſh. "More than you would ex- "pect," replied he, "from the ſeeming "ſmallneſs of it; but there are ſome little "hamlets which you do not ſee."—"I "think," returned Mr. Johnſon, "I recol- "lect that in the converſation I had with "the Shepherd on the hill yonder, he told "me you had no Sunday ſchool."—"I am "ſorry to ſay we have none," ſaid the miniſter; "I do what I can to remedy this "misfortune by public catechiſing; but "having two or three churches to ſerve, "I cannot give ſo much time as I wiſh to "private inſtruction; and having a large "family of my own, and no aſſiſtance from "others, I have never been able to eſtabliſh "a ſchool."

"There

"There is an excellent inſtitution in "London," ſaid Mr. Johnſon, "called "the Sunday-School Society, which kindly "gives books and other helps, on the ap- "plication of ſuch pious clergymen as ſtand "in need of their aid, and which I am ſure "would have aſſiſted you; but I think we "ſhall be able to do ſomething ourſelves. "Shepherd," continued he, "if I were a "king, and had it in my power to make "you a rich and a great man, with a word "ſpeaking, I would not do it. Thoſe "who are raiſed, by ſome ſudden ſtroke, "much above the ſtation in which Divine "Providence had placed them, ſeldom turn "out very good, or very happy. I have "never had any great things in my power, "but as far as I have been able, I have "been always glad to aſſiſt the worthy. I "have, however, never attempted or deſired "to ſet any poor man much above his na- "tural condition, but it is a pleaſure to me "to lend him ſuch aſſiſtance as may make "that condition more eaſy to himſelf, and

" put him in a way which ſhall call him to " the performance of more duties than per- " haps he could have performed without " my help, and of performing them in a " better manner to others, and with more " comfort to himſelf.—What rent do you " pay for this cottage?"

" Fifty ſhillings a-year, ſir."

" It is in a ſad tattered condition; is " there not a better to be had in the vil- " lage?"

" That in which the poor clerk lived," ſaid the clergyman, " is not only more tight " and whole, but has two decent cham- " bers, and a very large light kitchen."— " That will be very convenient," replied Mr. Johnſon, " pray what is the rent?"— " I think," ſaid the Shepherd, " poor " neighbour Wilſon gave ſomewhat about " four pounds a-year, or it might be gui- " neas."—" Very well," ſaid Mr. John- ſon, " and what will the clerk's place be " worth, think you?"—About three pounds, was the anſwer.

" Now,"

“ Now,” continued Mr. Johnſon, “ my “ plan is, “ that the Shepherd ſhould take “ that houſe immediately; for as the poor “ man is dead, there will be no need of “ waiting till quarter-day, if I make up the “ difference.”—“ True, ſir,” ſaid Mr. Jenkins, “ and I am ſure my wife's father, “ whom I expect to-morrow, will willingly “ aſſiſt a little towards buying ſome of the “ clerk's old goods. And the ſooner they “ remove the better, for poor Mary caught “ that bad rheumatiſm by ſleeping under a “ leaky thatch.” The Shepherd was too much moved to ſpeak, and Mary could hardly ſob out, “ Oh, ſir! you are too good; “ indeed this houſe will do very well.”— “ It may do very well for you and your “ children, Mary,” ſaid Mr. Johnſon, gravely, “ but it will not do for a ſchool; “ the kitchen is neither large nor light “ enough. Shepherd,” continued he, “ with your good Miniſter's leave, and “ kind aſſiſtance, I propoſe to ſet up in this “ pariſh a Sunday ſchool, and to make you

“ the

"the maſter. It will not at all interfere "with your weekly calling, and it is the "only lawful way in which you could turn "the ſabbath into a day of ſome little profit "to your family, by doing, as I hope, a "great deal of good to the ſouls of others. "The reſt of the week you will work as "uſual. The difference of rent between "this houſe and the clerk's I ſhall pay my-"ſelf, for to put you into a better houſe at "your own expence would be no great act "of kindneſs.—As for honeſt Mary, who "is not fit for hard labour, or any out-of-"door work, I propoſe to endow a ſmall "weekly ſchool, of which ſhe ſhall be the "miſtreſs, and employ her notable turn to "good account, by teaching ten or a dozen "girls to knit, ſew, ſpin, card, or any other "uſeful way of getting their bread; for all "this I ſhall only pay her the uſual price, "for I am not going to make you rich but "uſeful."

"Not rich, ſir?" cried the Shepherd; "How can I ever be thankful enough for

"ſuch bleſſings? And will my poor Mary "have a dry thatch over her head? and "ſhall I be able to ſend for the doctor when "I am like to loſe her? Indeed my cup "runs over with bleſſings, I hope God will "give me humility."—Here he and Mary looked at each other and burſt into tears. The gentlemen ſaw their diſtreſs, and kindly walked out upon the little green before the door, that theſe honeſt people might give vent to their feelings. As ſoon as they were alone they crept into one corner of the room, where they thought they could not be ſeen, and fell on their knees, devoutly bleſſing and praiſing God for his mercies. Never were more hearty prayers preſented, than this grateful couple offered up for their benefactors. The warmth of their gratitude could only be equalled by the earneſtneſs with which they beſought the bleſſing of God on the work in which they were going to engage.

The two gentlemen now left this happy family, and walked to the parſonage, where the

the evening was ſpent in a manner very edifying to Mr. Johnſon, who the next day took all proper meaſures for putting the Shepherd in immediate poſſeſſion of his now comfortable habitation. Mr. Jenkins's father-in-law, the worthy gentleman who gave the Shepherd's wife the blankets, in the firſt part of this hiſtory, arrived at the parſonage before Mr. Johnſon left it, and aſſiſted in fitting up the clerk's cottage.

Mr. Johnſon took his leave, promiſing to call on the worthy Miniſter and his new clerk once a year, in his ſummer's journey over the plain, as long as it ſhould pleaſe God to ſpare his life. He had every reaſon to be ſatisfied with the objects of his bounty. The Shepherd's zeal and piety made him a bleſſing to the riſing generation. The old reſorted to his ſchool for the benefit of hearing the young inſtructed; and the clergyman had the pleaſure of ſeeing that he was rewarded for the protection he gave the ſchool, by the great increaſe in his congregation. The Shepherd not only ex-

 horted

horted both parents and children to the indifpenfible duty of a regular attendance at church, but by his pious counfels he drew them thither, and by his plain and prudent inftructions enabled them to underftand, and of courfe to delight in the public worfhip of God.

THE

# TWO SHOEMAKERS.

JACK BROWN and JAMES STOCK, were two lads apprenticed at nearly the ſame time, to Mr. Williams, a ſhoemaker, in a ſmall town in Oxfordſhire: they were pretty near the ſame age, but of very different characters and diſpoſitions.

Brown was eldeſt ſon to a farmer in good circumſtances, who gave the uſual apprentice fee with him. Being a wild giddy boy, whom his father could not well manage or inſtruct in farming, he thought it better to ſend him out to learn a trade at a diſtance, than to let him idle about at home; for Jack always preferred bird's-neſting and marbles to any other employment; he would trifle away half the day,

 when

when his father thought he was at ſchool, with any boys he could meet with, who were as idle as himſelf; and never could be prevailed upon to do, or to learn any thing, while a game at taw could be had for love or money. All this time, his little brothers, much younger than himſelf, were beginning to follow the plough, or to carry the corn to mill as ſoon as they were able to mount a cart-horſe.

Jack, however, who was a lively boy, and did not naturally want either ſenſe or good-nature, might have turned out well enough, if he had not had the misfortune to be his mother's favourite. She concealed and forgave all his faults. To be ſure he was a little wild, ſhe would ſay, but he would not make the worſe man for that, for Jack had a good ſpirit of his own, and ſhe would not have it broke, and ſo make a mope of the boy. The farmer, for a quiet life, as it is called, gave up all theſe points to his wife; and, with them, gave up the future virtue and happineſs of his child. He

was

was a laborious and induſtrious man, but had no religion; he thought only of the gains and advantages of the preſent day, and never took the future into the account. His wife managed him entirely, and as ſhe was really notable, he did not trouble his head about any thing farther. If ſhe had been careleſs in her dairy, he would have ſtormed and ſworn; but as ſhe only ruined one child by indulgence, and almoſt broke the hearts of the reſt by unkindneſs, he gave himſelf little concern about the matter. The cheeſe, certainly, was good, and that indeed is a great point; but ſhe was neglectful of her children, and a tyrant to her ſervants. Her huſband's ſubſtance, indeed, was not waſted, but his happineſs was not conſulted. His houſe, it is true, was not dirty, but it was the abode of fury, ill-temper, and covetouſneſs. And the farmer, though he did not care for liquor, was too often driven to the public-houſe in an evening, becauſe his own was neither quiet nor comfortable. The mother was always

fcolding, and the children were always crying.

Jack, however, notwithftanding his idlenefs, picked up a little reading and writing, but never would learn to caft an account: that was too much labour. His mother was defirous he fhould continue at fchool, not fo much for the fake of his learning, which fhe had not fenfe enough to value, but to fave her darling from the fatigue of labour; for if he had not gone to fchool, fhe knew he muft have gone to work, and fhe thought the former was the leaft tirefome of the two. Indeed this foolifh woman had fuch an opinion of his genius, that fhe ufed, from a child, to think he was too wife for any thing but a parfon, and hoped fhe fhould live to fee him one. She did not wifh to fee her fon a minifter becaufe fhe loved either learning or piety, but becaufe fhe thought it would make Jack a gentleman, and fet him above his brothers.

Farmer Brown ftill hoped, that though Jack was likely to make but an idle and ignorant

norant farmer, yet he might make no bad tradefman, when he fhould be removed from the indulgences of a father's houfe, and from a filly mother, whofe fondnefs kept him back in every thing. This woman was enraged when fhe found that fo fine a fcholar, as fhe took Jack to be, was to be put apprentice to a fhoemaker. The farmer, however, for the firft time in his life, would have his own way. But being a worldly man, and too apt to mind only what is falfely called *the main chance*; inftead of being careful to look out for a fober, prudent, and religious mafter for his fon, he left all that to accident, as if it had been a thing of little or no confequence. This is a very common fault; and fathers who are guilty of it, are in a great meafure anfwerable for the future fins and errors of their children, when they come out into the world, and fet up for themfelves. If a man gives his fon a good education, a good example, and a good mafter, it is indeed *poffible* that the fon may not turn out well,

but

but it does not often happen; and when it does, the father has no blame resting on him; and it is a great point towards a man's comfort to have his conscience quiet in that respect, however God may think fit to over-rule events.

The farmer, however, took care to desire his friends to inquire for a shoemaker who had good business, and was a good workman; and the mother did not forget to put in her word, and desired that it might be one who was not *too strict*; for Jack had been brought up tenderly, was a meek boy, and could not bear to be contradicted in any thing. And this is the common notion of meekness among people who do not take up their notions on rational and Christian grounds.

Mr. Williams was recommended to the farmer as being the best shoemaker in the town in which he lived, and far from a strict master; and, without farther inquiries, to Mr. Williams he went.

James

James Stock, who was the ſon of an honeſt labourer in the next village, was bound out by the pariſh in conſideration of his father having ſo numerous a family, that he was not able to put him out himſelf. James was in every thing the very reverſe of his new companion. He was a modeſt, induſtrious, pious youth; and though ſo poor, and the child of a labourer, was a much better ſcholar than Jack, who was a wealthy farmer's ſon. His father had, it is true, been able to give him but very little ſchooling, for he was obliged to be put to work when quite a child. When very young he uſed to run of errands for Mr. Thomas, the curate of the pariſh; a very kind-hearted young gentleman, who boarded next door to his father's cottage. He uſed alſo to rub down and ſaddle his horſe, and do any other little job for him, in the moſt civil obliging manner. All this ſo recommended him to the clergyman, that he would often ſend for him in of an evening, after he had done his day's work in the field,

field, and condefcended to teach him himfelf to write and caft accounts, as well as to inftruct him in the principles of his religion. It was not merely out of kindnefs for the little good-natured fervices James did him, that he fhewed him this favour, but alfo for his readinefs in the catechifm, and his devout behaviour at church.

The firft thing that drew the minifter's attention to this boy, was the following:— He had frequently given him halfpence and pence for holding his horfe and carrying him to water, before he was big enough to be further ufeful to him. On Chriftmas-day he was furprifed to fee James at church, reading out of a handfome new prayer-book; he wondered how he came by it, for he knew there was nobody in the parifh likely to have given it to him, for at that time there were no Sunday fchools; and the father could not afford it, he was fure.

"Well James," faid he, as he faw him when they came out "you made a good "figure at church to-day; it made you "look

" look like a man and a chriſtian, not only " to have ſo handſome a book, but to be " ſo ready in all parts of the ſervice. How " came you by that book?" James owned modeſtly, that he had been a whole year ſaving up the money by ſingle halfpence, all of which had been of the miniſter's own giving, and that in all that time he had not ſpent a ſingle farthing on his own diverſions. " My dear boy," ſaid good Mr. Thomas, " I am much miſtaken if thou " doſt not turn out well in the world, for " two reaſons:—firſt, from thy ſaving turn " and ſelf-denying temper; and next, be" cauſe thou didſt devote the firſt eighteen" pence thou waſt ever worth in the world " to ſo good a purpoſe."

James bowed and bluſhed, and from that time Mr. Thomas began to take more notice of him, and to inſtruct him as I ſaid above. As James ſoon grew able to do him more conſiderable ſervice, he would now and then give him ſixpence. This he conſtantly ſaved till it became a little ſum, with

with which he bought ſhoes and ſtockings; well knowing that his poor father, with a hard family and low wages, could not buy them for him. As to what little money he earned himſelf by his daily labour in the field, he conſtantly carried it to his mother every Saturday night, to buy bread for the family, which was a pretty help to them.

As James was not over ſtout in his make, his father thankfully accepted the offer of the pariſh officers to bind out his ſon to a trade. This good man, however, had not, like Farmer Brown, the liberty of chuſing a maſter for his ſon, or he would carefully have inquired if he was a proper man to have the care of youth; but Williams the ſhoemaker was already fixed on, by thoſe who were to put the boy out, who told him if he wanted a maſter it muſt be him or none; for the overſeers had a better opinion of Williams than he deſerved, and thought it would be the making of the boy to go to him. The father knew that beggars muſt not be chooſers, ſo he fitted out

James

James for his new place, having indeed little to give him befides his bleffing.

The worthy Mr. Thomas, however, kindly gave him an old coat and waiftcoat, which his mother, who was a neat and notable woman, contrived to make up for him herfelf without a farthing expence, and when it was turned and made fit for his fize, it made him a very handfome fuit for Sundays, and lafted him a couple of years.

And here let me ftop to remark what a pity it is, that poor women fo feldom are able or willing to do thefe fort of little handy jobs themfelves; and that they do not oftener bring up their daughters to be more ufeful in family work. They are great lofers by it every way; not only as they are difqualifying their girls from making good wives hereafter, but they are lofers in point of prefent advantage; for gentry could much oftener afford to give a poor boy a jacket or a waiftcoat, if it was not for the expence of making it, which adds very much to the coft. To my certain know-

 ledge,

ledge, many poor women would often get an old coat, or a bit of coarſe new cloth given them to fit out a boy, if the mothers or ſiſters were known to be able to cut it out to advantage, and to make it up decently themſelves. But half-a-crown for the making a bit of kerſey, which coſts but a few ſhillings, is more than many very charitable gentry can afford to give—ſo they often give nothing at all, when they ſee the mothers ſo little able to turn it to advantage. It is hoped they will take this hint kindly, as it is meant for their good.

But to return to our two young ſhoemakers. They were both now ſettled at Mr. Williams's, who, as he was known to be a good workman, had plenty of buſineſs. He had ſometimes two or three journeymen, but no apprentices but Jack and James.

Jack, who, with all his faults, was a keen, ſmart boy, took to learn the trade quick enough, but the difficulty was to make him ſtick two hours together to his work. At every

every noiſe he heard in the ſtreet, down went the work—the laſt one way, the upper leather another; the ſole dropped on the ground, and the thread he dragged after him, all the way up the ſtreet. If a blind fiddler, a ballad ſinger, a mountebank, a dancing bear, or a drum, were heard at a diſtance—out ran Jack—nothing could ſtop him, and not a ſtitch more could he be prevailed on to do that day. Every duty, every promiſe was forgotten for the preſent pleaſure—he could not reſiſt the ſmalleſt temptation—he never ſtopped for a moment to conſider whether a thing was right or wrong, but whether he liked it or diſliked it. And as his ill-judging mother took care to ſend him privately a good ſupply of pocket-money, that deadly bane to all youthful virtue, he had generally a few pence ready to ſpend, and to indulge in the preſent diverſion whatever it was. And what was ſtill worſe even than ſpending his money, he ſpent his time too, or rather his maſter's time. Of this he was continually

reminded by James, to whom he always anſwered, "What have you to complain "about? It is nothing to you or any one "elſe; I ſpend nobody's money but my "own."—"That may be," replied the other, "but you cannot ſay it is your own "time that you ſpend." He inſiſted upon it that it was; but James fetched down their indentures, and there ſhewed him that he had ſolemnly bound himſelf by that inſtrument, not to waſte his maſter's property. "Now," quoth James, "thy own time is "a very valuable part of thy maſter's pro-"perty." To this he replied, "Every "one's time was his own, and he ſhould "not ſit moping all day over his laſt—for "his part, he thanked God, he was no pa-"riſh 'prentice."

James did not reſent this piece of fooliſh impertinence, as ſome ſilly lads would have done; nor fly out into a violent paſſion: for even at this early age, he had begun to learn of him *who was meek and lowly of heart*; and therefore *when he was reviled,*

*reviled, he reviled not again.* On the contrary he was ſo very kind and gentle, that even Jack, vain and idle as he was, could not help loving him, though he took care never to follow his advice.

Jack's fondneſs for his boyiſh and ſilly diverſions in the ſtreet, ſoon produced the effects which might naturally be expected; and the ſame idleneſs which led him to fly out into the town at the ſound of a fiddle or the ſight of a puppet-ſhow, ſoon led him to thoſe places to which all theſe fiddles and ſhows naturally lead; I mean, the *ale-houſe.* The acquaintance picked up in the ſtreet was carried on at the Greyhound; and the idle paſtimes of the boy ſoon led to the deſtructive vices of the man.

As he was not an ill-tempered youth, nor naturally much given to drink, a ſober and prudent maſter, who had been ſteady in his management and regular in his own conduct, who would have recommended good advice by a good example, might have made ſomething of Jack. But I am ſorry

to ſay, that Mr. Williams, though a good workman, and not a very hard or ſevere maſter, was neither a ſober nor a ſteady man—ſo far from it, that he ſpent much more time at the Greyhound than at home. There was no order either in his ſhop or family. He left the chief care of the buſineſs to his two young apprentices; and being but a worldly man, he was at firſt diſpoſed to ſhew favour to Jack much more than to James, becauſe he had more money, and his father was better in the world than the father of poor James.

At firſt, therefore, he was diſpoſed to conſider James as a ſort of drudge, who was to do all the menial work of the family, and he did not care how little he taught him of his trade. With Mrs. Williams the matter was ſtill worſe; ſhe conſtantly called him away from the buſineſs of his trade to waſh the houſe, nurſe the child, turn the ſpit, or run of errands. And here I muſt remark, that though pariſh apprentices are bound in duty to be ſubmiſſive to

both

both maſter and miſtreſs, and always to make themſelves as uſeful as they can in a family, and to be civil and humble; yet on the other hand, it is the duty of maſters always to remember, that if they are paid for inſtructing them in their trade, they ought conſcientiouſly to inſtruct them in it, and not to employ them the greater part of their time in ſuch houſehold or other drudgery, as to deprive them of the opportunity of acquiring their trade. This practice is not the leſs unjuſt becauſe it is common.

Mr. Williams ſoon found out that his favourite Jack would be of little uſe to him in the ſhop; for though he worked well enough, he did not care how little he did. Nor could he be of the leaſt uſe to his maſter in keeping an account, or writing out a bill upon occaſion, for, as he never could be made to learn to cypher, he did not know addition from multiplication.

One day one of the cuſtomers called at the ſhop in a great hurry, and deſired his bill might be made out that minute; Mr.

 Williams,

Williams, having taken a cup too much, made ſeveral attempts to put down a clear account, but the more he tried, the leſs he found himſelf able to do it. James, who was ſitting at his laſt, roſe up, and with great modeſty, aſked his maſter if he would pleaſe to give him leave to make out the bill, ſaying, that though but a poor ſcholar, he would do his beſt, rather than keep the gentleman waiting. Williams gladly accepted his offer, and confuſed as his head was with liquor, he yet was able to obſerve with what neatneſs, diſpatch, and exactneſs, the account was drawn out. From that time he no longer conſidered James as a drudge, but as one fitted for the higher departments of the trade, and he was now regularly employed to manage the accounts, with which all the cuſtomers were ſo well pleaſed, that it contributed greatly to raiſe him in his maſter's eſteem; for there were now never any of thoſe blunders or falſe charges for which the ſhop had before been ſo famous.

James went on in a regular courſe of induſtry, and ſoon became the beſt workman Mr. Williams had; but there were many things in the family which he greatly diſapproved. Some of the journeymen uſed to ſwear, drink, and ſing very licentious ſongs. All theſe things were a great grief to his ſober mind; he complained to his maſter, who only laughed at him; and indeed, as Williams did the ſame himſelf, he put it out of his own power to correct his ſervants, if he had been ſo diſpoſed. James, however, uſed always to reprove them with great mildneſs indeed, but with great ſeriouſneſs alſo. This, but ſtill more his own excellent example, produced at length very good effects on ſuch of the men as were not quite hardened in ſin.

What grieved him moſt, was the manner in which the Sunday was ſpent. The maſter lay in bed all the morning, nor did the mother or her children ever go to church, except there was ſome new finery to be ſhewn, or a chriſtening to be attended.

 The

The town's people were coming to the ſhop all the morning, for work which ſhould have been ſent home the night before, had not the maſter been at the ale-houſe. And what wounded James to the very ſoul was, that the maſter expected the two apprentices to carry home ſhoes to the country cuſtomers on the Sunday morning; which he wickedly thought was a ſaving of time, as it prevented their hindering their work on the Saturday. Theſe ſhameful practices greatly afflicted poor James; he begged his maſter, with tears in his eyes, to excuſe him, but he only laughed at his ſqueamiſh conſcience, as he called it.

Jack did not diſlike this part of the buſineſs, and generally after he had delivered his parcel, waſted good part of the day in nutting, playing at fives, or dropping in at the public-houſe; any thing was better to Jack than going to church.

James, on the other hand, when he was compelled, ſorely againſt his conſcience, to carry home any goods on a Sunday morn-

ing,

ing, always got up as ſoon as it was light, knelt down, and prayed heartily to God to forgive him a ſin which it was not in his power to avoid; he took care not to loſe a moment by the way, but as he was taking his walk with the utmoſt ſpeed, to leave his ſhoes with the cuſtomers, he ſpent his time in endeavouring to keep up good thoughts in his mind, and praying that the day might come when his conſcience might be delivered from this grievous burthen. He was now particularly thankful, that Mr. Thomas had formerly taught him ſo many pſalms and chapters, which he uſed to repeat in theſe walks with great devotion.

He always got home before the reſt of the family was up, dreſſed himſelf very clean, and went twice to church; and as he greatly diſliked the company and practices of his maſter's houſe, particularly on the ſabbath-day, he preferred ſpending his evening alone, reading his Bible, which I forgot to ſay the worthy clergyman had given him when he left his native village.

Sunday evening, which is to ſome people ſuch a burden, was to James the higheſt holiday. He had formerly learnt a little how to ſing a pſalm of the clerk of his own pariſh, and this was now become a very delightful part of his evening exerciſe. And as Will Simpſon, one of the journeymen, by James's advice and example, was now beginning to be of a more ſerious way of thinking, he often aſked him to ſit an hour with him, when they read the Bible, and talked it over together in a manner very pleaſant and improving; and as Will was a famous ſinger, a pſalm or two ſung together, was a very innocent pleaſure.

James's good manners and civility to the cuſtomers drew much buſineſs to the ſhop; and his ſkill as a workman was ſo great, that every one deſired his ſhoes might be made by James. Williams grew ſo very idle and negligent, that he now totally neglected his affairs, and to hard drinking added deep gaming. All James's care, both of the ſhop and the accounts, could

not

keep things in any tolerable order: he represented to his maſter that they were growing worſe and worſe; and exhorted him, if he valued his credit as a tradeſman, his comfort as a huſband and father, his character as a maſter, and his ſoul as a chriſtian to turn over a new leaf. Williams ſwore a great oath, that he would not be reſtrained in his pleaſures to pleaſe a canting pariſh 'prentice, nor to humour a parcel of ſqualling brats—that let people ſay what they would of him, they ſhould never ſay he was a *hypocrite*, and as long as they could not call him that, he did not care what elſe they called him.

In a violent paſſion he immediately went to the Greyhound, where he now ſpent, not only every evening, which he had long done, but good part of the day and night alſo. His wife was very dreſſy, extravagant, and fond of company, and waſted at home as faſt as her huſband ſpent abroad; ſo that all the neighbours ſaid, if it had not been for James his maſter muſt have been

a bank-

a bankrupt long ago, but they were ſure he could not hold it much longer.

As Jack Brown ſung a good ſong, and played many diverting tricks, Williams liked his company, and often allowed him to make one at the Greyhound, where he would laugh heartily at his ſtories; ſo that every one thought Jack was much the greater favourite—ſo he was as a companion in frolick, and foolery, and *pleaſure*, as it is called; but he would not truſt him with an inch of leather or ſixpence in money: No, no—when buſineſs was to be done, or truſt was to be repoſed, James was the man: the idle and the drunken never truſt one another, if they have common ſenſe. They like to laugh, and ſing, and riot, and drink together: but when they want a friend, a counſellor, a helper in buſineſs or in trouble, they go farther afield; and Williams, while he would drink with Jack, would truſt James with untold gold; and even was fooliſhly tempted to neglect his buſineſs the more from knowing

ing that he had one at home who was taking care of it.

In ſpite of all James's care and diligence, however, things were growing worſe and worſe: the more James ſaved, the more his maſter and miſtreſs ſpent. One morning, juſt as the ſhop was opened, and James had ſet every body to their reſpective work, and he himſelf was ſettling the buſineſs for the day, he found that his maſter was not yet come from the Greyhound. As this was now become a common caſe, he only grieved but did not wonder at it. While he was indulging ſad thoughts on what would be the end of all this, in ran the tapſter from the Greyhound out of breath, and with a look of terror and diſmay, deſired James would ſtep over to the public-houſe with him that moment, for that his maſter wanted him.

James went immediately, ſurpriſed at this unuſual meſſage. When he got into the kitchen of the public-houſe, which he now entered for the firſt time in his life, though

it

it was juſt oppoſite the houſe in which he lived, he was ſhocked at the beaſtly diſguſting appearance of every thing he beheld. There was a table covered with tankards, punch-bowls, broken glaſſes, pipes, and dirty greaſy packs of cards, and all over wet with liquor; the floor was ſtrewed with broken earthen cups, odd cards, and an EO table which had been ſhivered to pieces in a quarrel; behind the table ſtood a crowd of dirty fellows, with matted locks, hollow eyes, and faces ſmeared with tobacco; James made his way after the tapſter, through this wretched looking crew, to a ſettle which ſtood in the chimney corner. Not a word was uttered, but the ſilent horror ſeemed to denote ſomething more than a mere common drunken bout.

What was the diſmay of James, when he ſaw his miſerable maſter ſtretched out on the ſettle, in all the agonies of death! He had fallen into a fit, after having drunk hard beſt part of the night, and ſeemed to have but a few minutes to live. In his frightful

ful countenance was difplayed the dreadful picture of fin and death; for he ftruggled at once under the guilt of intoxication, and the pangs of a dying man. He recovered his fenfes for a few moments, and called out to afk if his faithful fervant was come: James went up to him, took him by his cold hand, but was too much moved to fpeak. "Oh! James, James," cried he in a broken voice, "pray for me, comfort me." James fpoke kindly to him, but was too honeft to give him falfe comfort, as is too often done by miftaken friends in thefe dreadful moments.

"James," faid he, "I have been a bad "mafter to you—you would have faved "me foul and body, but I would not let "you—I have ruined my wife, my children, "and my own foul. Take warning, oh, "take warning by my miferable end," faid he to his ftupified companions; but none were able to attend to him but James, who bid him lift up his heart to God, and prayed heartily for him himfelf. "Oh!"

ſaid the dying man, "it is too late, too late "for me—but you have ſtill time," ſaid he to the half-drunken terrified crew around him. "Where is Jack?" Jack Brown came forward, but was too much frightened to ſpeak. "O wretched boy!" ſaid he, "I fear I ſhall have the ruin of thy ſoul, as "well as my own, to anſwer for. Stop "ſhort!—Take warning—now, in the days "of thy youth. O James, James, thou "doſt not pray for me. Death is dread-"ful to the wicked—O the ſting of death "to a guilty conſcience!" Here he lifted up his ghaſtly eyes in ſpeechleſs horror, graſped hard the hand of James, gave a deep hollow groan, and cloſed his eyes never to open them but in an awful eternity.

This was death in all its horrors! The gay companions of his ſinful pleaſures could not ſtand the ſight; all ſlunk away like guilty thieves from their late favourite friend—no one was left to aſſiſt him, but his two apprentices. Brown was not ſo hardened but that he ſhed many tears for

his

his unhappy maſter; and even made ſome haſty reſolutions of amendment, which were too ſoon forgotten.

While Brown ſtepped home to call the workmen to come and aſſiſt in removing their poor maſter, James ſtaid alone with the corpſe, and employed thoſe awful moments in indulging the moſt ſerious thoughts, and praying heartily to God, that ſo terrible a leſſon might not be thrown away upon him; but that he might be enabled to live in a conſtant ſtate of preparation for death. The reſolutions he made at this moment, as they were not made in his own ſtrength, but in an humble reliance on God's gracious help, were of uſe to him as long as he lived; and if ever he was for a moment tempted to ſay, or do a wrong thing, the remembrance of his poor dying maſter's laſt agonies, and the dreadful words he uttered, always operated as an inſtant check upon him.

When Williams was buried, and his affairs came to be inquired into, they were

 found

found to be in a ſad condition. His wife, indeed, was the leſs to be pitied, as ſhe had contributed her full ſhare to the common ruin. James, however, did pity her, and by his ſkill in accounts, his known honeſty, and the truſt the creditors put in his word, things came to be ſettled rather better than Mrs. Williams expected.

Both Brown and James were now within a month or two of being out of their time. The creditors, as was ſaid before, employed James to ſettle his late maſter's accounts, which he did in a manner ſo creditable to his abilities, and his honeſty, that they propoſed to him to take the ſhop himſelf. He aſſured them it was utterly out of his power for want of money. As the creditors had not the leaſt fear of being repaid, if it ſhould pleaſe God to ſpare his life, they generouſly agreed among themſelves, to advance him a ſmall ſum of money without any ſecurity but his bond; for this he was to pay a very reaſonable intereſt, and to return the whole in a given number of years.

James

James ſhed tears of gratitude at this teſtimony to his character, and could hardly be prevailed on to accept their kindneſs, ſo great was his dread of being in debt.

He took the remainder of the leaſe from his miſtreſs; and, in ſettling affairs with her, took care to make every thing as advantageous to her as poſſible. He never once allowed himſelf to think how unkind ſhe had been to him; he only ſaw in her the needy widow of his deceaſed maſter, and the diſtreſſed mother of an infant family; and was heartily ſorry it was not in his power to contribute to their ſupport; it was not only James's duty, but his delight, to return good for evil—for he was a Chriſtian.

James Stock was now, by the bleſſing of God on his own earneſt endeavours, maſter of a conſiderable ſhop, and was reſpected by the whole town for his prudence, honeſty, and piety. How he behaved in his new ſtation, and alſo what befel his comrade Brown, muſt be the ſubject of another

book; and I hope my readers will look forward with ſome impatience for ſome further account of this worthy young man. In the mean time, other apprentices will do well to follow ſo praiſe-worthy an example, and to remember, that the reſpectable maſter of a large ſhop and a profitable buſineſs, was raiſed to that creditable ſituation, without money, friends, or connections, from the low beginning of a pariſh apprentice, by ſobriety, induſtry, the fear of God, and an obedience to the divine principles of the Chriſtian religion.

---

## PART II.

### *The Apprentice turned Maſter.*

THE firſt part of this hiſtory left off with the dreadful ſudden death of Williams the idle ſhoemaker, who died in a drunken fit at the Greyhound. It alſo ſhewed how James Stock, his faithful apprentice, by his honeſt and

and upright behaviour, ſo gained the love and reſpect of his late maſter's creditors, that they ſet him up in buſineſs, though he was not worth a ſhilling of his own, ſuch is the power of a good character! And when we laſt parted from him he had juſt got poſſeſſion of his maſter's ſhop.

This ſudden proſperity was a time of trial for James; who, as he was now become a creditable tradeſman, I ſhall hereafter think proper to call Mr. James Stock. I ſay, this ſudden riſe in life was a time of trial; for we hardly know what we are ourſelves till we become our own maſters. There is indeed always a reaſonable hope that a good ſervant will not make a bad maſter, and that a faithful apprentice will prove an honeſt tradeſman. But the heart of man is deceitful; and ſome folks who ſeem to behave very well while they are under ſubjection, no ſooner get a little power than their heads are turned, and they grow prouder than thoſe who are gentlemen born. They forget at once that they were lately poor and dependent themſelves, ſo that

one would think that with their poverty they had loſt their memory too. I have known ſome who had ſuffered moſt hardſhips in their early days, become the moſt hard and oppreſſive in their turn; ſo that they ſeem to forget that fine conſiderate reaſon which God gives to the children of Iſrael why they ſhould be merciful to their ſervants, *remembering*, ſaith he, *that thou thyſelf waſt a bondman*.

Young Mr. Stock did not ſo forget himſelf. He had indeed the only ſure guard from falling into this error. It was not from any eaſineſs in his natural diſpoſition: for that only juſt ſerves to make folks good-natured when they are pleaſed, and patient when they have nothing to vex them. James went upon higher ground. He brought his religion into all his actions; he did not give way to abuſive language, becauſe he knew it was a ſin. He did not uſe his apprentices ill, becauſe he knew he had himſelf a Maſter in heaven.

He knew he owed his preſent happy ſituation to the kindneſs of the creditors. But did he grow eaſy and careleſs becauſe he knew

he

he had ſuch friends? No indeed. He worked with double diligence in order to get out of debt, and to let theſe friends ſee he did not abuſe their kindneſs. Such behaviour as this is the greateſt encouragement in the world to rich people to lend a little money. It creates friends, and it keeps them.

His ſhoes and boots were made in the beſt manner; this *got* him buſineſs; he ſet out with a rule to tell no lies and deceive no cuſtomers; this *ſecured* his buſineſs. He had two reaſons for not promiſing to ſend home goods when he knew he ſhould not be able to keep his word. The firſt, becauſe he knew a lie was a ſin, the next, becauſe it was a folly. There is no credit ſooner worn out than that which is gained by falſe pretences. After a little while no one is deceived by them. Falſehood is ſo ſoon detected that I believe moſt tradeſmen are the poorer for it in the long run. Deceit is the worſt part of a ſhopkeeper's ſtock in trade.

James was now at the head of a family. This is a ſerious ſituation (ſaid he to him-

ſelf, one fine ſummer's evening, as he ſtood leaning over the half door of his ſhop to enjoy a little freſh air); I am now maſter of a family. My cares are doubled, and ſo are my duties. I ſee the higher one gets in life the more one has to anſwer for. Let me now call to mind the ſorrow I uſed to feel when I was made to carry work home on a Sunday by an ungodly maſter; and let me now *keep* the reſolutions I then formed.

So what his heart found right to do he reſolved to do quickly; and he ſet out at firſt as he meant to go on. The Sunday was truly a day of reſt at Mr. Stock's. He would not allow a pair of ſhoes to be given out on that day to oblige the beſt cuſtomer he had. And what did he loſe by it? Why nothing. For when the people were once uſed to it, they liked Saturday night juſt as well. But had it been otherwiſe he would have given up his gains to his conſcience.

## *Shewing how Mr. Stock behaved to his Apprentices.*

WHEN he got up in the world ſo far as to have apprentices, he thought himſelf as accountable for their behaviour as if they had been his children. He was very kind to them, and had a cheerful merry way of talking to them, ſo that the lads who had ſeen too much of ſwearing, reprobate maſters, were very fond of him. They were never afraid of ſpeaking to him, they told him all their little troubles, and conſidered their maſter as their beſt friend, for they ſaid they would do any thing for a good word and a kind look. As he did not ſwear at them when they had been guilty of a fault, they did not lie to him to conceal it, and thereby make one fault two. But though he was very kind, he was very watchful alſo, for he did not think neglect any part of kindneſs. He brought them to adopt one very pretty method, which was, on a Sunday evening to divert themſelves

with

with writing out half a dozen texts of Scripture in a neat copy-book with gilt covers. You may have the ſame at any of the ſtationers; they do not coſt above four pence, and will laſt nearly a year.

When the boys carried him their books, he juſtly commended him whoſe texts were written in the faireſt hand. "And now "my boys," ſaid he, "let us ſee which of "you will learn your texts beſt in the "courſe of the week; he who does this "ſhall chuſe for next Sunday." Thus the boys ſoon got many pſalms and chapters by heart, almoſt without knowing how they came by them. He taught them how to make a practical uſe of what they learnt; "for," ſaid he, "it will anſwer little pur-"poſe to learn texts if we do not try to "live up to them." One of the boys being apt to play in his abſence, and to run back again to his work when he heard his maſter's ſtep, he brought him to a ſenſe of his fault by the laſt Sunday's texts, which happened to be the 6th of Epheſians.

He

He ſhewed him what was meant by *being obedient to his maſter in ſingleneſs of heart as unto Chriſt*, and explained to him with ſo much kindneſs what it was, *not to work with eye-ſervice as men pleaſers, but doing the will of God from the heart*, that the lad ſaid he ſhould never forget it, and it did more towards curing him of idleneſs than the ſoundeſt horſe-whipping would have done.

### *How Mr. Stock got out of Debt.*

Stock's behaviour was very regular, and he was much beloved for his kind and peaceable temper. He had alſo a good reputation for ſkill in his trade, and his induſtry was talked of through the whole town, ſo that he had ſoon more work than he could poſſibly do. He paid all his dealers to the very day, and took care to carry his intereſt money to the creditors the moment it became due. In two or three years he was able to begin to pay off a ſmall part of the principal. His reaſon for being ſo eager to pay money as ſoon as it became due

due was this :—He had obſerved tradeſmen, and eſpecially his old maſter, put off the day of payment as long as they could, even though they had the means of paying in their power. This deceived them: for having money in their pockets they forgot it belonged to the creditor, and not to themſelves, and ſo got to fancy they were rich when they were really poor. This falſe notion led them to indulge in idle expences, whereas, if they had paid regularly, they would have had this one temptation the leſs. A young tradeſman, when he is going to ſpend money, ſhould at leaſt aſk himſelf, Whether this money is his own or his creditors'? This little queſtion might help to prevent many a bankruptcy.

A true Chriſtian always goes heartily to work to find out what is his beſetting ſin; and when he has found it, (which he eaſily may if he looks ſharp,) againſt this ſin he watches narrowly. Now I know it is the faſhion among ſome folks (and a bad faſhion it is) to fancy that good people have no ſin;

but

but this only ſhews their ignorance. It is not true. That good man St. Paul knew better *. And when men do not own their ſins, it is not becauſe there is no ſin in their hearts, but becauſe they are not anxious to ſearch for it, nor humble to confeſs it, nor penitent to mourn over it. But this was not the caſe with James Stock. " Examine yourſelves truly," ſaid he, " is " no bad part of the catechiſm." He began to be afraid that his deſire of living creditably, and without being a burthen to any one, might, under the maſk of honeſty and independence, lead him into pride and covetouſneſs. He feared that the bias of his heart lay that way. So inſtead of being proud of his ſobriety; inſtead of bragging that he never ſpent his money idly, nor went to the ale-houſe; inſtead of boaſting how hard he worked, and how he denied himſelf, he ſtrove in ſecret that even theſe good qualities might not grow out of a

* See Romans, vii.

wrong

wrong root. The following event was of uſe to him in the way of indulging any diſpoſition to covetouſneſs:

One evening as he was ſtanding at the door of his ſhop, a poor dirty boy, without ſtockings and ſhoes, came up and aſked him for a bit of broken victuals, for he had eaten nothing all day. In ſpite of his dirt and rags he was a very pretty, lively, civil ſpoken boy, and Mr. Stock could not help thinking he knew ſomething of his face. He fetched him out a good piece of bread and cheeſe, and while the boy was devouring it, aſked him if he had no parents, and why he went about in that vagabond manner? "Daddy "has been dead ſome years," ſaid the boy; "he died in a fit over at the Greyhound. "Mammy," ſays he, "uſed to live at this "ſhop, and then we did not want for clothes "nor victuals neither." Stock was melted almoſt to tears on finding that this dirty beggar-boy was Tommy Williams, the ſon of his old maſter. He bleſſed God on comparing his own happy condition with that of

this poor deſtitute child, but he was not proud at the compariſon; and while he was thankful for his own proſperity, he pitied the helpleſs boy. "Where have you been "living of late?" ſaid he to him, "for I "underſtood you all went home to your "mother's friends."—"So we did, ſir," ſaid the boy, "but they are grown tired of "maintaining us, becauſe they ſaid that "mammy ſpent all the money which ſhould "have gone to buy victuals for us, on ſnuff "and drams. And ſo they have ſent us "back to this place, which is daddy's "pariſh."

"And where do you live here?" ſaid Mr. Stock. "O ſir, we are all put into the "pariſh poor-houſe."—"And does your "mother do any thing to help to maintain "you?"—"No, ſir, for mammy ſays ſhe "was not brought up to work like poor "folks, and ſhe would rather ſtarve than "ſpin or knit; ſo ſhe lies a-bed all the "morning, and ſends us about to pick up "what we can, a bit of victuals or a few "half-

"halfpence."—"And have you any money "in your pocket now?"—"Yes, ſir, I "have got three halfpence which I have "begged to-day."—"Then, as you were "ſo very hungry, how came you not to "buy a roll at that baker's over the "way?"—"Becauſe, ſir, I was going to "lay it out in tea for mammy, for I never "lay out a farthing for myſelf. Indeed "mammy ſays ſhe *will* have her tea twice "a-day if we beg or ſtarve for it."—"Can "you read, my boy?" ſaid Mr. Stock:— "A little, ſir, and ſay my prayers too."— "And can you ſay your catechiſm?"—"I "have almoſt forgotten it all, ſir, though "I remember ſomething about *honouring* "*my father and mother*, and that makes me "ſtill carry the halfpence home to mammy "inſtead of buying cakes."—"Who taught "you theſe good things?"—"One Jemmy "Stock, ſir, who was a pariſh 'prentice to "my daddy. He taught me one queſtion "out of the catechiſm every night, and al- "ways made me ſay my prayers to him be-

"fore

"fore I went to bed. He told me I ſhould "go to the wicked place if I did not fear "God, ſo I am ſtill afraid to tell lies like "the other boys. Poor Jemmy gave me a "piece of gingerbread every time I learnt "well; but I have no friend now; Jemmy "was very good to me, though mammy "did nothing but beat him."

Mr. Stock was too much moved to carry on the diſcourſe; he did not make himſelf known to the boy, but took him over to the baker's ſhop; as they walked along he could not help repeating aloud a verſe or two of that beautiful hymn, ſo deſervedly the favourite of all children:

"Not more than others I deſerve,
"Yet God hath given me more;
"For I have food while others ſtarve,
"Or beg from door to door."

The little boy looked up in his face, ſaying, "Why, ſir, that's the very hymn "which Jemmy Stock gave me a penny for "learning." Stock made no anſwer, but

put a couple of threepenny loaves into his hand to carry home, and told him to call on him again at ſuch a time in the following week.

*How Mr. Stock contrived to be charitable without any Expence.*

STOCK had abundant ſubject for meditation that night. He was puzzled what to do with the boy. While he was carrying on his trade upon borrowed money, he did not think it right to give any part of that money to aſſiſt the idle, or even to help the diſtreſſed. "I muſt be juſt," ſaid he, "before I am generous." Still he could not bear to ſee this fine boy given up to certain ruin. He did not think it ſafe to take him into his ſhop in his preſent ignorant unprincipled ſtate. At laſt he hit upon this thought: I work for myſelf twelve hours in the day. Why ſhall I not work one hour or two for this boy in the evening? It will be but for a year, and I ſhall then have more right to do what I pleaſe.

My

My money will then be my own, I ſhall have paid my debts.

So he began to put his reſolution in practice that very night, ſticking to his old notion of not putting off till to-morrow what ſhould be done to-day; and it was thought he owed much of his ſucceſs in life, as well as his growth in goodneſs, to this little ſaying. "I am young and healthy," ſaid he, "one hour's work more will do me no "harm; I will ſet aſide all I get by theſe "over-hours, and put the boy to ſchool. I "have not only no right to puniſh this child "for the ſins of his father, but I conſider "that though God hated thoſe ſins, he has "made them be inſtrumental to my ad-"vancement."

Tommy Williams called at the time appointed. In the meantime Mr. Stock's maid had made him a neat little ſuit of clothes out of an old coat of her maſter's. She had alſo knit him a pair of ſtockings, and Mr. Stock made him ſit down in the ſhop, while he himſelf fitted him with a pair

of new ſhoes. The maid having waſhed and dreſſed him, Mr. Stock took him by the hand, and walked along with him to the pariſh poor-houſe to find his mother. They found her dreſſed in ragged filthy finery, ſtanding at the door, where ſhe paſſed moſt of her time, quarrelling with half a dozen women as idle and dirty as herſelf. When ſhe ſaw Tommy ſo neat and well-dreſſed, ſhe fell a-crying for joy. She ſaid "it put "her in mind of old times, for Tommy al-"ways uſed to be dreſſed like a gentle-"man."—"So much the worſe," ſaid Mr. Stock; "if you had not begun by making "him look like a gentleman, you needed "not have ended by making him look "like a beggar."—"Oh Jem!" ſaid ſhe, (for though it was four years ſince ſhe had ſeen him, ſhe ſoon recollected him,) "fine "times for you! ſet a beggar on horſe-"back—you know the proverb. I ſhall "beat Tommy well for finding you out, "and expoſing me to you."

Inſtead

Inftead of entering into any difpute with this bad woman, or praifing himfelf at her expence; inftead of putting her in mind of her paft ill behaviour to him, or reproaching her with the bad ufe fhe had made of her profperity, he mildly faid to her,— "Mrs. Williams, I am forry for your mis-"fortunes; I am come to relieve you of "part of your burthen. I will take Tom-"my off your hands. I will give him a "year's board and fchooling, and by that "time I fhall fee what he is fit for. I will "promife nothing, but if the boy turns out "well I will never forfake him. I fhall "make but one bargain with you, which "is, that he muft not come to this place to "hear all this railing and fwearing, nor "fhall he keep company with thefe pilfer-"ing idle children. You are welcome to "go and fee him when you pleafe, but here "he muft not come."

The foolifh woman burft out a-crying, faying, "fhe fhould lofe her poor dear "Tommy for ever. Mr. Stock might give

" *her* the money he intended to pay at the " ſchool, for nobody could do ſo well by " him as his own mother." The truth was, ſhe wanted to get theſe new clothes into her clutches, which would all have been pawned at the dram ſhop before the week was out. This Mr. Stock well knew. From crying ſhe fell to ſcolding and ſwearing. She told him he was an unnatural wretch, that wanted to make a child deſpiſe his own mother becauſe ſhe was poor. She even went ſo far as to ſay ſhe would not part from him; ſhe ſaid ſhe hated your godly people, they had no bowels of compaſſion, but tried to ſet men, women, and children againſt their own fleſh and blood.

Mr. Stock now almoſt loſt his patience, and for one moment a thought came acroſs him, to ſtrip the boy, carry back the clothes, and leave him to his unnatural mother. " Why," ſaid he, " ſhould I work over-" hours, and wear out my ſtrength for this " wicked woman?" But he ſoon checked this

this thought, by reflecting on the patience and long-ſuffering of God with rebellious ſinners. This cured his anger in a moment, and he mildly reaſoned with her on her folly and blindneſs in oppoſing the good of her child.

One of the neighbours who ſtood by ſaid, "What a fine thing it was for the "boy! but ſome people were born to be "lucky. She wiſhed Mr. Stock would "take a fancy to *her* child, he ſhould have "him ſoon enough." Mrs. Williams now began to be frightened leſt Mr. Stock ſhould take the woman at her word, and ſullenly conſented to let the boy go, from envy and malice, not from prudence and gratitude; and Tommy was ſent to ſchool that very night, his mother crying and roaring, inſtead of thanking God for ſuch a bleſſing.

And here I cannot forbear telling a very good-natured thing of Will Simpſon, one of the workmen. By-the-bye it was that very young fellow who was reformed by Stock's

good example when he was an apprentice, and who ufed to fing pfalms with him on a Sunday evening when they got out of the way of Williams's junketing. Will coming home early one evening, was furprifed to find his mafter at work by himfelf, long after the ufual time. He begged fo heartily to know the reafon, that Stock owned the truth. Will was fo ftruck with this piece of kindnefs, that he fnatched up a laft, crying out, "Well, mafter, you fhall not work "by yourfelf, however; we will go fnacks "in maintaining Tommy: it fhall never be "faid that Will Simpfon was idling about, "when his mafter was working for charity." This made the hour pafs chearfully, and doubled the profits.

In a year or two Mr. Stock, by God's bleffing on his labours, became quite clear of the world. He now paid off his creditors; but he never forgot his obligation to them, and found many opportunities of fhewing kindnefs to them, and to their children after them. He now caft about

for

for a proper wife, and as he was thought a profperous man, and was very well-looking befides, moft of the fmart girls of the place, with their tawdry finery, ufed to be often parading before the fhop, and would even go to church in order to put themfelves in his way. But Mr. Stock when he went to church had other things in his head; and if ever he thought about thefe gay damfels at all, it was with concern in feeing them fo improperly tricked out, fo that the very means they took to pleafe him made him diflike them.

There was one Betfy Weft, a young woman of excellent character and very modeft appearance. He had feldom feen her out, as fhe was employed night and day in waiting on an aged widowed mother who was both lame and blind. This good girl was indeed almoft literally eyes and feet to her helplefs parent, and Mr. Stock ufed to fee her, through the little cafement window, lifting her up and feeding her with a tendernefs which greatly raifed his efteem for her.

her. He uſed to tell Will Simpſon, as they ſat at work, that ſuch a dutiful daughter could hardly fail to make a faithful wife. He had not, however, the heart to try to draw her off from her care of her ſick mother. The poor woman declined very faſt. Betſy was much employed in reading or praying by her while ſhe was awake, and paſſed good part of the night while ſhe ſlept, in doing ſome fine works to ſell in order to ſupply her ſick mother with little delicacies which their poor pittance could not afford, while ſhe herſelf lived on a cruſt.

Mr. Stock knew that Betſy would have little or nothing after her mother's death, as ſhe had only a life income. On the other hand Mr. Thompſon, the tanner, had offered him two hundred pounds with his daughter Nancy: but he was almoſt ſorry that he had not in this caſe an opportunity of reſiſting his natural bias, which rather lay on the ſide of loving money: "For," ſaid he, "putting principle and putting af-"fection out of the queſtion, I ſhall do a

"more

"more *prudent* thing by marrying Betſy "Weſt, who will conform to her ſtation, "and is a religious, humble, induſtrious girl, "without a ſhilling, than by having an idle "dreſſy laſs, who will neglect my family "and fill my houſe with company, though "ſhe ſhould have twice the fortune which "Nancy Thompſon would bring."

At length poor old Mrs. Weſt was releaſed from all her ſufferings. At a proper time Mr. Stock propoſed marriage to Betſy, and was accepted. All the diſappointed girls in the town wondered what any body could like in ſuch a dowdy as that. Had the man no eyes? They thought Mr. Stock had had more taſte. Oh! how it did provoke all the vain idle things to find, that ſtaying at home, dreſſing plainly, ſerving God, and nurſing a blind mother, ſhould do that for Betſy Weſt, which all their contrivances, flaunting, and dancing, could not do for them.

He was not diſappointed in his hope of meeting with a good wife in Betſy, as in-

deed

deed thofe who marry on right grounds feldom are. But if religious perfons will, for the fake of money, chufe partners for life who have no religion, do not let them complain that they are unhappy; they might have known that beforehand.

Tommy Williams was now taken home to Stock's houfe and bound apprentice. He was always kind and attentive to his mother; and every penny which Will Simpfon or his mafter gave him for learning a chapter, he would fave to buy a bit of tea and fugar for her. When the other boys laughed at him for being fo foolifh as to deny himfelf cakes and apples, to give his money to her who was fo bad a woman, he would anfwer, "It may be fo, but fhe "is my mother for all that."

Mr. Stock was much moved at the change in this boy, who turned out a very good youth. He refolved, as God fhould profper him, that he would try to fnatch other helplefs creatures from fin and ruin. "For," faid he, "it is owing to God's bleffing on "the

"the inſtructions of my good miniſter when "I was a child, that I have been ſaved from "the broad way of deſtruction." He ſtill gave God the glory of every thing he did aright; and when Will Simpſon one day ſaid to him, "Maſter, I wiſh I were half as "good as you are."—"Hold, William," anſwered he gravely, "I once read in a "book, that the devil is willing enough we "ſhould appear to do good actions, if he "can but make us proud of them."

But we muſt not forget our other old acquaintance, Mr. Stock's fellow-prentice. So next month you may expect a full account of the many tricks and frolics of idle Jack Brown.

---

## PART III.

*Some Account of the Frolicks of idle Jack Brown.*

You ſhall now hear what befel idle Jack Brown, who, being a farmer's ſon, had

not be above taking a hint in this refpect from James Stock the fhoemaker.

Brown was ftill unwilling to part from him; indeed he was too idle to look out for bufinefs, fo he offered Stock to work with him as a journeyman; but this he alfo mildly refufed. It hurt his good-nature to do fo; but he reflected that a young man who has his way to make in the world muft not only be good-natured, he muft be prudent alfo. "I am refolved," faid he, "to employ none but the moft fober, re-"gular young men I can get. Evil com-"munications corrupt good manners, and "I fhould be anfwerable for all the difor-"ders of my own houfe if I knowingly took "a wild drinking young fellow into it. "That which might be kindnefs to one, "would be injuftice to many, and therefore "a fin in myfelf."

Brown's mother was in a great rage when fhe heard that her fon had ftooped fo low as to make this offer. She valued herfelf on being proud, for fhe thought pride was a grand

grand thing. Poor woman! She did not know that it is the meaneſt thing in the world. It was her ignorance which made her proud, as is apt to be the caſe. "You "mean-ſpirited raſcal," ſaid ſhe to Jack, "I had rather follow you to your grave, as "well as I love you, than ſee you diſgrace "your family by working under Jem Stock, "the pariſh apprentice." She forgot already what pains ſhe had taken about the partnerſhip, but pride and paſſion have bad memories.

It is hard to ſay which was now uppermoſt in her mind, her deſire to be revenged on Stock, or to ſee her ſon make a figure. She raiſed every ſhilling ſhe could get from her huſband, and all ſhe could crib from the dairy to ſet up Jack in a ſhowy way. So the very next market day ſhe came herſelf, and took for him the new white houſe, with the two little ſaſh windows painted blue, and blue poſts before the door. It is that houſe which has the old croſs juſt be-

fore it, as you turn down between the church and the Greyhound. Its being ſo near the church to be ſure was no recommendation to Jack, but its being ſo near the Greyhound was, and ſo taking one thing with the other it was to be ſure no bad ſituation; but what weighed moſt with the mother was, that it was a much more ſhowy ſhop than Stock's; and the houſe, though not half ſo convenient, was far more ſmart.

In order to draw cuſtom, his fooliſh mother aviſed him to underſell his neighbours juſt at firſt; to buy ordinary but ſhowy goods, and to employ cheap workmen. In ſhort, ſhe charged him to leave no ſtone unturned to ruin his old comrade Stock. Indeed ſhe always thought with double ſatisfaction of Jack's proſperity, becauſe ſhe always joined to it the hope that his ſucceſs would be the ruin of Stock, for ſhe owned it would be the joy of her heart to bring that proud upſtart to a morſel of bread.

She

She did nct underſtand, for her part, why ſuch beggars muſt become tradeſmen; it was making a velvet purſe of a ſow's ear.

Stock, however, ſet out on quite another ſet of principles. He did not allow himſelf to ſquare his own behaviour to others by theirs to him. He ſeldom aſked himſelf what he ſhould *like* to do: but he had a mighty way of ſaying, I wonder now what is my *duty* to do? And when he was once clear in that matter he generally did it, always begging God's bleſſing and direction. So inſtead of ſetting Brown at defiance; inſtead of all that vulgar ſelfiſhneſs, of catch he that catch can—and two of a trade can never agree—he reſolved to be friendly towards him. Inſtead of joining in the laugh againſt Brown for making his houſe ſo fine, he was ſorry for him, becauſe he feared he would never be able to pay ſuch a rent. He very kindly called upon him, told him there was buſineſs enough for them both, and gave him many uſeful hints for his going on. He warned him to go oftener to church

 and

and ſeldomer to the Greyhound: put him in mind how following the one and forſaking the other had been the ruin of their poor maſter, and added the following

ADVICE TO YOUNG TRADESMEN.

*Buy the beſt goods; cut the work out yourſelf; let the eye of the maſter be every where; employ the ſobereſt men; avoid all the low deceits of trade; never lower the credit of another to raiſe your own; make ſhort payments; keep exact accounts; avoid idle company, and be very ſtrict to your word.*

For a ſhort time things went on ſwimmingly. Brown was merry and civil. The ſhop was well ſituated for goſſip; and every one who had ſomething to ſay, and nothing to do, was welcome. Every idle ſtory was firſt ſpread, and every idle ſong firſt ſung, in Brown's ſhop. Every cuſtomer who came to be meaſured was promiſed that his ſhoes ſhould be done firſt. But the misfortune was, if twenty came in a day the ſame promiſe was made to all; ſo that

that nineteen were difappointed, and of courfe affronted. He never faid *No* to any one. It is indeed a word which it requires fome honefty to pronounce. By all thefe falfe promifes he was thought the moft obliging fellow that ever made a fhoe. And as he fet out on the principle of underfelling, people took a mighty fancy to the cheap fhop. And it was agreed among all the young and giddy, that he would beat Stock hollow, and that the old fhop would be foon knocked up.

*All is not gold that gliftens.*

AFTER a few months, however, folks began to be not quite fo fond of the cheap fhop; one found out that the leather was bad, another that the work was flight. Thofe who liked fubftantial goods went all of them to Stock's, for they faid Brown's heel taps did not laft a week; his new boots let in water; and they believed he made his foles of brown paper. Befides, it was thought by moft, that his promifing all,

and keeping his word with none, hurt his bufinefs as much as any thing. Indeed, I queftion, putting religion out of the queftion, if lying ever anfwers, even in a political view.

Brown had what is commonly called *a good heart*; that is, he had a thoughtlefs good nature, and a fort of feeling for the moment which made him feem forry when others were in trouble. But he was not apt to put himfelf to any inconvenience, nor go a ftep out of his way, nor give up any pleafure to ferve the beft friend he had. He loved *fun*; and thofe who do fhould always fee that it be harmlefs, and that they do not give up more for it than it is worth. I am not going to fay a word againft innocent merriment. I like it myfelf. But what the proverb fays of gold, may be faid of mirth; it may be bought too dear. If a young man finds that what he fancies is a good joke may poffibly offend God, hurt his neighbour, afflict his parent, or make a modeft girl blufh, let him then be affured

it

it is not fun but wickedneſs, and he had better let it alone.

Jack Brown then, as *good a heart* as he had, did not know what it was to deny himſelf any thing. He was ſo *good-natured* indeed, that he never in his life refuſed to make one of a jolly ſet; but he was not good-natured enough to conſider that thoſe men whom he kept up all night roaring and laughing, had wives and children at home, who had little to eat, and leſs to wear, becauſe *they* were keeping up the character of merry fellows and good hearts at the public houſe.

*The Mountebank.*

One day he ſaw his father's plough-boy come galloping up to his door in great haſte. This boy brought Brown word that his mother was dangerouſly ill, and that his father had ſent his own beſt bay mare Smiler, that his ſon might loſe no time, but ſet out directly to ſee his mother before ſhe died. Jack burſt into tears, lamented the

danger of ſo fond a mother, and all the people in the ſhop extolled his *good heart.*

He ſent back the boy directly, with a meſſage that he would follow him in half an hour, as ſoon as the mare had baited; for he well knew that his father would not thank him for any haſte he might make if Smiler was hurt.

Jack accordingly ſet off, and rode with ſuch ſpeed to the next town, that both himſelf and Smiler had a mind to another bait. They ſtopped at the Star, unluckily it was fair-day, and as he was walking about while Smiler was eating her oats, a bill was put into his hand ſetting forth, that on a ſtage oppoſite the Globe a mountebank was ſhowing away, and his Andrew performing the fineſt tricks that ever were ſeen. He read—he ſtood ſtill—he went on—"It will "not hinder me," ſays he; "Smiler muſt "reſt; and I ſhall ſee my poor dear mo-"ther quite as ſoon if I juſt take a peep, "as if I ſit moping at the Star."

The

The tricks were ſo merry that the time ſeemed ſhort, and when they were over he could not forbear going into the Globe and treating theſe choice ſpirits with a bowl of punch. Juſt as they were taking the laſt glaſs Jack happened to ſay that he was the beſt fives player in the country. "That is "lucky," ſaid the Andrew, "for there is a "famous match now playing in the court, "and you may never again have ſuch an "opportunity to ſhow your ſkill." Brown declared "he could not ſtay, for that he "had left his horſe at the Star, and muſt "ſet off on urgent buſineſs." They now all pretended to call his ſkill in queſtion. This rouſed his pride, and he thought another half hour could break no ſquares. Smiler had now had a good feed of corn, and he would only have to puſh her on a little more; ſo to it he went.

He won the firſt game. This ſpurred him on; and he played till it was ſo dark they could not ſee a ball. Another bowl was called for from the winner. Wagers and

and betts now drained Brown not only of all the money he had won, but of all he had in his pocket, ſo that he was obliged to aſk leave to go to the houſe where his horſe was, to borrow enough to diſcharge his reckoning at the Globe.

All theſe loſſes brought his poor dear mother to his mind, and he marched off with rather a heavy heart to borrow the money, and to order Smiler out of the ſtable. The landlord expreſſed much ſurpriſe at ſeeing him, and the oſtler declared there was no Smiler there; that he had been rode off above two hours ago by the Merry Andrew, who ſaid he came by order of the owner, Mr. Brown, to fetch him to the Globe, and to pay for his feed. It was indeed one of the neateſt tricks the Andrew ever performed, for he made ſuch a clean conveyance of Smiler, that neither Jack nor his father ever heard of her again.

It was night: no one could tell what road the Andrew took, and it was another hour or two before an advertiſement could be

be drawn up for apprehending the horfe-ftealer. Jack had fome doubts whether he fhould go on or return back. He knew that though his father might fear his wife moft, yet he loved Smiler beft. At length he took that courage from a glafs of brandy which he ought to have taken from a hearty repentance, and he refolved to purfue his journey. He was obliged to leave his watch and filver buckles in pawn for a little old hack which was nothing but fkin and bone, and would hardly trot three miles an hour.

He knocked at his father's door about five in the morning. The family were all up. He afked the boy who opened the door how his mother was? "She is dead," faid the boy; "fhe died yefterday after-"noon." Here Jack's heart fmote him, and he cried aloud, partly from grief, but more from the reproaches of his own con-fcience, for he found by computing the hours, that had he come ftrait on, he fhould have been in time to receive his mother's bleffing.

The

The farmer now called from within, "I "hear Smiler's ſtep. Is Jack come?"— "Yes, father," ſaid Jack, in a low voice. "Then," cried the farmer, "run every "man and boy of you and take care of the "mare. Tom, do thou go and rub her "down; Jem, run and get her a good "feed of corn. Be ſure walk her about "that ſhe may not catch cold." Young Brown came in. "Are you not an undu-"tiful dog?" ſaid the father; "you might "have been here twelve hours ago. Your "mother could not die in peace without "ſeeing you. She ſaid it was a cruel re-"turn for all her fondneſs that you could "not make a little haſte to ſee her; but it "was always ſo, for ſhe had wronged her "other children to help you, and this was "her reward." Brown ſobbed out a few words, but his father replied, "Never cry "Jack, for the boy told me that it was out "of regard for Smiler that you were not "here as ſoon as he was; and if 'twas your "over care of her, why there's no great

“ harm done. You could not have ſaved “ your poor mother, and you might have “ hurt the mare.” Here Jack's double guilt flew into his face. He knew that his father was very covetous, and had lived on bad terms with his wife; and alſo that his own unkindneſs to her had been forgiven by him out of love to the horſe; but to break to him how he had loſt that horſe through his own folly and want of feeling, was more than Jack had courage to do. The old man, however, ſoon got at the truth, and no words can deſcribe his fury. Forgetting that his wife lay dead above ſtairs, he abuſed his ſon in a way not fit to be repeated; and though his covetouſneſs had juſt before found an excuſe for a favourite ſon neglecting to viſit a dying parent, yet he now vented his rage againſt Jack as an unnatural brute, whom he would cut off with a ſhilling, and bade him never ſee his face again.

Jack was not allowed to attend his mother's funeral, which was a real grief to him; nor would his father advance even

the

the little money which was needful to redeem his things at the Star. He had now no fond mother to aſſiſt him, and he ſet out on his return home on his borrowed hack, full of grief. He had the added mortification of knowing, that he had alſo loſt by his folly a little hoard of money, which his mother had ſaved up for him.

When Brown got back to his own town he found that the ſtory of Smiler and the Andrew had got thither before him, and it was thought a very good joke at the Greyhound. He ſoon recovered his ſpirits as far as related to the horſe, but as to his behaviour to his dying mother it troubled him at times to the laſt day of his life, though he did all he could to forget it. He did not however go on at all better, nor did he engage in one frolick the leſs for what had paſſed at the Globe; his *good heart* continually betraying him into acts of levity and vanity.

Jack began at length to feel the reverſe of that proverb, *Keep your ſhop and your ſhop will keep you.* He had neglected his cuſtomers,

cuſtomers, and they forſook him. Quarter day came round; there was much to pay and little to receive. He owed two years' rent. He was in arrears to his men for wages. He had a long account with his currier. It was in vain to apply to his father. He had now no mother. Stock was the only true friend he had in the world, and had helped him out of many petty ſcrapes, but he knew Stock would advance no money in ſo hopeleſs a caſe. Duns came faſt about him. He named a ſpeedy day for payment; but as ſoon as they were out of the houſe, and the danger put off to a little diſtance, he forgot every promiſe, was as merry as ever, and run the ſame round of thoughtleſs gaiety. Whenever he was in trouble Stock did not ſhun him, becauſe that was the moment to throw in a little good advice. He one day aſked him if he always intended to go on in this courſe? "No," ſaid he, "I am reſolved by-and-"bye to reform, grow ſober, and go to "church. Why I am but five and twenty,

"man, I am ſtout and healthy, and likely "to live long; I can repent, and grow me- "lancholy and good at any time."

"Oh Jack!" ſaid Stock, "don't cheat "thyſelf with that falſe hope. What thou "doſt intend to do, do quickly. Did'ſt "thou never read about the heart growing "hardened by long indulgence in ſin? "Some folk, who pretend to mean well, "ſhow that they mean nothing at all, by "never beginning to put their good reſo- "lutions into practice; which made a wiſe "man once ſay, that hell is paved with "good intentions. We cannot repent "when we pleaſe. *It is the goodneſs of God "which leadeth us to repentance.*"

"I am ſure," replied Jack, "I am no "one's enemy but my own."

"It is as fooliſh," ſaid Stock, "to ſay a "bad man is no one's enemy but his own, "as that a good man is no one's friend but "his own. There is no ſuch neutral "character. A bad man corrupts or of- "fends all within reach of his example, juſt "as

" as a good man benefits or inſtructs all " within the ſphere of his influence. And " there is no time when we can ſay that " this tranſmitted good and evil will end. " A wicked man may be puniſhed for ſins " he never committed himſelf, if he has " been the cauſe of ſin in others, as ſurely " as a ſaint will be rewarded for more good " deeds than he himſelf has done, even for " the virtues and good actions of all thoſe " who are made better by his inſtruction, " his example, or his writings."

Michaelmas-day was at hand. The landlord declared he would be put off no longer, but would ſeize for rent if it was not paid him on that day, as well as for a conſiderable ſum due to him for leather. Brown at laſt began to be frightened. He applied to Stock to be bound for him. This Stock flatly refuſed. Brown now began to dread the horrors of a jail, and really ſeemed ſo very contrite, and made ſo many vows and promiſes of amendment, that at length Stock was prevailed on, together with two

or three of Brown's other friends, to advance each a ſmall ſum of money to quiet the landlord, Brown promiſing to make over to them every part of his ſtock, and to be guided in future by their advice, declaring that he would turn over a new leaf, and follow Mr. Stock's example, as well as his direction in every thing.

Stock's good-nature was at laſt wrought upon, and he raiſed the money. The truth is, he did not know the worſt, nor how deeply Brown was involved. Brown joyfully ſet out on the very quarter-day to a town at ſome diſtance to carry his landlord this money, raiſed by the imprudent kindneſs of his friend. At his departure Stock put him in mind of the old ſtory of Smiler and the Merry Andrew, and he promiſed of his own head that he would not even call at a public houſe till he had paid the money.

He was as good as his word. He very triumphantly paſſed by ſeveral. He ſtopped a little under the window of one where the ſounds of merriment and loud laughter

caught his ear. At another he heard the enticing notes of a fiddle and the light heels of the merry dancers. Here his heart had well nigh failed him, but the dread of a jail on the one hand, and what he feared almoſt as much, Mr. Stock's anger on the other, ſpurred him on; and he valued himſelf not a little at having got the better of this temptation. He felt quite happy when he found he had reached the door of his landlord without having yielded to one idle inclination.

He knocked at the door. The maid, who opened it ſaid her maſter was not at home. "I am ſorry for it," ſaid he, ſtrutting about; and with a boaſting air he took out his money. "I want to pay him "my rent: he needed not to have been "afraid of *me*." The ſervant, who knew her maſter was very much afraid of him, deſired him to walk in, for her maſter would be at home in half an hour. "I will call "again," ſaid he; "but no, let him call "on me, and the ſooner the better: I ſhall

"be at the Blue Posts." While he had been talking he took care to open his black leather case, and to display the bank bills to the servant, and then, in a swaggering way, he put up his money and marched off to the Blue Posts.

He was by this time quite proud of his own resolution, and having tendered the money, and being clear in his own mind that it was the landlord's own fault and not his, that it was not paid, he went to refresh himself at the Blue Posts. In a barn belonging to this public house a set of strollers were just going to perform some of that sing-song ribaldry by which our villages are corrupted, the laws broken, and that money drawn from the poor for pleasure, which is wanted by their families for bread. The name of the last new song which made part of the entertainment, made him think himself in high luck, that he should have just that half hour to spare. He went into the barn, but was too much delighted with the actor, who sung his favourite song, to re-

main a quiet hearer. He leaped out of the pit, and got behind the two ragged blankets which ferved for a curtain. He fung fo much better than the actors themfelves, that they praifed and admired him to a degree which awakened all his vanity. He was fo intoxicated with their flattery, that he could do no lefs than invite them all to fupper, an invitation which they were too hungry not to accept.

He did not, however, quite forget his appointment with his landlord; but the half hour was long fince paft by. "And fo," fays he, "as I know he is a mean cur-"mudgeon, who goes to bed I fuppofe by "day-light to fave candle, it will be too "late to fpeak with him to-night; befides, "let him call upon me; it is his bufinefs "and not mine. I left word where I was "to be found; the money is ready, and if "I don't pay him to-night, I can do it be-"fore breakfaft."

By the time thefe firm refolutions were made, fupper was ready. There never was

a more jolly evening. Ale and punch were as plenty as water. The actors ſaw what a vain fellow was feaſting them; and as they wanted victuals, and he wanted flattery, the buſineſs was ſoon ſettled. They ate, and Brown ſung. They pretended to be in raptures. Singing promoted drinking, and every freſh glaſs produced a ſong, or a ſtory ſtill more merry than the former. Before morning the players who were engaged to act in another barn a dozen miles off, ſtole away quietly. Brown having dropt aſleep they left him to finiſh his nap by himſelf. As to him his dreams were gay and pleaſant, and the houſe being quite ſtill, he ſlept comfortably till morning.

As ſoon as he had breakfaſted, the buſineſs of the night before popped into his head. He ſet off once more to his landlord's in high ſpirits, gaily ſinging by the way ſcraps of all the tunes he had picked up the night before from his new friends. The landlord opened the door himſelf, and reproached him with no ſmall ſurlineſs for

not

not having kept his word with him the evening before, adding, that he ſuppoſed he was come now with ſome more of his ſhallow excuſes. Brown put on all that haughtineſs which is common to people who being generally apt to be in the wrong, happen to catch themſelves doing a right action; he looked big, as ſome ſort of people do when they have money to pay. "You need not "have been ſo anxious about your money," ſaid he, "I was not going to break or run "away." The landlord well knew this was the common language of thoſe who are ready to do both. Brown haughtily added, "You ſhall ſee I am a man of my word; "give me a receipt." The landlord had it ready and gave it him.

Brown put his hand in his pocket for his black leather caſe in which the bills were; he felt, he ſearched, he examined, firſt one pocket, then the other; then both waiſtcoat pockets, but no leather caſe could he find. He looked terrified. It was indeed the face of real terror, but the landlord

conceived it to be that of guilt, and abufed him heartily for putting his old tricks upon him; he fwore he would not be impofed upon any longer;—the money or a jail—there lay his choice.

Brown protefted for once with great truth, that he had no intention to deceive; declared that he had actually brought the money, and knew not what was become of it; but the thing was far too unlikely to gain credit. Brown now called to mind that he had fallen afleep on the fettle in the room where they had fupped. This raifed his fpirits; for he had no doubt but the cafe had fallen out of his pocket; he faid he would ftep to the public houfe and fearch for it, and would be back directly. Not one word of all this did the landlord believe, fo inconvenient is it to have a bad character. He fwore Brown fhould not ftir out of his houfe without a conftable, and made him wait while he fent for one. Brown, guarded by the conftable, went back to the Blue Pofts, the landlord

charging

charging the officer not to loſe ſight of the culprit. The caution was needleſs, Brown had not the leaſt deſign of running away, ſo firmly perſuaded was he that he ſhould find his leather caſe.

But who can paint his diſmay, when no tale or tidings of the leather caſe could be had! The maſter, the miſtreſs, the boy, and the maid of the public houſe all proteſted they were innocent. His ſuſpicions ſoon fell on the ſtrollers with whom he had paſſed the night; and he now found out, for the firſt time, that a merry evening did not always produce a happy morning. He obtained a warrant, and proper officers were ſent in purſuit of the ſtrollers. No one, however, believed he had really loſt any thing: and as he had not a ſhilling left to defray the expenſive treat he had given, the maſter of the inn agreed with the other landlord in thinking this ſtory was a trick to defraud them both, and Brown remained in cloſe cuſtody. At length the officers returned, who ſaid they had been obliged

to

to let the ſtrollers go, as they could not fix the charge on any one, and they had all offered to ſwear before a juſtice that they had ſeen nothing of the leather caſe. It was at length agreed, that as he had paſſed the evening in a crowded barn, he had probably been robbed there, if at all; and among ſo many, who could pretend to gueſs at the thief?

Brown raved like a madman; he cried, tore his hair, and ſaid he was ruined for ever. The abuſive language of his old landlord, and his new creditor at the Blue Poſts, did not lighten his ſorrow. His landlord would be put off no longer. Brown declared he could neither find bail nor raiſe another ſhilling; and as ſoon as the forms of law were made out, he was ſent to the county jail.

Here it might have been expected that hard living and much leiſure would have brought him to reflect a little on his paſt follies. But his heart was not truly touched. The chief thing which grieved him at firſt was,

was, his having abuſed the kindneſs of Stock, for to him he ſhould appear guilty of a real fraud, where he had indeed been only vain, idle, and imprudent. And it is worth while here to remark, that vanity, idleneſs, and imprudence, often bring a man to utter ruin both of ſoul and body, though ſilly people do not put them in the catalogue of heavy ſins, and thoſe who indulge in them are often reckoned honeſt, merry fellows, with *the beſt hearts in the world.*

I wiſh I had room to tell my readers what befel Jack in his preſent doleful habitation, and what became of him afterwards. I promiſe them, however, that they ſhall certainly know the firſt of next month, when I hope they will not forget to enquire for the Fourth Part of the Shoemakers, or Jack Brown in priſon.

## PART IV.

### *Jack Brown in Priſon.*

Brown was no ſooner lodged in his doleful habitation, and a little recovered from his firſt ſurpriſe, than he ſat down and wrote his friend Stock the whole hiſtory of the tranſaction. Mr. Stock, who had long known the exceeding lightneſs and diſſipation of his mind, did not ſo utterly diſbelieve the ſtory as all the other creditors did. To ſpeak the truth, Stock was the only one among them who had good ſenſe enough to know, that a man may be completely ruined, both in what relates to his property and his ſoul, without committing Old Bailey crimes. He well knew that idleneſs, vanity, and the love of *pleaſure*, as it is falſely called, will bring a man to a morſel of bread, as ſurely as thoſe things which are reckoned much greater ſins; and that they undermine his principles as certainly, though not perhaps quite ſo faſt.

Stock

Stock was too angry with what had happened to anſwer Brown's letter, or to ſeem to take the leaſt notice of him. However, he kindly and ſecretly undertook a journey to the hard-hearted old farmer, Brown's father, to intercede with him, and to ſee if he would do any thing for his ſon. Stock did not pretend to excuſe Jack, or even to leſſen his offences; for it was a rule of his never to diſguiſe truth or to palliate wickedneſs. Sin was ſtill ſin in his eyes, though it were committed by his beſt friend; but though he would not ſoften the ſin he felt tenderly for the ſinner. He pleaded with the old farmer on the ground, that his ſon's idleneſs and other vices would gather freſh ſtrength in a jail. He told him, that the looſe and worthleſs company which he would there keep would harden him in vice, and if he was now wicked he might there become irreclaimable.

But all his pleas were urged in vain. The farmer was not to be moved. Indeed he argued with ſome juſtice, that he ought

not

not to make his induſtrious children beggars to ſave one rogue from the gallows. Mr. Stock allowed the force of his reaſoning, though he ſaw the father was leſs influenced by this principle of juſtice than by reſentment on account of the old ſtory of Smiler. People, indeed, ſhould take care that what appears in their conduct to proceed from juſtice does not really proceed from revenge. Wiſer men than farmer Brown often deceive themſelves, and fancy they act on better principles than they really do, for want of looking a little more cloſely into their own hearts, and putting down every action to its true motive. When we are praying againſt deceit we ſhould not forget to take ſelf-deceit into the account.

Mr. Stock at length wrote to poor Jack; not to offer him any help, that was quite out of the queſtion, but to exhort him to repent of his evil ways; to lay before him the ſins of his paſt life, and to adviſe him to convert the preſent puniſhment into a benefit, by humbling himſelf before God. He offered

offered his intereſt to get his place of confinement exchanged for one of thoſe improved priſons, where ſolitude and labour have been made the happy inſtruments of bringing many to a better way of thinking, and ended by ſaying, that if he ever gave any ſolid ſigns of real amendment he would ſtill be his friend in ſpite of all that was paſt.

If Mr. Stock had ſent him a good ſum of money to procure his liberty, or even a trifle to make merry with his wretched companions, Jack would have thought him a friend indeed. But to ſend him nothing but dry advice, and a few words of empty comfort, was, he thought, but a cheap ſhabby way of ſhewing his kindneſs. Unluckily the letter came juſt as he was going to ſit down to one of thoſe direful merry-makings which are often carried on with brutal riot within the doleful walls of a jail on the entrance of a new priſoner, who is often expected to give a feaſt to the reſt.

When

When his companions were heated with gin; "Now," ſaid Jack, "I'll treat you "with a ſermon, and a very pretty preach-"ment it is." So ſaying, he took out Mr. Stock's kind and pious letter, and was delighted at the burſts of laughter it produced. "What a canting dog!" ſaid one. "Re-"pentance, indeed!" cried Tom Crew; "No, no, Jack, tell this hypocritical rogue "that if we have loſt our liberty, it is only "for having been jolly, hearty fellows, and "we have more ſpirit than to repent of that "I hope: all the harm we have done is "living a little too faſt, like honeſt bucks "as we are."—"Aye, aye," ſaid Jolly George, "had we been ſuch ſneaking mi-"ſerly fellows as Stock, we need not have "come hither. But if the ill-nature of the "laws has been ſo cruel as to clap up ſuch "fine hearty blades, we are no *felons* how-"ever. We are afraid of no Jack Ketch; "and I ſee no cauſe to repent of any ſin "that's not hanging matter. As to thoſe

"who

" who are thruſt into the condemned hole
" indeed, and have but a few hours to live,
" they *muſt* ſee the parſon, and hear a ſer-
" mon, and ſuch ſtuff. But I do not know
" what ſuch ſtout young fellows as we are
" have to do with repentance. And ſo,
" Jack, let us have that rare new catch
" which you learnt of the ſtrollers that
" merry night when you loſt your pocket-
" book."

This thoughtleſs youth ſoon gave a freſh proof of the power of evil company, and of the quick progreſs of the heart of a ſinner from bad to worſe. Brown, who always wanted principle, ſoon grew to want feeling alſo. He joined in the laugh which was raiſed againſt Stock, and told many *good ſtories*, as they were called, in deriſion of the piety, ſobriety, and ſelf-denial of his old friend. He loſt every day ſomewhat of thoſe ſmall remains of ſhame and decency which he had brought with him to the priſon. He even grew reconciled to this wretched way of life, and the want of mo-

ney ſeemed to him the heavieſt evil in the life of a jail.

Mr. Stock finding from the gaoler that his letter had been treated with ridicule, would not write to him any more. He did not come to ſee him nor ſend him any aſſiſtance, thinking it right to let him ſuffer that want which his vices had brought upon him. But, as he ſtill hoped that the time would come when he might be brought to a ſenſe of his own evil courſes, he continued to have an eye upon him by means of the gaoler, who was an honeſt, kind-hearted man.

Brown ſpent one part of his time in thoughtleſs riot, and the other in gloomy ſadneſs. Company kept up his ſpirits; with his new friends he contrived to drown thought; but when he was alone he began to find that a *merry fellow*, when deprived of his companions and his liquor, is often a moſt forlorn wretch. Then it is that even a merry fellow ſays, *Of laughter, what is it? and of mirth it is madneſs.*

As

As he contrived, however, to be as little alone as poſſible, his gaiety was commonly uppermoſt, till that loathſome diſtemper, called the jail fever, broke out in the priſon. Tom Crew, the ringleader in all their evil practices, was firſt ſeized with it. Jack ſtaid a little while with his comrade to aſſiſt and divert him, but of aſſiſtance he could give little, and the very thought of diverſion was now turned into horror. He ſoon caught the diſtemper, and that in ſo dreadful a degree, that his life was in great danger. Of thoſe who remained in health not a ſoul came near him, though he had ſhared his laſt farthing with them. He had juſt ſenſe enough left to feel this cruelty. Poor fellow! he did not know before, that the friendſhip of the worldly is at an end when there is no more drink or diverſion to be had. He lay in the moſt deplorable condition; his body tormented with a dreadful diſeaſe, and his ſoul terrified and amazed at the approach of death: that death which he thought at ſo great a diſtance, and of which

which his comrades had ſo often aſſured him, that a young fellow of five-and-twenty was in no danger. Poor Jack! I cannot help feeling for him. Without a ſhilling! without a friend! without one comfort reſpecting this world, and, what is far more terrible, without one hope reſpecting the next.

Let not the young reader fancy that Brown's miſery aroſe entirely from his altered circumſtances. It was not merely his being in want, and ſick, and in a priſon, which made his condition ſo deſperate. Many an honeſt man unjuſtly accuſed, many a perſecuted ſaint, many a holy martyr has enjoyed ſometimes more peace and content in a priſon than wicked men have ever taſted in the height of their proſperity. But to any ſuch comforts, to any comfort at all, poor Jack was an utter ſtranger.

A chriſtian friend generally comes forward at the very time when worldly friends forſake the wretched. The other priſoners would not come near Brown, though he had

had often entertained and had never offended them; even his own father was not moved with his ſad condition. When Mr. Stock informed him of it, he anſwered, "'Tis no more than he deſerves. As he "brews ſo he muſt bake. He has made "his own bed, and let him lie in it."—The hard old man had ever at his tongue's end ſome proverb of hardneſs, or frugality, which he contrived to turn in ſuch a way as to excuſe himſelf.

We ſhall now ſee how Mr. Stock behaved. He had his favourite ſayings too, but they were chiefly on the ſide of kindneſs, mercy, or ſome other virtue. "I muſt "not," ſaid he, "pretend to call myſelf a "Chriſtian, if I do not requite evil with "good." When he received the gaoler's letter with the account of Brown's ſad condition, Will Simpſon and Tommy Williams began to compliment him on his own wiſdom and prudence, by which he had eſcaped Brown's misfortunes. He only gravely ſaid; "Bleſſed be God that I am not in

"the ſame miſery. It is *He* who has made "us to differ. But for *his* grace I might "have been in no better condition. Now "Brown is brought low by the hand of "God, it is my time to go to him."— "What, you!" ſaid Will, "whom he "cheated of your money?"—"This is not "a time to remember injuries," ſaid Mr. Stock. "How can I aſk forgiveneſs for my "own ſins, if I withhold forgiveneſs from "him?" So ſaying, he ordered his horſe, and ſet off to ſee poor Brown; thus proving that his was a religion not of words but of deeds.

Stock's heart nearly failed him as he paſſed through the priſon. The groans of the ſick and dying, and, what to ſuch a heart as his was ſtill more moving, the brutal merriment of the healthy in ſuch a place, pierced his very ſoul. Many a ſilent prayer did he put up as he paſſed along, that God would yet be pleaſed to touch their hearts, and that now (during this infectious ſickneſs) might be the accepted time. The gaoler

gaoler obſerved him drop a tear, and aſked the cauſe. "I cannot forget," ſaid he, "that the moſt diſſolute of theſe men is ſtill "my fellow-creature. The ſame God made "them; the ſame Saviour died for them; "how then can I hate the worſt of them? "With my advantages they might have "been much better than I am; without "the bleſſing of God on my good Mini-"ſter's inſtructions, I might have been "worſe than the worſt of theſe. I have no "cauſe for pride, much for thankfulneſs; "*Let us not be high-minded, but fear.*"

It would have moved a heart of ſtone to have ſeen poor miſerable Jack Brown lying on his wretched bed, his face ſo changed by pain, poverty, dirt, and ſorrow, that he could hardly be known for that merry ſoul of a jack-boot, as he uſed to be proud to hear himſelf called. His groans were ſo piteous that it made Mr. Stock's heart ache. He kindly took him by the hand, though he knew the diſtemper was catching.— "How doſt do, Jack?" ſaid he, "doſt

"know me?" Brown ſhook his head and ſaid, faintly, "Know you! aye, that I do. "I am ſure I have but one friend in the "world who would come to ſee me in this "woeful condition. O James! what have "I brought myſelf to? What will become "of my poor ſoul? I dare not look back, "for that is all ſin, nor forward, for that is "all miſery and woe."

Mr. Stock ſpoke kindly to him, but did not attempt to chear him with falſe comfort, as is too often done. "I am aſhamed to "ſee you in this dirty place," ſays Brown. "As to the place, Jack," replied the other, "if it has helped to bring you to a ſenſe of "your paſt offences, it will be no bad place "for you. I am heartily ſorry for your "diſtreſs and your ſickneſs; but if it ſhould "pleaſe God by them to open your eyes, "and to ſhew you that ſin is a greater evil "than the priſon to which it has brought "you, all may yet be well. I had rather "ſee you in this humble penitent ſtate, ly-"ing on this dirty bed, in this diſmal

"priſon,

"prifon, than roaring and rioting at the "Greyhound, the king of the company, "with handfome clothes on your back, and "plenty of money in your pocket."

Brown wept bitterly and fqueezed his hand, but was too weak to fay much. Mr. Stock then defired the gaoler to let him have fuch things as were needful, and he would pay for them. He would not leave the poor fellow till he had given him with his own hands fome broth which the gaoler had got ready for him, and fome medicines which the doctor had fent. All this kindnefs cut Brown to the heart. He was juft able to fob out, "My unnatural father "leaves me to perifh, and my injured "friend is more than a father to me." Stock told him that one proof he muft give of his repentance was, that he muft forgive his father, whofe provocation had been very great. He then faid he would leave him for the prefent to take fome reft, and defired him to lift up his heart to God for mercy. "Dear James," replied Brown, "do

"do you pray for me. God perhaps may "hear you, but he will never hear the "prayer of ſuch a ſinner as I have been." "Take care how you think ſo," ſaid Stock. "To believe that God cannot forgive you "would be ſtill a greater ſin than any you "have yet committed againſt him." He then explained to him in a few words, as well as he was able, the nature of repentance and forgiveneſs through a Saviour, and warned him earneſtly againſt unbelief and hardneſs of heart.

Poor Jack grew much refreſhed in body with the comfortable things he had taken; and a little cheered with Stock's kindneſs in coming ſo far to ſee, and to forgive ſuch a forlorn outcaſt, ſick of an infectious diſtemper, and locked within the walls of a priſon. Surely, ſaid he to himſelf, there muſt be ſome mighty power in a religion which can lead men to do ſuch things! things ſo much againſt the grain as to forgive ſuch an injury, and to riſk catching ſuch a diſtemper; but he was ſo weak he could not expreſs this

in

in words. He tried to pray, but he could not; at length, overpowered with wearineſs, he fell aſleep.

When Mr. Stock came back, he was ſurpriſed to find him ſo much better in body; but his agonies of mind were dreadful, and he had now got ſtrength to expreſs part of the horrors which he felt. "James," ſaid he, (looking wildly,) "it is all over with "me. I am a loſt creature. Even your "prayers cannot ſave me."—"Dear Jack," replied Mr. Stock, "I am no miniſter; it "does not become me to talk much to "thee: but I know I may venture to ſay "whatever is in the Bible. As ignorant "as I am I ſhall be ſafe enough while I "ſtick to that."—"Aye," ſaid the ſick man, "you uſed to be ready enough to read "to me, and I would not liſten, or if I did "it was only to make fun of what I heard, "and now you will not ſo much as read a "bit of a chapter to me."

This was the very point to which Stock longed to bring him. So he took a little Bible

Bible out of his pocket, which he always carried with him on a journey, and read ſlowly verſe by verſe, the 55th chapter of Iſaiah. When he came to the ſixth and ſeventh verſes, poor Jack cried ſo much that Stock was forced to ſtop. The words were, *Let the wicked man forſake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord.* Here Brown ſtopped him, ſaying, "Oh it is too late, "too late for me."—"Let me finiſh the "verſe," ſaid Stock, "and you will ſee "your error; you will ſee that it is never "too late." So he read on—*Let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, and he will abundantly pardon.* Here Brown ſtarted up, ſnatched the book out of his hand, and cried out, "Is that really there? No, no; that's of "your own putting in, in order to comfort "me; let me look at the words myſelf."— "No, indeed," ſaid Stock, "I would not "for the world give you unfounded com- "fort, or put off any notion of my own "for

"for a scripture doctrine."—"But is it "possible!" cried the sick man, "that "God may really pardon me? Do'st think "he can? Do'st think he will?"—"I am "sure of it," said Stock; "I dare not give "thee false hopes, or indeed, any hopes of "my own. But these are God's own "words, and the only difficulty is to know "when we are really brought into such a "state as that the words may be applied to "us. For a text may be full of comfort, "and yet may not belong to us."

Mr. Stock was afraid of saying more. He would not venture out of his depth; nor, indeed, was poor Brown able to bear more discourse just now. So he made him a present of the Bible, folding down such places as he thought might be best suited to his state, and took his leave, being obliged to return home that night. He left a little money with the gaoler, to add a few comforts to the allowance of the prison, and promised to return in a short time.

"When

When he got home, he defcribed the fufferings and mifery of Brown in a very moving manner; but Tommy Williams, inftead of being properly affected at it, only faid, "Indeed, mafter, I am not very "forry; he is rightly ferved."—"How, "Tommy," faid Mr. Stock (rather fternly), "not forry to fee a fellow-creature brought "to the loweft ftate of mifery; one too "whom you have known fo profperous?" "No, mafter, I can't fay I am; for Mr. "Brown ufed to make fun of you, and "laugh at you for being fo godly, and "reading your Bible."

"Let me fay a few words to you, Tom-"my," faid Mr. Stock. "In the firft place "you fhould never watch for the time of a "man's being brought low by trouble to "tell of his faults. Next, you fhould "never rejoice at his trouble, but pity him, "and pray for him. Laftly, as to his ri-"diculing me for my religion, if I cannot "ftand an idle jeft, I am not worthy the

"name

"name of a Chriſtian.—*He that is aſhamed* "*of me and my word*, do'ſt remember what "follows, Tommy?"—"Yes, maſter, "'twas laſt Sunday's text,—*of him ſhall the* "*Son of Man be aſhamed when he ſhall* "*judge the world.*"

Mr. Stock ſoon went back to the priſon. But he did not go alone. He took with him Mr. Thomas, the worthy Miniſter who had been the guide and inſtructor of his youth, who was ſo kind as to go at his requeſt and viſit this forlorn priſoner. When they got to Brown's door, they found him ſitting up in his bed with the Bible in his hand. This was a joyful ſight to Mr. Stock, who ſecretly thanked God for it. Brown was reading aloud; they liſtened; it was the fifteenth of Saint Luke. The circumſtances of this beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son were ſo much like his own, that the ſtory pierced him to the ſoul; and he ſtopped every minute to compare his own caſe with that of the Prodigal. He was juſt got to the eighteenth verſe, *I will ariſe and*

*go to my father*,—at that moment he spied his two friends; joy darted into his eyes. "O dear Jem," said he, "it is *not* too late, "I will arise and go to my father, my hea-"venly Father, and you, sir, will shew me "the way, won't you?" said he to Mr. Thomas, whom he recollected. "I am "very glad to see you in so hopeful a dis-"position," said the good Minister. "O, "sir," said Brown, "what a place is this "to receive you in? O, see to what I have "brought myself!"

"Your condition, as to this world, is in-"deed very low," replied the good divine. "But what are mines, dungeons, or gallies, "to that eternal hopeless prison to which "your unrepented sins must soon have con-"signed you. Even in this gloomy prison, "on this bed of straw, worn down by pain, "poverty, and want, forsaken by your "worldly friends, an object of scorn to those "with whom you used to carouse and riot; "yet here, I say, brought thus low, if you "have at last found out your own vileness,

"and

" and your utterly undone ſtate by ſin, you " may ſtill be more an object of favour " in the ſight of God, than when you " thought yourſelf proſperous and happy; " when the world ſmiled upon you, " and you paſſed your days and nights in " envied gaiety and unchriſtian riot. If you " will but improve the preſent awful viſita- " tion; if you do but heartily renounce and " abhor your preſent evil courſes; if you " even now turn to the Lord your Saviour " with lively faith, deep repentance, and un- " feigned obedience, I ſhall ſtill have more " hope of you than of many who are going " on quite happy, becauſe quite inſenſible. " The heavy laden ſinner, who has diſcover- " ed the iniquity of his own heart, and his " utter inability to help himſelf, may be re- " ſtored to God's favour, and become hap- " py, though in a dungeon. And be aſ- " ſured, that he who from deep and humble " contrition dares not ſo much as lift up " his eyes to heaven, when with a hearty " faith he ſighs out, *Lord be merciful to me* " *a ſinner*, ſhall in no wiſe be caſt out.

 " Theſe

"These are the words of him who cannot "lie."

It is impossible to describe the self-abasement, the grief, the joy, the shame, the hope, and the fear which filled the mind of this poor man. A dawn of comfort at length shone on his benighted mind. His humility and fear of falling back into his former sins, if he should ever recover, Mr. Thomas thought were strong symptoms of a sound repentance. He improved and cherished every good disposition he saw arising in his heart, and particularly warned him against self deceit, self-confidence, and hypocrisy.

After Brown had deeply expressed his sorrow for his offences, Mr. Thomas thus addressed him: "There are two ways of "being sorry for sin. Are you, Mr. Brown, "afraid of the guilt of sin because of the "punishment annexed to it, or are you "afraid of sin itself? Do you wish to be "delivered from the power of sin? Do you "hate sin because you know it is offensive "to a pure and holy God? Or are you "only ashamed of it because it has brought

"you to a prifon, and expofed you to the "contempt of the world? It is not faid "that the wages of this or that particular "fin is death, but of fin in general; there "is no exception made becaufe it is a more "creditable or a favourite fin, or becaufe "it is a little one. There are, I repeat, "two ways of being forry for fin. Cain "was forry—*My punifhment is greater than* "*I can bear*, faid he; but here you fee the "punifhment feemed to be the caufe of "concern, not the fin. David feems to "have had a true notion of godly forrow, "when he fays, *Wafh me from mine iniquity,* "*cleanfe me from my fin.* And when Job "*repented in duft and afhes*, it is not faid "he excufed himfelf, but *he abhorred him-* "*felf.* And the prophet Ifaiah called him- "felf *undone*, becaufe he was *a man of un-* "*clean lips*; for, faid he, *I have feen the* "*King, the Lord of hofts*; that is, he could "not take the proper meafure of his own "iniquity till he had confidered the perfect "holinefs of God."

One day, when Mr. Thomas and Mr. Stock came to ſee him, they found him more than commonly affected. His face was more ghaſtly pale than uſual, and his eyes were red with crying. "Oh, ſir," ſaid he, "what a ſight have I juſt ſeen! "Jolly George, as we uſed to call him, the "ringleader of all our mirth, who was at "the bottom of all the fun, and tricks, and "wickedneſs, that are carried on within "theſe walls, Jolly George is juſt dead of "the jail diſtemper! He taken, and I left! "I *would* be carried into his room to ſpeak "to him, to beg him to take warning by "me, and that I might take warning by "him. But what did I ſee! what did I "hear! not one ſign of repentance; not "one dawn of hope. Agony of body, "blaſphemies on his tongue, deſpair in his "ſoul; while I am ſpared and comforted "with hopes of mercy and acceptance. "Oh, if all my old friends at the Grey-"hound could but then have ſeen Jolly "George! A hundred ſermons about "death,

" death, ſir, don't ſpeak ſo home, and cut " ſo deep, as the ſight of one dying " ſinner."

Brown grew gradually better in his health, that is, the fever mended, but the diſtemper ſettled in his limbs, ſo that he ſeemed likely to be a poor, weakly cripple the reſt of his life. But as he ſpent much of his time in prayer, and in reading ſuch parts of the Bible as Mr. Thomas directed, he improved every day in knowledge and piety, and of courſe grew more reſigned to pain and infirmity.

Some months after this, his hard-hearted father, who had never been prevailed upon to ſee him, or offer him the leaſt relief, was taken off ſuddenly by a fit of apoplexy; and, after all his threatenings, he died without a will. He was one of thoſe ſilly, ſuperſtitious men, who fancy they ſhall die the ſooner for having made one; and who love the world and the things that are in the world ſo dearly, that they dread to ſet about any buſineſs which may put them in mind

that they are not always to live in it. As, by this neglect, his father had not fulfilled his threat of cutting him off with a ſhilling, Jack, of courſe, went ſhares with his brothers in what their father left. What fell to him proved to be juſt enough to diſcharge him from priſon, and to pay all his debts, but he had nothing left. His joy at being thus enabled to make reſtitution was ſo great, that he thought little of his own wants. He did not deſire to conceal the moſt trifling debt, nor to keep a ſhilling for himſelf.

Mr. Stock undertook to ſettle all his affairs. There did not remain money enough, after every creditor was ſatisfied, even to pay for his removal home. Mr. Stock kindly ſent his own cart for him with a bed in it, made as comfortable as poſſible, for he was too weak and lame to be removed any other way, and Mrs. Stock gave the driver a particular charge to be tender and careful of him, and not to drive hard, nor to leave the cart a moment.

Mr.

Mr. Stock would fain have taken him into his own houſe, at leaſt for a time, ſo convinced was he of his ſincere reformation both of heart and life; but Brown would not be prevailed on to be further burdenſome to this generous friend. He inſiſted on being carried to the pariſh workhouſe, which he ſaid was a far better place than he deſerved. In this houſe Mr. Stock furniſhed a ſmall room for him, and ſent him every day a morſel of meat from his own dinner. Tommy Williams begged that he might always be allowed to carry it, as ſome atonement for his having for a moment ſo far forgotten his duty, as rather to rejoice than ſympathize in Brown's misfortunes. He never thought of this fault without ſorrow, and often thanked his maſter for the wholeſome leſſon he then gave him, and he was the better for it all his life.

Mrs. Stock often carried poor Brown a diſh of tea or a baſon of good broth herſelf. He was quite a cripple, and never able to walk out as long as he lived. Mr.

Stock, Will Simpſon and Tommy Williams laid their heads together, and contrived a ſort of barrow on which he was often carried to church by ſome of his poor neighbours, of which Tommy was always one; and he requited their kindneſs, by reading a good book to them whenever they would call in; and he ſpent his time in teaching their children to ſing pſalms or ſay the catechiſm.

It was no ſmall joy to him thus to be enabled to go to church. Whenever he was carried by the Greyhound, he was much moved, and uſed to put up a prayer full of repentance for the paſt, and praiſe for the preſent.

## PART V.

*A Dialogue between James Stock and Will Simpſon, the Shoemakers, as they ſat at Work, on the duty of carrying Religion into our common Buſineſs.*

JAMES STOCK, and his journeyman Will Simpſon, as I informed my readers in the Second Part, had reſolved to work together one hour every evening, in order to pay for Tommy Williams's ſchooling. This circumſtance brought them to be a good deal together when the reſt of the men were gone home. Now it happened that Mr. Stock had a pleaſant way of endeavouring to turn all common events to ſome uſe; and he thought it right on the preſent occaſion to make the only return in his power to Will Simpſon for his great kindneſs. For, ſaid he, if Will gives up ſo much of his time to help me to provide for this poor boy, it is the leaſt I can do to try to turn part of that time to the purpoſe of promoting Will's ſpiritual

ſpiritual good. Now as the bent of Stock's own mind was religious, it was eaſy to him to lead their talk to ſomething profitable. He always took eſpecial care, however, that the ſubject ſhould be introduced properly, chearfully, and without conſtraint. As he well knew that great good may be ſometimes done by a prudent attention in ſeizing proper opportunities, ſo he knew that the cauſe of piety had been ſometimes hurt by forcing ſerious ſubjects where there was clearly no diſpoſition to receive them. I ſay he had found out that two things were neceſſary to the promoting of religion among his friends; a warm zeal to be always on the watch for occaſions, and a cool judgment to diſtinguiſh which was the right time and place to make uſe of them. To know *how* to do good is a great matter, but to know *when* to do it is no ſmall one.

Simpſon was an honeſt good-natured young man; he was now become ſober, and rather religiouſly diſpoſed. But he was ignorant; he did not know much of the grounds of

of religion, or of the corruption of his own nature; he was regular at church, but was firſt drawn thither rather by his ſkill in pſalm-ſinging than by any great devotion. He had left off going to the Greyhound, and often read the Bible, or ſome other good book on the Sunday evening. This he thought was quite enough; he thought the Bible was the pretticſt hiſtory book in the world, and that religion was a very good thing for Sundays. But he did not much underſtand what buſineſs people had with it on working days. He had left off drinking becauſe it had brought Williams to the grave, and his wife to dirt and rags; but not becauſe he himſelf had ſeen the evil of ſin. He now conſidered ſwearing and ſabbath-breaking as ſcandalous and indecent, but he had not found out that both were to be left off becauſe they are highly offenſive to God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. As Simpſon was leſs ſelf-conceited than moſt ignorant people are, Stock had always

always a good hope that when he ſhould come to be better acquainted with the word of God, and with the evil of his own heart, he would become one day a good Chriſtian. The great hindrance to this was, that he fancied himſelf ſo already.

One evening Simpſon had been calling to Stock's mind how diſorderly the houſe and ſhop, where they were now ſitting quietly at work, had formerly been, and he went on thus:

*Will.* How comfortably we live now, maſter, to what we uſed to do in Williams's time! I uſed then never to be happy but when we were keeping it up all night, but now I am as merry as the day is long. I find I am twice as happy ſince I am grown good and ſober.

*Stock.* I am glad you are happy, Will, and I rejoice that you are ſober; but I would not have you take too much pride in your own *goodneſs* for fear it ſhould become a ſin, almoſt as great as ſome of thoſe you

you have left off. Befides, I would not have you make quite fo fure that you *are* good.

*Will.* Not good, mafter! why don't you find me regular and orderly at work?

*Stock.* Very much fo, and accordingly I have a great refpect for you.

*Will.* I pay every one his own, feldom mifs church, have not been drunk fince Williams died, have handfome clothes for Sundays, and fave a trifle every week.

*Stock.* Very true, and very laudable it is; and to all this you may add that you very generoufly work an hour, for poor Tommy's education, every evening without fee or reward.

*Will.* Well, mafter, what can a man do more? If all this is not being good, I don't know what is.

*Stock.* All thefe things are very right as far as they go, and you could not well be a Chriftian without doing them. But I fhall make you ftare, perhaps, when I tell you,

you

you may do all theſe things, and many more, and yet be no Chriſtian.

*Will.* No Chriſtian! ſurely, maſter, I do hope that after all I have done, you will not be ſo unkind as to ſay I am no Chriſtian.

*Stock.* God forbid that I ſhould ſay ſo, Will. I hope better things of you. But come now, what do you think it is to be a Chriſtian.

*Will.* What! why to be chriſtened when one is a child, to learn the catechiſm when one can read, to be confirmed when one is a youth, and to go to church when one is a man.

*Stock.* Theſe are all very proper things, and quite neceſſary. They make part of a Chriſtian's life. But for all that, a man may be exact in them all, and yet not be a Chriſtian.

*Will.* Not be a Chriſtian! ha! ha! ha! you are very comical, maſter.

*Stock.* No indeed, I am very ſerious, Will. At this rate it would be a very eaſy

thing

thing to be a Chriſtian, and every man who went through certain forms would be a good man; and one man who obſerved theſe forms would be as good as another. Whereas, if we come to examine ourſelves by the word of God, I am afraid there are but few comparatively whom our Saviour would allow to be real Chriſtians. What is your notion of a Chriſtian's practice?

*Will.* Why, he muſt not rob, nor murder, nor get drunk. He muſt avoid ſcandalous things, and do as other decent orderly people do.

*Stock.* It is eaſy enough to be what the world calls a Chriſtian, but not to be what the Bible calls ſo.

*Will.* Why, maſter, we working men are not expected to be ſaints, and martyrs, and apoſtles, and miniſters.

*Stock.* We are not. And yet, Will, there are not two ſorts of Chriſtianity; we are called to practiſe the ſame religion which they practiſed, and ſomething of the ſame ſpirit is expected in us which we reverence

verence in them. It was not ſaints and martyrs only to whom our Saviour ſaid that they muſt *crucify the world with its affections and luſts*. We are called to *be holy* in our meaſure and degree, *as he who hath called us is holy*. It was not only ſaints and martyrs who were told that they muſt not be *like minded with Chriſt*. That *they muſt do all to the glory of God*. That *they muſt renounce the ſpirit of the world, and deny themſelves*. It was not to apoſtles only that Chriſt ſaid, *They muſt have their converſation in Heaven*. It was not to a few holy men ſet apart for the altar, that he ſaid, *They muſt ſet their affections on things above*. That they *muſt not be conformed to the world*. No, it was to fiſhermen, to publicans, to farmers, to day-labourers, to poor tradeſmen, that he ſpoke when he told them, they muſt *love not the world, nor the things of the world.*— *That they muſt renounce the hidden things of diſhoneſty, grow in grace, lay up for themſelves treaſures in Heaven.*

*Will.*

*Will.* All this might be very proper for *them* to be taught, becaufe they had not been bred up Chriftians, but Heathens or Jews: and Chrift wanted to make them his followers, that is, Chriftians. But thank God we do not want to be taught all this, for we *are* Chriftians, born in a Chriftian country, of Chriftian parents.

*Stock.* I fuppofe then you fancy that Chriftianity comes to people in a Chriftian country by nature?

*Will.* I think it comes by a good education or a good example. When a fellow who has got any fenfe fees a man cut off in his prime by drinking, like Williams, I think he will begin to leave it off. When he fees another man refpected, like you, mafter, for honefty and fobriety, and going to church, why he will grow honeft, and fober, and go to church; that is, he will fee it his advantage to be a Chriftian.

*Stock.* Will, what you fay is the truth, but 'tis not the whole truth. You are right as far as you go, but you do not go far enough.

enough. The worldly advantages of piety, are, as you ſuppoſe, in general great. Credit, proſperity, and health, almoſt naturally attend on a religious life, both becauſe a religious life ſuppoſes a ſober and induſtrious life; and becauſe a man who lives in a courſe of duty puts himſelf in the way of God's bleſſing. But a true Chriſtian has a ſtill higher aim in view, and will follow religion even under circumſtances, when it may hurt his credit and ruin his proſperity, if it ſhould ever happen to be the will of God that he ſhould be brought into ſuch a trying ſtate.

*Will.* Well, maſter, to ſpeak the truth, if I go to church on Sundays, and follow my work in the week, I muſt ſay I think that is being good.

*Stock.* I agree with you, that he who does both, gives the beſt outward ſigns that he is good as you call it. But our going to church, and even reading the bible, are no proofs that we are as good as we need be, but rather that we do both theſe in order

order to make us better than we are. We do both on Sundays, as means, by God's bleſſing, to make us better all the week. We are to bring the fruits of that chapter or of that ſermon into our daily life, and try to get our inmoſt heart and ſecret thoughts, as well as our daily conduct, amended by them.

*Will.* Why ſure, maſter, you won't be ſo unreaſonable as to want a body to be religious always? I can't do that neither. I'm not ſuch a hypocrite as to pretend to it.

*Stock.* Yes, you can be ſo in every action of your life!

*Will.* What, maſter, always to be thinking about religion?

*Stock.* No, far from it Will; much leſs to be always talking about it. But you muſt be always acting under its power and ſpirit.

*Will.* But ſurely 'tis pretty well if I do this when I go to church; or while I am ſaying my prayers. Even you, maſter, as

ſtrict as you are, would not have me always on my knees, nor always at church, I ſuppoſe: for then how would your work be carried on, and how would our town be ſupplied with ſhoes?

*Stock.* Very true, Will. 'Twould be no proof of our religion to let our cuſtomers go barefoot; but 'twould be a proof of our lazineſs, and we ſhould ſtarve as we ought to do. The buſineſs of the world muſt not only be carried on, but carried on with ſpirit and activity. We have the ſame authority for not being *ſlothful in buſineſs* as we have for being *fervent in ſpirit.* Religion has put godlineſs and lazineſs as wide aſunder as any two things in the world; and what God has ſeparated, let no man pretend to join. Indeed, the ſpirit of religion can have no fellowſhip with ſloth, indolence, and ſelf-indulgence. But ſtill, a chriſtian does not carry on his common trade quite like another man neither; for ſomething of the ſpirit which he labours to attain at church, he carries with him into

his worldly concerns. While there are ſome who ſet up for Sunday Chriſtians, who have no notion that they are bound to be week-day Chriſtians too.

*Will.* Why, maſter, I do think, if God Almighty is contented with one day in ſeven, he won't thank you for throwing him the other ſix into the bargain. I thought he gave us them for our own uſe; and I am ſure nobody works harder all the week than you do.

*Stock.* God, it is true, ſets apart one day in ſeven for actual reſt from labour, and for more immediate devotion to his ſervice. But ſhew me that text, wherein he ſays, thou ſhalt love the Lord thy God on *Sundays*—Thou ſhalt keep my commandments on the *Sabbath Day*—To be carnally minded on *Sundays, is death*—Ceaſe to do evil, and learn to do well *one day in ſeven*—Grow in grace on the *Lord's Day*—Is there any ſuch text?

*Will.* No, to be ſure there is not; for that would be encouraging ſin on all the other days.

*Stock.* Yes, juſt as you do when you make religion a thing for the church, and not for the world. There is no one lawful calling in purſuing which we may not ſerve God acceptably. You and I may ſerve him while we are ſtitching this pair of boots. Farmer Furrow, while he is plowing yonder field. Betſy Weſt, over the way, whilſt ſhe is nurſing her ſick mother. Neighbour Incle, in meaſuring out his tapes and ribbons. I ſay, all theſe may ſerve God juſt as acceptably in thoſe employments as at church, I had almoſt ſaid more ſo.

*Will.* Aye, indeed—how can that be? Now you're too much on t'other ſide.

*Stock.* Becauſe a man's trials in trade being often greater, they give him freſh means of glorifying God, and proving the ſincerity of religion. A man who mixes in buſineſs, is naturally brought into continual temptations and difficulties. Theſe will lead him, if he be a good man, to look more to God, than he perhaps would otherwiſe do. He ſees temptations on the right hand and on the left; he knows that there are

ſnares

ſnares all around him; this makes him watchful: he feels that the enemy within is too ready to betray him; this makes him humble himſelf; while a ſenſe of his own difficulties makes him tender to the failings of others.

*Will.* Then you would make one believe, after all, that trade and buſineſs muſt be ſinful in itſelf, ſince it brings a man into all theſe ſnares and ſcrapes.

*Stock.* No, no, Will; trade and buſineſs don't create evil paſſions—they were in the heart before—Only now and then they ſeem to lie ſnug a little—our concerns with the world bring them out into action a little more, and thus ſhew both others and ourſelves what we really are. But then, as the world offers more trials on the one hand, ſo on the other it holds out more duties. If we are called to battle oftener, we have more opportunities of victory. Every temptation reſiſted, is an enemy ſubdued; and *he that ruleth his own ſpirit, is better than he that taketh a city.*

 *Will.*

*Will.* I don't quite underftand you, mafter.

*Stock.* I will try to explain myfelf. There is no paffion more called out by the tranfactions of trade than covetoufnefs. Now, 'tis impoffible to withftand fuch a mafter fin as that, without carrying a good deal of the fpirit of religion into one's trade.

*Will.* Well, I own I don't yet fee how I am to be religious when I'm hard at work, or bufy fettling an account. I can't do two things at once; 'tis as if I were to pretend to make a fhoe and cut out a boot at the fame moment.

*Stock.* I tell you both muft fubfift together. Nay, the one muft be the motive to the other. God commands us to be induftrious, and if we love him, the defire of pleafing him fhould be the main fpring of our induftry.

*Will.* I don't fee how I can always be thinking about pleafing God.

*Stock*,

*Stock.* Suppoſe, now, a man had a wife and children whom he loved, and wiſhed to ſerve; would not he be often thinking about them while he was at work? and though he would not be *always* thinking nor always talking about them, yet would not the very love he bore them be a conſtant ſpur to his induſtry? He would always be purſuing the ſame courſe from the ſame motive, though his words and even his thoughts muſt often be taken up in the common tranſactions of life.

*Will.* I ſay firſt one, then the other; now for labour, now for religion.

*Stock.* I will ſhew that both muſt go together. I will ſuppoſe you were going to buy ſo many ſkins of our currier—that is quite a worldly tranſaction—you can't ſee what a ſpirit of religion has to do with buying a few calves' ſkins. Now, I tell you it has a great deal to do with it. Covetouſneſs, a deſire to make a good bargain, may riſe up in your heart. Selfiſhneſs, a ſpirit of monopoly, a wiſh to get all, in order to diſ-

treſs

trefs others; thefe are evil defires, and muft be fubdued. Some opportunity of unfair gain offers, in which there may be much fin, and yet little fcandal. Here a Chriftian will ftop fhort; he will recollect, *That he who maketh hafte to be rich fhall hardly be innocent.* Perhaps the fin may be on the fide of your dealer—*he* may want to overreach *you*—this is provoking—you are tempted to violent anger, perhaps to fwear;—here is a frefh demand on you for a fpirit of patience and moderation, as there was before for a fpirit of juftice and felf-denial. If, by God's grace, you get the victory over thefe temptations, you are the better man for having been called out to them; always provided, that the temptations be not of your own feeking. If you give way, and fink under thefe temptations, don't go and fay that trade and bufinefs have made you covetous, paffionate, and profane. No, no; depend upon it, you were fo before; you would have had all thefe evil feeds lurking in your heart, if you had been loitering

about

about at home and doing nothing, with the additional ſin of idleneſs into the bargain. When you are buſy, the devil often tempts you; when you are idle, you tempt the devil. If buſineſs and the world call theſe evil tempers into action, buſineſs and the world call that religion into action too which teaches us to reſiſt them. And in this you ſee the week-day fruit of the Sunday's piety. 'Tis trade and buſineſs in the week which call us to put our Sunday readings, praying, and church-going into practice.

*Will.* Well, maſter, you have a comical way, ſomehow, of coming over one. I never ſhould have thought there would have been any religion wanted in buying and ſelling a few calves' ſkins. But, I begin to ſee there is a good deal in what you ſay. And, whenever I am doing a common action, I will try to remember that it muſt be done *after a godly ſort.*

*Stock.* I hear the clock ſtrike nine—let us leave off our work. I will only obſerve farther,

farther, that one good end of our bringing religion into our bufinefs is, to put us in mind not to undertake more bufinefs than we can carry on confiftently with our religion. I fhall never commend that man's diligence, though it is often commended by the world, who is not diligent about the falvation of his foul. We are as much forbidden to be overcharged with the *cares* of life as with its *pleafures*. I only wifh to prove to you, that a difcreet Chriftian may be wife for both worlds; that he may employ his hands without entangling his foul, and labour for the meat that perifheth without neglecting that which endureth unto eternal life; that he may be prudent for time, while he is wife for eternity.

## PART VI.

*Dialogue the Second. On the duty of carrying Religion into our Amuſements.*

THE next evening Will Simpſon being got firſt to his work, Mr. Stock found him ſinging very cheerfully over his laſt. His maſter's entrance did not prevent his finiſhing his ſong, which concluded with theſe words:

"Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
"Let us ſtrew the way over with flowers."

When Will had concluded his ſong, he turned to Mr. Stock, and ſaid, "I thank "you, maſter, for firſt putting it into my "head how wicked it is to ſing prophane "and indecent ſongs. I never ſing any "now which have any wicked words in "them."

*Stock.* I am glad to hear it. So far you do well. But there are other things as bad

as

as wicked words, nay worſe perhaps, though they do not ſo much ſhock the ear of decency.

*Will.* What is that, maſter? What *can* be ſo bad as wicked words?

*Stock.* Wicked *thoughts*, Will. Which thoughts, when they are covered over with ſmooth words, and dreſſed out in pleaſing rhymes, ſo as not to ſhock modeſt young people by the ſound, do more harm to their principles than thoſe ſongs of which the words are ſo groſs and diſguſting, that no perſon of common decency can for a moment liſten to them.

*Will.* Well, maſter, I am ſure that was a very pretty ſong I was ſinging when you came in, and a ſong which very ſober good people ſing.

*Stock.* Do they? Then I will be bold to ſay, that ſinging ſuch ſongs is no part of their goodneſs. I heard indeed but two lines of it, but they were ſo heatheniſh that I deſire to hear no more.

*Will.*

*Will.* Now you are really too hard. What harm could there be in it? there was not one indecent word.

*Stock.* I own, indeed, that indecent words are particularly offenſive. But, as I ſaid before, though immodeſt expreſſions offend the ear more, they do not corrupt the heart, perhaps, much more than ſongs of which the words are decent, and the principle vicious. In the latter caſe, becauſe there is nothing that ſhocks his ear, a man liſtens till the ſentiment has ſo corrupted his heart, that his ear grows hardened too, and by long cuſtom he loſes all ſenſe of the danger of profane diverſions; and I muſt ſay I have often heard young women of character ſing ſongs in company which I ſhould be aſhamed to read by myſelf. But come, as we work, let us talk over this buſineſs a little; and firſt let us ſtick to this ſober ſong of yours that you boaſt ſo much about. *(repeats.)*

"Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
"Let us ſtrew the way over with flowers."

Now what do you learn by this?

*Will.*

*Will.* Why, maſter, I don't pretend to learn much by it. But 'tis a pretty tune and pretty words.

*Stock.* But what do thoſe pretty words mean?

*Will.* That we muſt make ourſelves merry becauſe life is ſhort.

*Stock.* Will! Of what religion are you?

*Will.* You are always aſking one ſuch odd queſtions, maſter; why a Chriſtian to be ſure.

*Stock.* If I often aſk you, or others, this queſtion, it is only becauſe I like to know what grounds I am to go upon when I am talking with you or them. I conceive that there are in this country two ſorts of people, Chriſtians, and no Chriſtians. Now, if people profeſs to be of this firſt deſcription, I expect one kind of notions, opinions, and behaviour from them; if they ſay they are of the latter, then I look for another ſet of notions and actions from them. I compel no man to think with me. I take every man at his word. I only expect him to think and believe according to the character he

he takes upon himſelf, and to act on the principles of that character which he profeſſes to maintain.

*Will.* That's fair enough; I can't ſay but it is, to take a man at his own word, and on his own grounds.

*Stock.* Well then. Of whom does the ſcripture ſpeak when it ſays, *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die?*

*Will.* Why of heathens to be ſure, not of Chriſtians.

*Stock.* And of whom, when it ſays, *Let us crown ourſelves with roſebuds before they are withered?*

*Will.* O that is Solomon's worldly fool.

*Stock.* You diſapprove of both then?

*Will.* To be ſure I do. I ſhould not be a Chriſtian if I did not.

*Stock.* And yet, though a Chriſtian, you are admiring the very ſame thought in the ſong you were ſinging. How do you reconcile this?

*Will.* O there is no compariſon between them. Theſe ſeveral texts are deſigned to

deſcribe looſe wicked heathens. Now I learn texts as part of my religion. But religion you know has nothing to do with a ſong. I ſing a ſong for my pleaſure.

*Stock.* In our laſt night's talk, Will, I endeavoured to prove to you that religion was to be brought into our *buſineſs*. I wiſh now to let you ſee that it is to be brought into our *pleaſure* alſo. And that he who is really a Chriſtian, muſt be a Chriſtian in his very diverſions.

*Will.* Now you are too ſtrict again, maſter; as you laſt night declared, that in our buſineſs you would not have us always praying, ſo I hope that in our pleaſure you would not have us always pſalm-ſinging. I hope you would not have all one's ſinging to be about good things.

*Stock.* Not ſo Will; but I would not have any part either of our buſineſs or our pleaſure to be about evil things. It is one thing to be ſinging *about* religion, it is another thing to be ſinging *againſt* it. Saint Peter, I fancy, would not much have ap-

proved

proved your favourite ſong. He, at leaſt, ſeemed to have another view of the matter, when he ſaid, *The end of all things is at hand.* Now this text teaches much the ſame awful truth with the firſt line of your ſong. But let us ſee to what different purpoſes the apoſtle and the poet turn the very ſame thought. Your ſong ſays, becauſe life is ſo ſhort, let us make it merry. Let us divert ourſelves ſo much on the road that we may forget the end. Now what ſays the apoſtle, *Becauſe the end of all things is at hand, be ye therefore ſober and watch unto prayer.*

*Will.* Why, maſter, I like to be ſober too, and have left off drinking. But ſtill I never thought that we were obliged to carry texts out of the Bible to try the ſoundneſs of a ſong; and to enable us to judge if we might be both merry and wiſe in ſinging it.

*Stock.* Providence has not ſo ſtinted our enjoyments, Will, but he has left us many ſubjects of harmleſs merriment: but, for

my own part, I am never certain that any one is quite harmlefs till I have tried it by this rule that you feem to think fo ftrict. There is another favourite catch which I heard you and fome of the workmen humming yefterday.

*Will.* I will prove to you that there is not a word of harm in *that*; pray liften now. (*fings.*)

" Which is the beft day to drink—Sunday, Monday,
" Tuefday, Wednefday, Thurfday, Friday, Satur-
" day ?"

*Stock.* Now, Will, do you really find your unwillingnefs to drink is fo great, that you ftand in need of all thefe incentives to provoke you to it? Do you not find temptation ftrong enough without exciting your inclinations, and whetting your appetites in this manner? Can any thing be more unchriftian than to perfuade youth by pleafant words, fet to the moft alluring mufic, that the pleafures of drinking are fo great, that every day in the week, naming them all fucceffively, by way of fixing and enlarging

enlarging the idea, is equally fit, equally proper, and equally delightful, for what?—for the low and ſenſual purpoſe of getting drunk. Tell me, Will, are you ſo *very* averſe to pleaſure? Are you naturally ſo cold and dead to all paſſion and temptation, that you really find it neceſſary to inflame your imagination, and diſorder your ſenſes, in order to excite a quicker reliſh for the pleaſures of ſin?

*Will.* All this is true enough, indeed; but I never ſaw it in this light before.

*Stock.* As I paſſed by the Greyhound laſt night, in the way to my evening's walk in the fields, I caught this one verſe of a ſong which the club were ſinging:

> "Bring the flaſk, the muſic bring,
> "Joy ſhall quickly find us;
> "Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
> "And caſt dull care behind us."

When I got into the fields, I could not forbear comparing this ſong with the ſecond leſſon laſt Sunday evening at church; theſe

were the words: *Take heed leſt at any time your heart be overcharged with drunkenneſs, and ſo that day come upon you unawares, for as a ſnare ſhall it come upon all them that are on the face of the earth.*

*Will.* Why, to be ſure if the ſecond leſſon was right, the ſong muſt be wrong.

*Stock.* I ran over in my mind alſo a compariſon between ſuch ſongs as that which begins with

"Drink and drive care away,"

with thoſe injunctions of holy writ, *Watch and pray therefore, that you enter not into temptation*; and again, *Watch and pray that you may eſcape all theſe things.* I ſay I compared this with the ſong I allude to,

"Drink and drive care away,
"Drink and be merry;
"You'll ne'er go the faſter
"To the Stygian ferry."

I compared this with that awful admonition of Scripture how to paſs the time, *Not in rioting*

*rioting and drunkenneſs, not in chambering and wantonneſs; but put ye on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, and make not proviſion for the fleſh to fulfil the luſts thereof.*

*Will.* I am afraid, then, maſter, you would not much approve of what I uſed to think a very pretty ſong, which begins with,

"A plague on thoſe muſty old lubbers,
"Who teach us to faſt and to think."

*Stock.* Will, what would you think of any one who ſhould ſit down and write a book or a ſong to abuſe the clergy?

*Will.* Why I ſhould think he was a very wicked fellow, and I hope no one would look into ſuch a book, or ſing ſuch a ſong.

*Stock.* And yet it muſt certainly be the clergy who are ſcoffed at in that verſe, it being their profeſſed buſineſs to teach us to *think* and be ſerious.

*Will.* Aye, maſter, and now you have opened my eyes, I think I can make ſome of thoſe compariſons myſelf between the

 ſpirit

ſpirit of the Bible and the ſpirit of theſe ſongs.

"Bring the flaſk, the goblet bring,"

won't ſtand very well in company with the threat of the prophet: *Woe unto them that riſe up early, that they may mingle ſtrong drink.*

*Stock.* Aye, Will; and theſe thoughtleſs people who live up to their ſinging, ſeem to be the very people deſcribed in another place as glorying in their intemperance, and acting what their ſongs deſcribe:— *They look at the wine and ſay it is red, it moveth itſelf aright in the cup.*

*Will.* I do hope I ſhall for the future not only become more careful what ſongs I ſing myſelf, but alſo not to keep company with thoſe who ſing nothing elſe but what, in my ſober judgment, I now ſee to be wrong.

*Stock.* As we ſhall have no *body* in the world to come, it is a pity not only to make our pleaſures here conſiſt entirely in the delights

delights of animal life, but to make our very ſongs conſiſt in extolling and exalting thoſe delights which are unworthy of the man as well as of the Chriſtian. If, through temptation or weakneſs, we fall into errors, let us not eſtabliſh and confirm them by picking up all the ſongs and ſcraps of verſes which excuſe, juſtify, and commend ſin. *That time is ſhort*, is a reaſon given by theſe ſong-mongers why we ſhould give into greater indulgences. *That time is ſhort*, is a reaſon given by the Apoſtle why we ſhould enjoy our deareſt comforts as if we enjoyed them not.

Now, Will, I hope you will ſee the importance of ſo managing, that our diverſions (for diverſions of ſome kind we all require,) may be as carefully choſen as our other employments. For to make them ſuch as ſhall effectually drive out of our minds all that the Bible and the Miniſter have been putting into them, ſeems to me as imprudent as it is unchriſtian. But this is not all. Such ſentiments as theſe

ſongs

ſongs contain, ſet off by the pretties muſic, heightened by liquor, and all the noiſe and ſpirit of what is called jovial company, all this, I ſay, not only puts every thing that is right out of the mind, but puts every thing that is wrong into it. Such ſongs, therefore, as tend to promote levity, thoughtleſſneſs, looſe imaginations, falſe views of life, forgetfulneſs of death, contempt of whatever is ſerious, and neglect of whatever is ſober, whether they be love ſongs, or drinking ſongs, will not, cannot be ſung by any man or any woman who makes a ſerious profeſſion of Chriſtianity *.

* It is with regret I have lately obſerved, that the faſhionable author and ſinger of ſongs more looſe, profane, and corrupt, than any of thoſe here noticed, not only received a prize as the reward of his important ſervices, but received alſo the public acknowlegements of an illuſtrious ſociety for having *contributed to the happineſs of their country!*

THE

# HISTORY

OF

## *TOM WHITE THE POSTBOY.*

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

TOM WHITE was one of the beſt drivers of a poſt-chaiſe on the Bath road. Tom was the ſon of an honeſt labourer at a little village in Wiltſhire: he was an active induſtrious boy, and as ſoon as he was old enough he left his father, who was burthened with a numerous family, and went to live with farmer Hodges, a ſober worthy man in the ſame village. He drove the waggon

waggon all the week; and on Sundays, though he was now grown up, the farmer required him to attend the Sunday-ſchool, carried on under the inſpection of Dr. Shepherd, the worthy vicar, and always made him read his Bible in the evening after he had ſerved his cattle; and would have turned him out of his ſervice if he had ever gone to the ale-houſe for his own pleaſure.

Tom by carrying ſome waggon-loads of faggots to the Bear inn, at Devizes, made many acquaintances in the ſtable-yard. He ſoon learnt to compare his own carter's frock, and ſhoes thick ſet with nails, with the ſmart red jacket, and tight boots of the poſt-boys, and grew aſhamed of his own homely dreſs; he was reſolved to drive a chaiſe, to get money, and to ſee the world. Fooliſh fellow! he never conſidered that, though it is true, a waggoner works hard all day, yet he gets a quiet evening at home, and undiſturbed reſt at night. However, as there muſt be chaiſe-boys as well as plough-

plough-boys, there was no great harm in the change. The evil company to which it expofed him, was the chief mifchief. He left farmer Hodges, though not without forrow at quitting fo kind a mafter, and got himfelf hired at the Black Bear.

Notwithftanding the temptations to which he was now expofed, Tom's good education ftood by him for fome time. At firft he was frightened to hear the oaths and wicked words which are too often uttered in a ftable-yard. However, though he thought it very wrong, he had not the courage to reprove it, and the next ftep to being eafy at feeing others fin, is to fin ourfelves. By degrees he began to think it manly, and a mark of fpirit in others to fwear; though the force of good habits was fo ftrong, that at firft when he ventured to fwear himfelf it was with fear, and in a low voice. But he was foon laughed out of his fheepifhnefs, as they called it; and though he never became fo profane and blafphemous as fome of his companions, (for he never fwore in cool blood, or in mirth, as fo many do,) yet he would

would too often ufe a dreadful bad word when he was in a paffion with his horfes. And here I cannot but drop a hint on the deep folly, as well as wickednefs, of being in a great rage with poor beafts, who, not having the gift of reafon, cannot be moved like human creatures, with all the wicked words that are faid to them; though thefe dumb creatures, unhappily, having the gift of feeling, fuffer as much as human creatures can do, at the cruel and unneceffary beatings given them. Tom had been bred up to think that drunkennefs was a great fin, for he never faw farmer Hodges drunk in his life, and where a farmer is fober himfelf his men are lefs likely to drink, or if they do, the mafter can reprove them with the better grace.

Tom was not naturally fond of drink, yet for the fake of being thought merry company, and a hearty fellow, he often drank more than he ought. As he had been ufed to go to church twice on a Sunday, while he lived with the farmer, (who feldom ufed his horfes on that day, except to carry his

wife

wife to church behind him,) Tom felt a little uneaſy when he was ſent the very firſt Sunday a long journey with a great family; for I cannot conceal the truth, that too many gentlefolks will travel, when there is no neceſſity for it, on a Sunday, and when Monday would anſwer the end juſt as well. This is a great grief to all good and ſober people, both rich and poor; and it is ſtill more inexcuſable in the great, who have every day at their command. However, he kept his thoughts to himſelf, though he could not now and then help thinking how quietly things were going on at the farmer's, whoſe waggoner on a Sunday led as eaſy a life as if he had been a gentleman. But he ſoon loſt all thoughts of this kind, and in time did not know a Sunday from a Monday. Tom went on proſperouſly, as it is called, for three or four years, got plenty of money, but ſaved not a ſhilling. As ſoon as his horſes were once in the ſtable, whoever would might ſee them fed for Tom. He had other fiſh to fry. Fives,

cards,

cards, cudgel-playing, laying wagers, and keeping loose company, each of which he at first disliked, and each of which he soon learned to practise, ran away with all his money, and all his spare time; and though he was generally in the way as soon as the horses were ready, (because if there was no driving there was no pay,) yet he did not care whether the carriage was clean or dirty, if the horses looked well or ill, if the harness was whole, or the horses were shod. The certainty that the gains of to-morrow would make up for the extravagance of to-day, made him quite thoughtless and happy; for he was young, active, and healthy, and never foresaw that a rainy day might come, when he would want what he now squandered.

One day being a little flustered with liquor as he was driving his return chaise through Brentford, he saw just before him another empty carriage, driven by one of his acquaintance: he whipped up his horses, resolving to outstrip the other, and swear-

ing dreadfully that he would be at the Red Lion firſt—for a pint,—“ Done,” cried the other—a wager. Both cut and ſpurred the poor beaſts with the uſual fury, as if their credit had been really at ſtake, or their lives had depended on this fooliſh conteſt. Tom's chaiſe had now got up to that of his rival, and they drove along-ſide of each other with great fury and many imprecations. But in a narrow part, Tom's chaiſe being in the middle, with his antagoniſt on one ſide, and a cart driving againſt him on the other, the horſes reared, the carriages got entangled; Tom roared out a great oath to the other to ſtop, which he either could not, or would not do, but returned an horrid imprecation that he would win the wager if he was alive. Tom's horſes took fright, and he himſelf was thrown to the ground with great violence. As ſoon as he could be got from under the wheels, he was taken up ſenſeleſs, his leg was broke in two places, and his body much bruiſed. Some people whom the noiſe had brought together, put him in the poſt-

 chaiſe,

chaiſe, in which the waggoner kindly aſſiſted, but the other driver ſeemed careleſs and indifferent, and drove off, obſerving with a brutal coolneſs, I am ſorry I have loſt my pint; I ſhould have beat him hollow, had it not been for this *little accident.* Some gentlemen who came out of the inn, after reprimanding this ſavage, inquired who he was, wrote to inform his maſter, and got him diſcharged: reſolving that neither they nor any of their friends would ever employ him, and he was long out of place, and nobody ever cared to be driven by him.

Tom was taken to one of thoſe excellent hoſpitals with which London abounds. His agonies were dreadful, his leg was ſet, and a high fever came on. As ſoon as he was left alone to reflect on his condition, his firſt thought was that he ſhould die, and his horror was inconceivable.—Alas! ſaid he, what will become of my poor ſoul? I am cut off in the very commiſſion of three great ſins:—I was drunk, I was in a horrible paſſion, and I had oaths and blaſphemies in my

my mouth.—He tried to pray, but he could not; his mind was all diſtraction, and he thought he was ſo very wicked that God would not forgive him; becauſe, ſays he, I have ſinned againſt light and knowledge; I have had a ſober education, and good examples; I was bred in the fear of God, and the knowledge of Chriſt, and I deſerve nothing but puniſhment. At length he grew light-headed, and there was little hope of his life. Whenever he came to his ſenſes for a few minutes, he cried out, O! that my old companions could now ſee me, ſurely they would take warning by my ſad fate, and repent before it is too late.

By the bleſſing of God on the ſkill of the ſurgeon, and the care of the nurſes, he, however, grew better in a few days. And here let me ſtop to remark, what a mercy it is that we live in a chriſtian country, where the poor, when ſick, or lame, or wounded, are taken as much care of as any gentry; nay, in ſome reſpects more, becauſe in hoſpitals and infirmaries there are more doc-

tors and furgeons to attend, than moft private gentlefolks can afford to have at their own houfes, whereas *there never was an hofpital in the whole heathen world.* Bleffed be God for this, among the thoufand other excellent fruits of the Chriftian religion! A religion which, like its Divine Founder, while its grand object is the falvation of men's fouls, teaches us alfo to relieve their bodily wants. It directs us never to forget that He who forgave fins, healed difeafes, and while he preached the Gofpel, fed the multitude.

It was eight weeks before Tom could be taken out of bed. This was a happy affliction; for by the grace of God, this long ficknefs and folitude gave him time to reflect on his paft life. He began ferioufly to hate thofe darling fins which had brought him to the brink of ruin. He could now pray heartily; he confeffed and lamented his iniquities with many tears, and began to hope that the mercies of God, through the merits of a Redeemer, might yet be extended

ed to him on his ſincere repentance. He reſolved never more to return to the ſame evil courſes, but he did not truſt in his own ſtrength, but prayed that God would give him grace for the future, as well as pardon for the paſt. He remembered, and he was humbled at the thought, that he uſed to have ſhort fits of repentance, and to form reſolutions of amendment, in his wild and thoughtleſs days; and often when he had a bad head-ach after a drinking bout, or had loſt his money at all-fours, he vowed never to drink or play again. But as ſoon as his head was well, and his pockets recruited, he forgot all his reſolutions. And how ſhould it be otherwiſe? for he truſted in his own ſtrength, he never prayed to God to ſtrengthen him, nor ever avoided the next temptation. He thought that amendment was a thing to be ſet about at any time; he did not know that *it is the grace of God which bringeth us to repentance.*

The caſe was now different. Tom began to find that *his ſtrength was perfect*

 *weakneſs,*

*weakneſs*, and that he could do nothing without the Divine aſſiſtance, for which he prayed heartily and conſtantly. He ſent home for his Bible and Prayer-book, which he had not opened for two years, and which had been given him when he left the Sunday ſchool. He ſpent the chief part of his time in reading them, and derived great comfort, as well as great knowledge, from this employment of his time. The ſtudy of the Bible filled his heart with gratitude to God, who had not cut him off in the midſt of his ſins, but had given him ſpace for repentance; and the agonies he had lately ſuffered with his broken leg increaſed his thankfulneſs, that he had eſcaped the more dreadful pain of eternal miſery. And here let me remark what encouragement this is for rich people to give away bibles and good books, and not to loſe all hope, though, for a time, they ſee little or no good effect from it. According to all appearance, Tom's books were never likely to do him any good, and yet his generous benefactor,

benefactor, who had caſt his bread upon the waters, found it after many days; for this Bible, which had lain untouched for years, was at laſt made the inſtrument of his reformation. God will work in his own good time, and in his own way, but *our* zeal and our exertions are the means by which he commonly chuſes to work.

As ſoon as he got well, and was diſcharged from the hoſpital, Tom began to think he muſt return to get his bread. At firſt he had ſome ſcruples about going back to his old employ: but, ſays he ſenſibly enough, gentlefolks muſt travel, travellers muſt have chaiſes, and chaiſes muſt have drivers: 'tis a very honeſt calling, and I don't know that goodneſs belongs to one ſort of buſineſs more than another; and he who can be good in a ſtate of great temptation, provided the calling be lawful, and the temptations are not of his own ſeeking, and he be diligent in prayer, may be better than another man for aught I know: and *all that belongs to us is, to do our duty in that*

*ſtate of life in which it ſhall pleaſe God to call us*; and to leave events in God's hand. Tom had rubbed up his catechiſm at the hoſpital, and 'tis a pity that people don't look at their catechiſm ſometimes when they are grown up; for it is full as good for men and women as it is for children; nay, better; for though the anſwers contained in it are intended for children to *repeat*, yet the duties enjoined in it are intended for men and women to put in *practice*. It is, if I may ſo ſpeak, the very grammar of Chriſtianity and of our church, and they who underſtand every part of their catechiſm thoroughly, will not be ignorant of any thing which a plain Chriſtian need to know.

Tom now felt grieved that he was obliged to drive on Sundays. But people who are in earneſt, and have their hearts in a thing, can find helps in all caſes. As ſoon as he had ſet down his company at their ſtage, and had ſeen his horſes fed, ſays Tom, a man who takes care of his horſes, will generally

nerally think it right to let them reſt an hour or two at leaſt. In every town it is a chance but there may be a church open during part of that time. If the prayers ſhould be over, I'll try hard for the ſermon; and if I dare not ſtay to the ſermon, it is a chance but I may catch the prayers; it is worth trying for, however; and as I uſed to think nothing of making a puſh, for the ſake of getting an hour to gamble, I need not grudge to take a little pains extraordinary to ſerve God. By this watchfulneſs he ſoon got to know the hours of ſervice at all the towns on the road he travelled; and while the horſes fed Tom went to church; and it became a favourite proverb with him, that *prayers and provender hinder no man's journey;* and I beg leave to recommend Tom's maxim to all travellers, whether maſter or ſervant, carrier or coachman.

At firſt his companions wanted to laugh and make ſport of this—but when they ſaw that no lad on the road was up ſo early or worked

worked ſo hard as Tom; when they ſaw no chaiſe ſo neat, no glaſſes ſo bright, no harneſs ſo tight, no drivers ſo diligent, ſo clean, or ſo civil, they found he was no ſubject to make ſport at. Tom indeed was very careful in looking after the linch pins; in never giving his horſes too much water when they were hot; nor, whatever was his haſte, would he ever gallop them up hill, ſtrike them acroſs the head, or when tired, cut and ſlaſh them, or gallop over the ſtones, as ſoon as he got into a town, as ſome fooliſh fellows do. What helped to cure Tom of theſe bad practices, was, that remark he met with in the Bible, that *a good man is merciful to his beaſt.* He was much moved one day on reading the prophet Jonah, to obſerve what compaſſion the great God of heaven and earth had for poor beaſts: for one of the reaſons there given why the Almighty was unwilling to deſtroy the great city of Nineveh was, *becauſe there was much cattle in it.* After this, Tom never could bear to ſee a wanton ſtroke in-

flicted. Doth God care for horfes, faid he, and fhall man be cruel to them?

Tom foon grew rich for one in his ftation; for every gentleman on the road would be driven by no other lad if *careful Tom* was to be had. Being diligent, he *got* a great deal of money; being frugal, he *fpent* but little; and having no vices, he *wafted* none. He foon found out that there was fome meaning in that text which fays, that *Godlinefs hath the promife of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come:* for the fame principles which make a man fober and honeft, have alfo a natural tendency to make him healthy and rich; while a drunkard and a fpendthrift can hardly efcape being fick and a beggar. Vice is the parent of mifery in both worlds.

After a few years Tom begged a holiday, and made a vifit to his native village; his good character had got thither before him. He found his father was dead, but during his long illnefs Tom had fupplied him with money, and by allowing him a trifle every week,

week, had had the honeſt ſatisfaction of keeping him from the pariſh. Farmer Hodges was ſtill living, but being grown old and infirm, he was deſirous to retire from buſineſs. He retained a great regard for his old ſervant, Tom; and finding he was worth money, and knowing he knew ſomething of country buſineſs, he offered to let him a ſmall farm at an eaſy rate, and promiſed his aſſiſtance in the management for the firſt year, with the loan of a ſmall ſum of money, that he might ſet out with a pretty ſtock. Tom thanked him with tears in his eyes, went back and took a handſome leave of his maſter, who made him a preſent of a horſe and cart, in acknowledgment of of his long and faithful ſervices; for, ſays he, I have ſaved many horſes by Tom's care and attention, and I could well afford to do the ſame by every ſervant who did the ſame by me; and ſhould be a richer man at the end of every year by the ſame generoſity, provided I could meet with juſt and faithful ſervants who deſerved the ſame rewards.

Tom

Tom was ſoon ſettled in his new farm, and in leſs than a year had got every thing neat and decent about him. Farmer Hodges's long experience and friendly advice, joined to his own induſtry and hard labour, ſoon brought the farm to great perfection. The regularity, ſobriety, peaceableneſs, and piety of his daily life, his conſtant attendance at church twice every Sunday, and his decent and devout behaviour when there, ſoon recommended him to the notice of Dr. Shepherd, who was ſtill living, a pattern of zeal, activity, and benevolence to all pariſh prieſts. The doctor ſoon began to hold up Tom, or, as we muſt now more properly term him, Mr. Thomas White, to the imitation of the whole pariſh, and the frequent and condeſcending converſation of this worthy clergyman contributed no leſs than his preaching to the improvement of his new pariſhioner in piety.

Farmer White ſoon found out that a dairy could not well be carried on without a miſtreſs, and began to think ſeriouſly of

marrying;

marrying; he prayed to God to direct him in so important a business. He knew that a tawdry, vain, dressy girl was not likely to make good cheese and butter, and that a worldly and ungodly woman would make a sad wife and mistress of a family. He soon heard of a young woman of excellent character, who had been bred up by the vicar's lady, and still lived in the family as upper maid. She was prudent, sober, industrious, and religious. Her neat, modest, and plain appearance at church (for she was seldom seen any where else out of her master's family) was an example to all persons in her station, and never failed to recommend her to strangers, even before they had an opportunity of knowing the goodness of her character. It was her character, however, which recommended her to farmer White. He knew that *favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised:*—aye, and not only praised, but chosen too, says farmer White, as he took down his hat from

from the nail on which it hung, in order to go and wait on Dr. Shepherd, to break his mind and aſk his conſent; for he thought it would be a very unhandſome return for all the favours he was receiving from his miniſter, to decoy away his faithful ſervant from her place without his conſent.

This worthy gentleman, though ſorry to loſe ſo valuable a member of his little family, did not ſcruple a moment about parting with her, when he found it would be ſo greatly to her advantage. Tom was agreeably ſurpriſed to hear ſhe had ſaved fifty pounds by her frugality. The doctor married them himſelf, farmer Hodges being preſent.

In the afternoon of the wedding day, Dr. Shepherd condeſcended to call on farmer and Mrs. White, to give a few words of advice on the new duties they had entered into; a common cuſtom with him on thoſe occaſions. He often took an opportunity to drop, in the moſt kind and tender way, a hint on the great indecency of making marriages, chriſtenings, and above all, funerals,

neral, days of riot and exceſs, as is too often the caſe in country villages. The expectation that the vicar might poſſibly drop in, in his walks, on theſe feſtivities, often reſtrained exceſſive drinking, and improper converſation, even among thoſe who were not reſtrained by higher motives, as farmer and Mrs. White were.

What the doctor ſaid was always in ſuch a cheerful, good-humoured way, that it was ſure to increaſe the pleaſure of the day, inſtead of damping it. "Well, farmer," ſaid he "and you, my faithful Sarah, any other "friend might recommend peace and agree-"ment to you on your marriage; but I, "on the contrary, recommend cares and "ſtrifes*." The company ſtared—but Sarah, who knew that her old maſter was a facetious gentleman, and always had ſome good meaning behind, looked ſerious. "Cares and ſtrifes, ſir," ſaid the farmer, "what do you mean?"—"I mean," ſaid

* See Dodd's Sayings.

he,

" for the firſt, that your cares ſhall be " who ſhall pleaſe God moſt, and your " ſtrifes, who ſhall ſerve him beſt, and do " your duty moſt faithfully. Thus, all " your cares and ſtrifes being employed to " the higheſt purpoſes, all petty cares and " worldly ſtrifes ſhall be at an end.

" Always remember, that you have, both " of you, a better friend than each other." The company ſtared again, and thought no woman could have ſo good a friend as her huſband. " As you have choſen each " other from the beſt motives," continued the doctor, " you have every reaſonable " ground to hope for happineſs; but as " this world is a ſoil in which troubles and " misfortunes will ſpring up; troubles from " which you cannot ſave one another; miſ- " fortunes which no human prudence can " avoid: then remember, 'tis the beſt wiſ- " dom to go to that friend who is always " near, always willing, and always able, to " help you, and that friend is God."

 " Sir,"

"Sir," ſaid farmer White, "I humbly "thank you for all your kind inſtructions, "of which I ſhall now ſtand more in need "than ever, as I ſhall have more duties to "fulfil. I hope the remembrance of my "paſt offences will keep me humble, and "the ſenſe of my remaining ſin will keep "me watchful. I ſet out in the world, ſir, "with what is called a good natural diſpo-"ſition, but I ſoon found, to my coſt, that "without God's grace that will carry a "man but a little way. A good temper is "a good thing, but nothing but the fear "of God can enable one to bear up againſt "temptation, evil company, and evil paſ-"ſions. The misfortune of breaking my "leg, as I then thought it, has proved the "greateſt bleſſing of my life. It ſhewed "me my own weakneſs, the value of the "Bible, and the goodneſs of God. How "many of my brother drivers have I ſeen, "ſince that time, cut off in the prime of "life by drinking, or by ſome ſudden acci-

"dent, while I have not only been ſpared, "but bleſſed and proſpered. O ſir! it "would be the joy of my heart, if ſome of "my old comrades, good-natured, civil fel- "lows, (whom I can't help loving,) could "ſee, as I have done, the danger of evil "courſes before it is too late. Though "they may not hearken to you, ſir, or any "other miniſter, they may believe *me*, be- "cauſe I have been one of them: and I "can ſpeak from experience, of the great "difference there is, even as to worldly "comfort, between a life of ſobriety and a "life of ſin. I could tell them, ſir, not as "a thing I have read in a book, but as a "truth I feel in my own heart, that to fear "God and keep his commandments, will "not only bring a man peace at the laſt, "but will make him happy *now*. And I "will venture to ſay, ſir, that all the ſtocks, "pillories, priſons, and gibbets in the land, "though ſo very needful to keep bad men "in order, yet will never reſtrain a good "man from committing evil, half ſo much

"as that ſingle text, *How ſhall I do this* "*great wickedneſs, and ſin againſt God?*" Dr. Shepherd condeſcended to approve of what the farmer had ſaid, kindly ſhook him by the hand, and took leave.

---

## PART II.

*The Way to Plenty, or the Second Part of Tom White. Written in* 1795, *the Year of Scarcity.*

Tom White, as we have ſhewn in the firſt part of this hiſtory, from an idle poſt-boy was become a reſpectable farmer. God had bleſſed his induſtry, and he had proſpered in the world. He was ſober and temperate, and, as was the natural conſequence, he was active and healthy. He was induſtrious and frugal, and he became proſperous in his circumſtances. This is in the ordinary courſe of Providence. But it is not a certain and neceſſary rule. *God*

*maketh*

*maketh his ſun to ſhine on the juſt and the unjuſt.* A man who uſes every honeſt means of thrift and induſtry, will, in moſt caſes, find ſucceſs attend his labours. But ſtill the *race is not always to the ſwift, nor the battle to the ſtrong.* God is ſometimes pleaſed, for wiſe ends, to diſappoint all the worldly hopes of the moſt upright man. His corn may be ſmitten by a blight; his barns may be conſumed by fire; his cattle may be carried off by diſtemper. And to theſe, and other misfortunes, the good man is as liable as the ſpendthrift or the knave. Succeſs is the *common* reward of induſtry, but if it were its *conſtant* reward, the induſtrious would be tempted to look no further than the preſent ſtate. They would loſe one ſtrong ground of their faith. It would ſet aſide the ſcripture ſcheme. This world would then be looked on as a ſtate of reward, inſtead of a ſtate of trial, and we ſhould forget to look to a day of final retribution.

Farmer White never took it into his head, that, becaufe he paid his debts, worked early and late, and ate the bread of carefulnefs, he was therefore to come into no *misfortune like other folk*, but was to be free from the common trials and troubles of life. He knew that profperity was far from being a fure mark of God's favour, and had read in good books, and efpecially in the Bible, of the great poverty and afflictions of the beft of men. Though he was no great fcholar, he had fenfe enough to obferve, that a time of public profperity was not always a time of public virtue; and he thought that what was true of a whole nation might be true of one man. So the more he profpered the more he prayed that profperity might not corrupt his heart. And when he faw lately figns of public diftrefs coming on, he was not half fo much frightened as fome others were, becaufe he thought it might do us good in the long run; and he was in hopes that a little po-

verty

verty might bring on a little penitence. The great grace he laboured after was that of a cheerful ſubmiſſion. He uſed to ſay, that if the Lord's Prayer had only contained thoſe four little words, *Thy will be done*, it would be worth more than the biggeſt book in the world without them.

Dr. Shepherd, the worthy vicar, (with whom the farmer's wife had formerly lived as houſekeeper,) was very fond of taking a walk with him about his grounds, and he uſed to ſay, that he learnt as much from the farmer as the farmer did from him. If the doctor happened to obſerve, I am afraid theſe long rains will ſpoil this fine piece of oats, the farmer would anſwer, but then, ſir, think how good it is for the graſs. If the doctor feared the wheat would be but indifferent, the farmer was ſure the rye would turn out well. When graſs failed, he did not doubt but turnips would be plenty. Even for floods and inundations he would find out ſome way to juſtify Providence. 'Tis better, ſaid he, to have our

lands a little overflowed, than that the ſprings ſhould be dried up, and our cattle faint for lack of water. When the drought came, he thanked God that the ſeaſon would be healthy; and high winds, which frightened others, he ſaid ſerved to clear the air. Whoever, or whatever was wrong, he was always ſure that Providence was in the right. And he uſed to ſay, that a man with ever ſo ſmall an income, if he had but frugality and temperance, and would cut off all vain deſires, and caſt his care upon God, was richer than a lord who was tormented by vanity and covetouſneſs. When he ſaw others in the wrong, he did not, however, abuſe them for it, but took care to avoid the ſame fault. He had ſenſe and ſpirit enough to break through many old, but very bad cuſtoms of his neighbours. If a thing is wrong in itſelf, (ſaid he one day to farmer Hodges,) a whole pariſh doing it can't make it right. And as to its being an old cuſtom, why, if it be a good one I like it the better for being old, becauſe it has

has had the ſtamp of ages, and the ſanction of experience on its worth. But if it be old as well as bad, that is another reaſon for my trying to put an end to it, that we may not miſlead our children as our fathers have miſled us.

### *The Roof-Raiſing.*

SOME years after he was ſettled, he built a large new barn. All the workmen were looking forward to the uſual holiday of roof-raiſing. On this occaſion it was a cuſtom to give a dinner to the workmen, with ſo much liquor after it that they got ſo drunk, that they not only loſt the remaining half-day's work, but they were not always able to work the following day.

Mrs. White provided a plentiful dinner for roof-raiſing, and gave each man his mug of beer. After a hearty meal they began to grow clamorous for more drink. The farmer ſaid, "My lads, I don't grudge you "a few gallons of ale merely for the ſake "of ſaving my liquor, though that is ſome "conſider-

"consideration, especially in these dear "times; but I never will, knowingly, help "any man to make a beast of himself. I am "resolved to break through a bad custom. "You are now well refreshed. If you will "go cheerfully to your work, you will have "half a day's pay to take on Saturday "night more than you would have, if this "afternoon were wasted in drunkenness. "For this your families will be the better: "whereas, were I to give you more liquor, "when you have already had enough, I "should help to rob them of their bread. "But I wish to shew you, that I have your "good at heart full as much as my own "profit. If you will now go to work, I "will give you all another mug at night "when you leave off. Thus your time "will be saved, your families helped, and "my ale will not go to make reasonable "creatures worse than brute beasts."

Here he stopped. "You are in the "right on't, master," said Tom the Thatcher; "you are a hearty man, farmer," said

ſaid John Plane, the carpenter.——"Come along, boys," ſaid Tim Brick the maſon; ſo they all went merrily to work, fortified with a good dinner. There was only one drunken ſurly fellow that refuſed; this was Dick Guzzle the ſmith. Dick never works above two or three days in the week, and ſpends the others at the Red Lion. He ſwore, that if the farmer did not give him as much liquor as he liked at roof-raiſing, he would not ſtrike another ſtroke, but would leave the job unfiniſhed, and he might get hands where he could. Farmer White took him at his word, and paid him off directly: glad enough to get rid of ſuch a ſot, whom he had only employed from pity to a large and almoſt ſtarving family. When the men came for their mug in the evening, the farmer brought out the remains of the cold gammon; they made a hearty ſupper, and thanked him for having broken through a fooliſh cuſtom, which was afterwards much left off in that pariſh, though Dick would not come into it,

it, and loſt moſt of his work in conſequence.

Farmer White's labourers were often complaining, that things were ſo dear that they could not buy a bit of meat. He knew it was partly true, but not entirely; for it was before theſe very hard times that their complaints began. One morning he ſtept out to ſee how an outhouſe which he was thatching went on. He was ſurpriſed to find the work at a ſtand. He walked over to the thatcher's houſe. "Tom," ſaid he, "I deſire that piece of work may be finiſhed "directly. If a ſhower comes my grain "will be ſpoiled."—"Indeed, maſter, I "ſhan't work to-day, nor to-morrow "neither," ſaid Tom. "You forget that "'tis Eaſter Monday, and to-morrow is "Eaſter Tueſday. And ſo on Wedneſday "I ſhall thatch away, maſter. But 'tis "hard if a poor man, who works all the "ſeaſons round, may not enjoy theſe few "holidays, which come but once a-"year."

"Tom,"

"Tom," ſaid the farmer, "when theſe "days were firſt put into our prayer-book, "the good men who ordained them to be "kept, little thought that the time would "come when *holy-day* ſhould mean *drunken-"day*, and that the ſeaſons which they "meant to diſtinguiſh by ſuperior piety, "ſhould be converted into ſeaſons of more "than ordinary exceſs. How much doſt "think now I ſhall pay thee for this piece "of thatch?"—"Why you know, maſter, "you have let it to me by the great. I think "between this and to-morrow night, as the "weather is ſo fine, I could clear about "four ſhillings, after I have paid my boy; "but thatching does not come often, and "other work is not ſo profitable."—"Very "well, Tom; and how much now do you "think you may ſpend in theſe two holi-"days?"—"Why, maſter, if the ale is "pleaſant, and the company merry, I do "not expect to get off for leſs than three "ſhillings."—"Tom, can you do pounds, "ſhillings, and pence?"—"I can make a "little

" little ſcore, maſter, behind the kitchen " door, with a bit of chalk, which is as " much as I want."—" Well, Tom, add the " four ſhillings you would have earned to " the three you intend to ſpend, what does " that make?"—" Let me ſee! three and " four make ſeven. Seven ſhillings, maſter." " Tom, you often tell me the times are ſo " bad that you can never buy a bit of meat. " Now here is the coſt of two joints at " once; to ſay nothing of the ſin of waſting " time and getting drunk."—" I never " once thought of that," ſaid Tom.— " Now Tom," ſaid the farmer, " if I were " you, I would ſtep over to butcher Job- " bins's, buy a ſhoulder of mutton, which " being left from Saturday's market you " will get a little cheaper. This I would " make my wife bake in a deep diſh full of " potatoes. I would then go to work, and " when the dinner was ready I would go " and enjoy it with my wife and children; " you need not give the mutton to the " brats; the potatoes will have all the

" gravy,

"gravy, and be very ſavoury for them."—
"Aye, but I've got no beer, maſter; the
"times are ſo hard that a poor man can't
"afford to brew a drop of drink now as we
"uſed to do."

"Times are bad, and malt is very dear,
"Tom, and yet both don't prevent you
"from ſpending ſeven ſhillings in keeping
"holiday. Now ſend for a quart of ale as
"it is to be a feaſt; and you will even then
"be four ſhillings richer than if you had
"gone to the public houſe. I would have
"you put by theſe four ſhillings, till you
"can add a couple to them; with this I
"would get a buſhel of malt, and my wife
"ſhould brew it, and you may take a pint
"of your own beer at home of a night,
"which will do you more good than a gal-
"lon at the Red Lion."—"I have a great
"mind to take your advice, maſter, but I
"ſhall be made ſuch fun of at the Lion!
"they will ſo laugh at me if I don't go!"
"Let thoſe laugh that win, Tom."—"But,
"maſter, I have got a friend to meet me
"there."

" there."—" Then aſk your friend to come " and eat a bit of your cold mutton at " night, and here is ſix-pence for another " pot, if you will promiſe to brew a ſmall " caſk of your own."—" Thank you, " maſter, and ſo I will; and I won't go to " the Lion. Come, boy, bring the helm, " and fetch the ladder." And ſo Tom was upon the roof in a twinkling. The barn was thatched, the mutton bought, the beer brewed, the friend invited, and the holiday enjoyed.

*The Sheep Shearing.*

Dr. Shepherd happened to ſay to farmer White one day, that there was nothing he diſliked more than the manner in which ſheep-ſhearing and harveſt-home were kept by ſome in his pariſh. " What," ſaid the good doctor, " juſt when we are bleſt with " a proſperous gathering in of theſe natu- " ral riches of our land, the fleece of our " flocks; when our barns are crowned with " plenty, and we have, through the divine

"blessing on our honest labour, reaped the "fruits of the earth in due season; is that "very time to be set apart for ribaldry, and "riot, and drunkenness? Do we thank "God for his mercies, by making ourselves "unworthy and unfit to enjoy them? "When he crowns the year with his good- "ness, shall we affront him by our impiety? "It is more than a common insult to his "providence; it is a worse than brutal re- "turn to *Him* who openeth his hand and "filleth all things living with plenteous- "ness."

"I thank you for the hint, sir", said the farmer. "I am resolved to rejoice though, "and others shall rejoice with me: and we "will have a merry night on't."

So Mrs. White dressed a very plentiful supper of meat and pudding; and spread out two tables. The farmer sat at the head of one, consisting of some of his neighbours, and all his work-people. At the other sat his wife, with two long benches on each side of her. On these benches sat all the

old and infirm poor, efpecially thofe who lived in the workhoufe, and had no day of feftivity to look forward to in the whole year but this. On the grafs, in the little court, fat the children of his labourers, and of the other poor, whofe employment it had been to gather flowers, and drefs and adorn the horns of the ram; for the farmer did not wifh to put an end to any old cuftom, if it was innocent. His own children ftood by the table, and he gave them plenty of pudding, which they carried to the children of the poor, with a little draught of cyder to every one. The farmer, who never fat down without begging a bleffing on his meal, did it with fuitable folemnity on the prefent joyful occafion.

Dr. Shepherd practifed one very ufeful method, which I dare fay was not peculiar to himfelf; a method of which I doubt not other country clergymen have found the advantage. He was often on the watch to obferve thofe feafons when a number of his parifhioners were affembled together, not only

only at any ſeaſon of feſtivity, but at their work. He has been known to turn a walk through a hay field to good account; and has been found to do as much good by a few minutes diſcourſe with a little knot of reapers, as by his Sunday's ſermon. He commonly introduced his religious obſervations by ſome queſtions relating to their employment; he firſt gained their affections by his kindneſs, and then converted his influence over them to their ſoul's good. The intereſt he took in their worldly affairs opened their hearts to the reception of thoſe divine truths which he was always earneſt to impreſs upon them. By theſe methods too he got acquainted with their ſeveral characters, their ſpiritual wants, their individual ſins, dangers and temptations, which enabled him to preach with more knowledge and ſucceſsful application, than thoſe miniſters can do who are unacquainted with the ſtate of their congregations. It was a remark of Dr. Shepherd's, that a thorough acquaintance with human nature was one of

the moſt important ſpecies of knowledge a clergyman could poſſeſs.

The ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, though orderly and decent, was yet hearty and chearful. Dr. Shepherd dropped in with a good deal of company he had at his houſe, and they were much pleaſed. When the doctor ſaw how the aged and the infirm poor were enjoying themſelves, he was much moved; he ſhook the farmer by the hand, and ſaid, "But "thou, when thou makeſt a feaſt, call the "blind, and the lame, and the halt; they "cannot recompenſe thee, but thou ſhalt "be recompenſed at the reſurrection of the "juſt."

"Sir," ſaid the farmer, "'tis no great "matter of expence; I kill a ſheep of my "own; potatoes are as plenty as black-"berries, with people who have a little "forethought. I ſave much more cyder in "the courſe of a year by never allowing "any carouſing in my kitchen, or drunken-"neſs in my fields, than would ſupply "many ſuch feaſts as theſe, ſo that I ſhall

"be

"be never the poorer at Chriſtmas. It is "cheaper to make people happy, ſir, than "to make them drunk." The doctor and the ladies condeſcended to walk from one table to the other, and heard many merry ſtories, but not one profane word, or one indecent ſong: ſo that he was not forced to the painful neceſſity either of reproving them, or leaving them in anger. When all was over, they ſung the ſixty-fifth pſalm, and the ladies all joined in it; and when they got home to the vicarage to tea, they declared they liked it better than any concert.

### *The Hard Winter.*

In the famous cold winter of the year 1795, it was edifying to ſee how patiently farmer White bore that long and ſevere froſt. Many of his ſheep were frozen to death, but he thanked God that he had ſtill many left. He continued to find in-door work that his men might not be out of employ. The ſeaſon being ſo bad,

which ſome others pleaded as an excuſe for turning off their workmen, he thought a freſh reaſon for keeping them. Mrs. White was ſo conſiderate, that juſt at that time ſhe leſſened the number of her hogs, that ſhe might have more whey and ſkim-milk to aſſiſt poor families. Nay, I have known her live on boiled meat for a long while together, in a ſickly ſeaſon, becauſe the pot-liquor made ſuch a ſupply of broth for the ſick poor. As the ſpring came on, and things grew worſe, ſhe never had a cake, a pye, or a pudding in her houſe; notwithſtanding ſhe uſed to have plenty of theſe good things, and will again, I hope, when the preſent ſcarcity is over; though ſhe ſays ſhe never will uſe ſuch white flour again, even if it ſhould come down to five ſhillings a buſhel.

All the pariſh now began to murmur. Farmer Jones was ſure the froſt had killed the wheat. Farmer Wilſon ſaid the rye would never come up. Brown, the maltſter, inſiſted the barley was dead at the

root.

root. Butcher Jobbins ſaid beef would be a ſhilling a pound. All declared there would not be a hop to brew with. The orchards were all blighted; there would not be apples enough to make a pye; and as to hay there would be none to be had for love nor money. "I'll tell you "what," ſaid farmer White, "the ſeaſon "is dreadful; the crops are unpromiſing "juſt now; but 'tis too early to judge. "Don't let us make things worſe than "they are. We ought to comfort the poor, "and you are driving them to deſpair. "Don't you know how much God was "diſpleaſed with the murmurs of his choſen "people? And yet, when they were tired "of manna he ſent them quails; but all "did not do. Nothing ſatisfies grumblers. "We have a promiſe on our ſide, that "*there ſhall be ſeed-time and harveſt-time to* "*the end.* Let us then hope for a good "day, but provide againſt an evil one. "Let us rather prevent the evil before it is "come upon us, than ſink under it when it

 "comes.

"comes. Grumbling cannot help us; ac-
"tivity can. Let us ſet about planting
"potatoes in every nook and corner, in
"caſe the corn *ſhould* fail, which, however,
"I don't believe will be the caſe. Let us
"mend our management before we are
"driven to it by actual want. And if we
"allow our honeſt labourers to plant a
"few potatoes for their families in the head-
"lands of our ploughed fields, or other
"waſte bits of ground, it will do us no
"harm, and be a great help to them. The
"way to lighten the load of any public ca-
"lamity is not to murmur at it, but put a
"hand to leſſen it."

The farmer had many temptations to ſend his corn at an extravagant price to *a certain ſea port town*, but as he knew that it was intended to export it againſt law, he would not be tempted to encourage unlawful gain; ſo he threſhed out a ſmall mow at a time, and ſold it to the neighbouring poor far below the market-price. He ſerved his own workmen firſt. This was the ſame to

them

them as if he had raifed their wages, and even better, as it was a benefit of which their families were fure to partake. If the poor in the next parifh were more diftreffed than his own, he fold to them at the fame rate. For, faid he, there is no diftinction of parifhes in heaven, and though charity begins at home, yet it ought not to end there.

He had been ufed in good times now and then to catch a hare or a partridge, as he was qualified; but he now refolved to give up that pleafure. So he parted from a couple of fpaniels he had: for he faid he could not bear that his dogs fhould be eating the meat, or the milk, which fo many men, women, and children wanted.

### *The White Loaf.*

ONE day, it was about the middle of laft July, when things feemed to be at the deareft, and the rulers of the land had agreed to fet the example of eating nothing but

coarfe

coarſe bread, Dr. Shepherd read, before ſermon in the church, their public declaration, which the magiſtrates of the county ſent him, and which they had alſo ſigned themſelves. Mrs. White, of courſe, was at church, and commended it mightily. Next morning the Doctor took a walk over to the farmer's, in order to ſettle further plans for the relief of the pariſh. He was much ſurpriſed to meet Mrs. White's little maid Sally with a very ſmall white loaf, which ſhe had been buying at a ſhop. He ſaid nothing to the girl, as he never thought it right to expoſe the faults of a miſtreſs to her ſervant; but walked on, reſolving to give Mrs. White a ſevere lecture for the firſt time in his life. He ſoon changed his mind, for on going into the kitchen, the firſt perſon he ſaw was Tom the thatcher, who had had a ſad fall from a ladder; his arm, which was ſlipped out of his ſleeve, was ſwelled in a frightful manner. Mrs. White was ſtanding at the dreſſer making

the

the little white loaf into a poultice, which ſhe laid upon the ſwelling in a large clean old linen cloth.

"I aſk your pardon, my good Sarah," ſaid the doctor; "I ought not, however "appearances were againſt you, to have "ſuſpected that ſo humble and prudent "woman as you are, would be led either "to indulge any daintineſs of your own, or "to fly in the face of your betters, by "eating white bread while they are eating "brown. Whenever I come here, I ſee "it is not needful to be rich in order to "be charitable. A bountiful rich man "would have ſent Tom to a ſurgeon, who "would have done no more for him than "you have done; for in thoſe inflamma-"tions the moſt ſkilful ſurgeon could only "apply a poultice. Your kindneſs in dreſ-"ſing the wound yourſelf, will, I doubt not "perform the cure at the expence of that "threepenny loaf and a little hog's lard. "And I will take care that Tom ſhall have "a good ſupply of rice from the ſubſcrip-"tion."

" tion."—" And he ſhan't want for ſkim-
" milk," ſaid Mrs. White; " and was he
" the beſt lord in the land, in the ſtate he
" is in, a diſh of good rice milk would be
" better for him than the richeſt meat."

*The Pariſh Meeting.*

On the tenth of Auguſt, the veſtry held another meeting, to conſult on the beſt method of further aſſiſting the poor. The proſpect of abundant crops now cheared every heart. Farmer White, who had a mind to be a little jocular with his deſponding neighbours, ſaid, " Well, neighbour
" Jones, all the wheat was killed, I ſup-
" poſe! the barley is all dead at the root!"
Farmer Jones looked ſheepiſh, and ſaid,
" To be ſure the crops had turned out better
" than he thought."—" Then," ſaid Dr.
Shepherd, " let us learn to truſt Provi-
" dence another time; let our experience
" of his paſt goodneſs ſtrengthen our faith."

Among other things, they agreed to ſubſcribe for a large quantity of rice, which

was

was to be ſold out to the poor at a very low price, and Mrs. White was ſo kind as to undertake the trouble of ſelling it. After their day's work was over, all who wiſhed to buy at theſe reduced rates, were ordered to come to the farm on the Tueſday evening. Dr. Shepherd dropped in at the ſame time, and when Mrs. White had done weighing her rice, the doctor ſpoke as follows:

"My honeſt friends, it has pleaſed God, "for ſome wiſe end, to viſit this land "with a ſcarcity, to which we have been "but little accuſtomed. There are ſome "idle, evil-minded people, who are on the "watch for public diſtreſſes; not that they "may humble themſelves under the mighty "hand of God (which is the true uſe to "be made of all troubles), but that they "may benefit themſelves by diſturbing the "public peace. Theſe people, by riot and "drunkenneſs, double the evil which they "pretend to cure. Riot will complete our "misfortunes, while peace, induſtry, and

"good management, will go near to cure
"them. Bread, to be ſure, is uncommonly
"dear. Among the various ways of making
"it cheaper, one is to reduce the quality of
"it, another to leſſen the quantity we con-
"ſume. If we cannot get enough of coarſe
"wheaten bread, let us make it of other
"grain. Or let us mix one half of potatoes,
"and one half of wheat. This laſt is what I
"eat in my own family; it is pleaſant and
"wholeſome. Our bleſſed Saviour ate
"barley bread, you know, as we are told
"in the laſt month's Sunday Reading of
"the Cheap Repoſitory *, which I hope
"you have all heard; as I deſired the
"maſter of the Sunday-ſchool to read it
"juſt after evening-ſervice, when I know
"many of the parents are apt to call in at
"the ſchool. This is a good cuſtom, and
"one of thoſe little books ſhall be often
"read at that time.

* See Cheap Repoſitory, Tract on the Scarcity, printed for T. Evans, Long-Lane, Weſt Smithfield, London.

"My

" My good women, I truly feel for you at " this time of ſcarcity; and I am going to " ſhew my good-will, as much by my advice " as my ſubſcription. It is my duty, as your " friend and miniſter, to tell you, that one " half of your preſent hardſhips is owing to " *bad management.* I often meet your " children without ſhoes and ſtockings, " with great luncheons of the very whiteſt " bread, and that three times a-day. Half " that quantity, and ſtill leſs if it were " coarſe, put into a diſh of good onion or " leek porridge, would make them an ex- " cellent breakfaſt. Many too, of the very " pooreſt of you, eat your bread hot from " the oven; this makes the difference of one " loaf in five; I aſſure you 'tis what I can- " not afford to do. Come, Mrs. White, " you muſt aſſiſt me a little. I am not " very knowing in theſe matters myſelf; " but I know that the rich would be twice " as charitable as they are, if the poor made " a better uſe of their bounty. Mrs. White, " do give theſe poor women a little advice

" how

"how to make their pittance go further
" than it now does. When you lived with
" me you were famous for making us nice
" cheap diſhes, and I dare ſay you are not
" leſs notable now you manage for your-
" ſelf."

" Indeed, neighbours," ſaid Mrs. White,
" what the good doctor ſays is very true.
" A halfpenny worth of oatmeal, or groats,
" with a leek or onion, out of your own
" garden, which coſts nothing, a bit of
" ſalt, and a little coarſe bread, will break-
" faſt your whole family. It is a great
" miſtake at any time to think a bit of meat
" is ſo ruinous, and a great load of bread ſo
" cheap. A poor man gets ſeven or eight
" ſhillings a week; if he is careful he
" brings it home. I dare not ſay how
" much of this goes for tea in the after-
" noon, now ſugar and butter are ſo dear,
" becauſe I ſhould have you all upon me;
" but I will ſay, that too much of this little
" goes even for bread, from a miſtaken no-
" tion that it is the hardeſt fare. This, at
" all

" all times, but particularly juſt now, is " bad management. Dry peas, to be ſure, " have been very dear lately; but now " they are plenty enough. I am certain " then, that if a ſhilling or two of the ſeven " or eight was laid out for a bit of coarſe " beef, a ſheep's head, or any ſuch thing, " it would be well beſtowed. I would " throw a couple of pound of this into the " pot, with two or three handfuls of grey " peas, an onion, and a little pepper. Then " I would throw in cabbage or turnip, and " carrot; or any garden ſtuff that was moſt " plenty; let it ſtew two or three hours, " and it will make a diſh fit for his Majeſty. " The working men ſhould have the " meat; the children don't want it; the " ſoup will be thick and ſubſtantial, and " requires no bread."

*Rice Milk.*

" You who can get ſkim-milk, as all our " workmen can, have a great advantage. " A quart of this, and a quarter of a pound

" of the rice you have juſt bought, a little " bit of all-ſpice, and brown ſugar, will " make a dainty and cheap diſh."

" Bleſs your heart!" muttered Amy Grumble, who looked as dirty as a cinder-wench, with her face and fingers all daubed with ſnuff; " rice milk, indeed! it is very " nice to be ſure for thoſe who can dreſs " it, but we have not a bit of coal; rice is " of no uſe to us without firing;" " and " yet," ſaid the Doctor, " I ſee your tea-" kettle boiling twice every day, as I paſs " by the poor-houſe, and freſh butter at " thirteen-pence a pound on your ſhelf." " O dear ſir," cried Amy, " a few ſticks " ſerve to boil the tea-kettle."—" And a " few more," ſaid the Doctor, " will boil " the rice milk, and give twice the nouriſh-" ment at a quarter of the expence."

*Rice Pudding.*

" PRAY, Sarah," ſaid the Doctor, " how " did you uſe to make that pudding my " children were ſo fond of? And I remem-

" ber,

"ber, when it was cold, we ufed to have it
"in the parlour for fupper."—"Nothing
"more eafy," faid Mrs. White: "I put
"half a pound of rice, two quarts of fkim
"milk, and two ounces of brown fugar."
"Well," faid the Doctor, "and how many
"will this dine?"—"Seven or eight, fir."
"Very well, and what will it coft?"—
"Why, fir, it did not coft you fo much,
"becaufe we baked it at home, and I ufed
"our own milk; but it will not coft above
"feven-pence to thofe who pay for both.
"Here, too, bread is faved."

"Pray, Sarah, let me put in a word,"
faid farmer White: "I advife my men to
"raife each a large bed of parfnips. They
"are very nourifhing, and very profitable.
"Sixpenny worth of feed, well fowed, and
"trod in, will produce more meals than
"four facks of potatoes; and what is ma-
"terial to you who have fo little ground,
"it will not require more than an eighth
"part of the ground which the four facks

"will take. Providence having contrived "by the very formation of this root that it "ſhall occupy but a very ſmall ſpace. Parſ-"nips are very good the ſecond day warmed "in the frying pan, and a little raſher of "pork, or bacon, will give them a nice "flavour."

Dr. Shepherd now ſaid, "as a proof of "the nouriſhing quality of parſnips, I was "reading in a hiſtory book this very day, "that the American Indians make a great "part of their bread of parſnips, though "Indian corn is ſo famous; it will make a "little variety too."

### *A Cheap Stew.*

"I remember," ſaid Mrs. White, "a "cheap diſh, ſo nice that it makes my "mouth water. I peel ſome raw potatoes, "ſlice them thin, put the ſlices into a deep "frying-pan, or pot, with a little water, an "onion, and a bit of pepper. Then I get "a bone or two of a breaſt of mutton, or

"a

"a little ſtrip of ſalt pork, and put into it. "Cover it down cloſe, keep in the ſteam, "and let it ſtew for an hour."

"You really get me an appetite, Mrs. "White, by your dainty receipts," ſaid the Doctor. "I am reſolved to have this diſh "at my own table. I could tell you an- "other very good diſh, and ſtill cheaper," anſwered ſhe. "Come, let us have it," cried the Doctor. "I ſhall write all down "as ſoon as I get home, and I will favour "any body with a copy of theſe receipts "who will call at my houſe."—"And I "will do more, ſir," ſaid Mrs. White, "for I will put any of theſe women in the "way how to dreſs it the firſt time, if they "are at a loſs. But this is my diſh:

"Take two or three pickled herrings, "put them into a ſtone jar, fill it up with "potatoes, and a little water, and let it bake "in the oven till it is done. I would give "one hint more," added ſhe; "I have "taken to uſe nothing but potatoe ſtarch; "and though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay

" it, nobody's linen in a common way looks " better than ours."

The Doctor now ſaid, " I am ſorry for " one hardſhip which many poor people la- " bour under, I mean the difficulty of get- " ting a little milk. I wiſh all farmers' " wives were as conſiderate as you are, Mrs. " White. A little milk is a great comfort " to the poor, eſpecially when their children " are ſick; and I have known it anſwer to " the ſeller as well as to the buyer, to keep " a cow or two on purpoſe to ſell it out by " the quart, inſtead of making butter and " cheeſe."

" Sir," ſaid farmer White, " I beg leave " to ſay a word to the men, if you pleaſe, " for all your advice goes to the women. " If you will drink leſs gin you may get " more meat. If you abſtain from the ale- " houſe, you may, many of you, get a little " one-way beer at home."—" Aye, that " we can farmer," ſaid poor Tom the thatcher, who was now got well. " Eaſter " Monday for that—I ſay no more. A " word

" word to the wife." The farmer smiled, and went on: " The number of public " houses in many a parish brings on more " hunger and rags than all the taxes in it, " heavy as they are. All the other evils " put together hardly make up the sum of " that one. We are now raising a fresh " subscription for you. This will be our " rule of giving. We will not give to sots, " gamblers, and sabbath-breakers. Those " who do not set their young children to " work on week-days, and send them to " school and church on Sundays, deserve little " favour. No man should keep a dog till " he has more food than his family wants. " If he feeds them at home, they rob his " children; if he starves them, they rob his " neighbours. We have heard in a neigh- " bouring city, that some people carried " back the subscription loaves, because they " were too coarse; but we hope better " things of you." Here Betty Plane begged, with all humility, to put in a word. " Certainly," said the Doctor, " we will

"liſten to all modeſt complaints, and try to "redreſs them."—"You are pleaſed to ſay, "ſir," ſaid ſhe, "that we might find much "comfort from buying coarſe bits of beef. "And ſo we might, but you do not know, "ſir, that we could ſeldom get them, even "when we had the money, and times were "ſo bad."—"How ſo, Betty?"—"Sir, "when we go to butcher Jobbins, for a "bit of ſhin, or any other lean piece, his "anſwer is, 'You can't have it to-day. "The cook at the great houſe has beſpoke "it for gravy, or the Doctor's maid (beg-"ging your pardon, ſir,) has juſt ordered "it for ſoup.' Now, ſir, if ſuch kind "gentlefolks were aware that this gravy "and ſoup not only conſume a great deal "of meat, which, to be ſure, thoſe have a "right to do who can pay for it; but that "it takes away thoſe coarſe pieces which "the poor would buy, if they bought at "all. For, indeed, the rich have been "very kind, and I don't know what we "ſhould have done without them."

"I thank you for the hint Betty," ſaid the Doctor, "and I aſſure you I will have "no more gravy ſoup. My garden will "ſupply me with ſoups that are both "wholeſomer and better; and I will an- "ſwer for my lady at the great houſe, that "ſhe will do the ſame. I hope this will "become a general rule, and then we ſhall "expect that butchers will favour you in "the prices of the coarſe pieces, if *we* who "are rich buy nothing but the prime. In "our gifts we ſhall prefer, as the farmer has "told you, thoſe who keep ſteadily to their "work. Such as come to the veſtry for a "loaf, and do not come to church for the "ſermon, we ſhall mark; and prefer thoſe "who come conſtantly whether there are "any gifts or not. But there is one rule "from which we never will depart. Thoſe "who have been ſeen aiding, or abetting "any riot, any attack on butchers, bakers, "wheat-mows, mills, or millers, we will "not relieve; but with the quiet, content- "ed, hard-working man, I will ſhare my

"laſt morſel of bread. I ſhall only add,
"though it has pleaſed God to ſend us this
"viſitation as a puniſhment, yet we may
"convert this ſhort trial into a laſting bleſ-
"ſing, if we all turn over a new leaf.
"Proſperity had made moſt of us careleſs.
"The thoughtleſs profuſion of ſome of the
"rich could only be exceeded by the idle-
"neſs and bad management of ſome of
"the poor. Let us now at laſt adopt that
"good old maxim, *every one mend one.*
"And may God add his bleſſing!"

The people now chearfully departed with their rice, reſolving, as many of them as could get milk, to put one of Mrs. White's receipts in practice, and an excellent ſupper they had.

THE

# HISTORY

OF

# *HESTER WILMOT.*

BEING THE SECOND PART OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL *.

HESTER WILMOT was born in the pariſh of Weſton, of parents who maintained themſelves by their labour; they were both of them ungodly, it is no wonder therefore they were unhappy. They lived badly together, and how could they do otherwiſe? for their tempers were very different, and

* See the preceding volume.

they

they had no religion to ſmooth down this difference, or to teach them that they ought to bear with each others faults. Rebecca Wilmot was a proof that people may have ſome right qualities, and yet be but bad characters, and utterly deſtitute of religion. She was clean, notable, and induſtrious. Now I know ſome folks fancy that the poor who have theſe qualities need have no other, but this is a ſad miſtake, as I am ſure every page in the Bible would ſhew; and it is a pity people do not conſult it oftener. They direct their plowing and ſowing by the information of the Almanack, why will they not conſult the Bible for the direction of their hearts and lives? Rebecca was of a violent, ungovernable temper; and that very neatneſs which is in itſelf ſo pleaſing, in her became a ſin, for her affection to her huſband and children was quite loſt in an over-anxious deſire to have her houſe reckoned the niceſt in the pariſh. Rebecca was alſo a proof that a poor woman may be as vain as a rich one, for it was not ſo

much

much the comfort of neatneſs, as the praiſe of neatneſs, which ſhe coveted. A ſpot on her hearth, or a bit of ruſt on a braſs candleſtick, would throw her into a violent paſſion. Now it is very right to keep the hearth clean and the candleſtick bright, but it is very wrong ſo to ſet one's affections on a hearth, or a candleſtick, as to make one's ſelf unhappy if any trifling accident happens to them; and if Rebecca had been as careful to keep her heart without ſpot, or her life without blemiſh, as ſhe was to keep her fire-irons free from either, ſhe would have been held up in this hiſtory, not as a warning, but a pattern, and in that caſe her nicety would have come in for a part of the praiſe. It was no fault in Rebecca, but a merit, that her oak table was ſo bright you could almoſt ſee to put your cap on in it; but it was no merit but a fault, that when John, her huſband, laid down his cup of beer upon it ſo as to leave a mark, ſhe would fly out into ſo terrible a paſſion that all the children were forced to run to corners;

now

now poor John having no corner to run to, ran to the ale-houſe, till that which was at firſt a refuge too ſoon became a pleaſure.

Rebecca never wiſhed her children to learn to read, becauſe ſhe ſaid it would only ſerve to make them lazy, and ſhe herſelf had done very well without it. She would keep poor Heſter from church to ſtone the ſpace under the chairs in fine patterns and flowers. I don't pretend to ſay there was any harm in this little decoration, it looks pretty enough, and it is better to let the children do that than do nothing. But ſtill theſe are not things to ſet one's heart upon; and beſides Rebecca only did it as a trap for praiſe; for ſhe was ſulky and diſappointed if any ladies happened to call in and did not ſeem delighted with the flowers which ſhe uſed to draw with a burnt ſtick on the white waſh of the chimney corners. Beſides, all this finery was often done on a Sunday, and there is a great deal of harm in doing right things at a wrong time, or in waſting much time on things which are

of

of no real uſe, or in doing any thing at all out of vanity. Now I beg that no lazy ſlattern of a wife will go and take any comfort in her dirt from what is here ſaid againſt Rebecca's nicety; for I believe, that for one who makes her huſband unhappy through neatneſs, twenty do ſo by dirt and lazineſs. All exceſſes are wrong, but the exceſs of a good quality is not ſo common as the exceſs of a bad one; and not being ſo obvious, perhaps, for that very reaſon requires more animadverſion.

John Wilmot was not an ill-natured man, but he had no fixed principle. Inſtead of ſetting himſelf to cure his wife's faults by mild reproof and a good example, he was driven by them into ſtill greater faults himſelf. It is a common caſe with people who have no religion when any croſs accident befals them, inſtead of trying to make the beſt of a bad matter, inſtead of conſidering their trouble as a trial ſent from God to purify them, or inſtead of conſidering the faults of others as a puniſhment for their own

own ſins, inſtead of this I ſay, what do they do but either ſink down at once into deſpair, or elſe run for comfort into evil courſes. Drinking is the common remedy for ſorrow, if that can be called a remedy, the end of which is to deſtroy ſoul and body. John now began to ſpend all his leiſure hours at the Bell. He uſed to be fond of his children; but when he could not come home in quiet and play with the little ones, while his wife dreſſed him a bit of hot ſupper, he grew in time not to come home at all. He who has once taken to drink can ſeldom be ſaid to be guilty of one ſin only; John's heart became hardened. His affection for his family was loſt in ſelf-indulgence. Patience and ſubmiſſion, on the part of his wife, might have won much upon a man of John's temper, but inſtead of trying to reclaim him, his wife ſeemed rather to delight in putting him as much in the wrong as ſhe could, that ſhe might be juſtified in her conſtant abuſe of him. I doubt whether ſhe would have been as much pleaſed with his

his reformation as ſhe was with always talking of his faults, though I know it was the opinion of the neighbours, that if ſhe had taken as much pains to reform her huſband by reforming her own temper, as ſhe did to abuſe him and expoſe him, her endeavours might have been bleſſed with ſucceſs. Good chriſtians, who are trying to ſubdue their own faults, can hardly believe that the ungodly have a ſort of ſavage ſatisfaction in trying, by indulgence of their own evil tempers, to leſſen the happineſs of thoſe with whom they have to do. Need we look any farther for a proof of our own corrupt nature, when we ſee mankind delight in ſins which have neither the temptation of profit or the allurement of pleaſure, ſuch as plaguing, vexing, or abuſing each other.

Heſter was the eldeſt of their five children; ſhe was a ſharp ſenſible girl, but at fourteen years old ſhe could not tell a letter, nor had ſhe ever been taught to bow her knee to Him who made her; for John's, or rather Rebecca's houſe, had ſeldom the

name of God pronounced in it, except to be blaſphemed.

It was juſt about this time, if I miſtake not, that Mrs. Jones ſet up her Sunday School, of which Mrs. Betty Crew was appointed miſtreſs, as was related in the laſt volume. Mrs. Jones finding that none of the Wilmots were ſent to ſchool, took a walk to Rebecca's houſe, and civilly told her ſhe called to let her know that a ſchool was opened, to which ſhe deſired her to ſend her children on the Sunday following, eſpecially her eldeſt daughter Heſter.— "Well," ſaid Rebecca, "and what will "you give her if I do?"—"Give her!" replied Mrs. Jones, "that is rather a rude "queſtion, and aſked in a rude manner: "however, as a ſoft anſwer turneth away "wrath, I aſſure you that I will give her "the beſt of learning; I will teach her to "*fear God and keep his commandments.*"— "I would rather you would teach her to "fear me, and to keep my houſe clean," ſaid this wicked woman. "She ſhan't

"come,

"come, however, unlefs you will pay her "for it."—"Pay her for it!" faid the lady, "will it not be reward enough that "fhe will be taught to read the word of "God without any expence to you? For "though many gifts both of books and "clothing will be given the children, yet "you are not to confider thefe gifts fo "much in the light of payment as an ex-"preffion of good-will in your benefactors." "I fay," interrupted Rebecca, "that Hef-"ter fhan't go to fchool. Religion is of "no ufe that I know of but to make people "hate their own flefh and blood; and I "fee no good in learning but to make folks "proud, and lazy, and dirty. I cannot "tell a letter myfelf, and, though I fay "it, that fhould not fay it, there is not a "notabler woman in the parifh."—"Pray," faid Mrs. Jones mildly, "do you think "that young people will difobey their pa-"rents the more for being taught to fear "God?"—"I don't think any thing about

"it," ſaid Rebecca; "I ſhan't let her "come, and there's the long and ſhort of "the matter. Heſter has other fiſh to fry; "but you may have ſome of theſe little "ones if you will?"—"No," ſaid Mrs. Jones, "I will not; I have not ſet up a "nurſery, but a ſchool. I am not at all "this expence to take crying babes out of "the mother's way, but to inſtruct reaſon-"able beings in the road to eternal life; "and it ought to be a rule in all ſchools "not to take the troubleſome *young* child-"ren unleſs the mother will try to ſpare "the *elder* ones, who are capable of learn-"ing."—"But," ſaid Rebecca, "I have "a young child which Heſter muſt nurſe "while I dreſs dinner. And ſhe muſt iron "the rags, and ſcour the irons, and dig the "potatoes, and fetch the water to boil "them."—"As to nurſing the child, that "is indeed a neceſſary duty, and Heſter "ought to ſtay at home part of the day to "enable you to go to church; and families "ſhould relieve each other in this way, but

"as

"as to all the reſt they are no reaſons at all, "for the irons need not be ſcoured ſo often, "and the rags ſhould be ironed, and the "potatoes dug, and the water fetched on "the Saturday; and I can tell you that "neither your miniſter here, nor your judge "hereafter, will accept of any ſuch ex- "cuſes."

All this while Heſter ſtaid behind, pale and trembling, leſt her unkind mother ſhould carry her point. She looked up at Mrs. Jones with ſo much love and gratitude as to win her affection, and this good lady went on trying to ſoften this harſh mother. At laſt Rebecca condeſcended to ſay, "Well, I don't know but I may let her "come now and then when I can ſpare her, "provided I find you make it worth her "while." All this time ſhe had never aſked Mrs. Jones to ſit down, nor had once bid her young children be quiet, though they were crying and ſqualling the whole time. Rebecca fancied this rudeneſs was the only way ſhe had of ſhewing ſhe thought

herſelf to be as good as her gueſt, but Mrs. Jones never loſt her temper. The moment ſhe went out of the houſe, Rebecca called out loud enough for her to hear, and ordered Heſter to get the ſtone and a bit of ſand to ſcrub out the prints of that dirty woman's ſhoes. Heſter in high ſpirits chearfully obeyed, and rubbed out the ſtains ſo neatly, that her mother could not help lamenting that ſo handy a girl was going to be ſpoiled by being taught godlineſs, and learning, and ſuch nonſenſe.

Mrs. Jones, who knew the world, told her agent, Mrs. Crew, that her grand difficulty would ariſe not ſo much from the children as the parents. Theſe, ſaid ſhe, are apt to fall into that ſad miſtake, that becauſe their children are poor, and have little of this world's goods, the mothers muſt make it up to them in falſe indulgence. The children of the gentry are much more reproved and corrected for their faults, and bred up in far ſtricter diſcipline. He was a king who ſaid, *Chaſten thy ſon, and let not thy*

*thy rod spare for his crying.* But do not lose your patience; the more vicious the children are, you must remember the more they stand in need of your instruction. When they are bad, comfort yourself with thinking, how much worse they would have been but for you; and what a burden they would become to society if these evil tempers were to receive no check. The great thing which enabled Mrs. Crew to teach well, was the deep insight she had got into the corruption of human nature. And I doubt if any one can make a thoroughly good teacher of religion and morals who wants this master-key to the heart. Others indeed may teach knowledge, decency, and good manners; but those, however valuable, are not Christianity. Mrs. Crew, who knew that out of the heart proceed lying, theft, and all that train of evils which begin to break out even in young children, applied her labours to correct this root of evil. But though a diligent, she was an humble teacher, well knowing that unless the

the grace of God bleffed her labours, fhe fhould but labour in vain.

Hefter Wilmot never failed to attend the fchool, whenever her perverfe mother would give her leave, and her delight in learning was fo great, that fhe would work early and late to gain a little time for her book. As fhe had a quick capacity, fhe learned foon to fpell and read, and Mrs. Crew obferving her diligence, ufed to lend her a book to carry home, that fhe might pick up a little at odd times. It would be well if teachers would make this diftinction. To give, or lend books to thofe who take no delight in them is an ufelefs expence; while it is kind and right to affift well-difpofed young people with every help of this fort. Thofe who love books feldom hurt them, while the floth-ful, who hate learning, will wear out a book more in a week than the diligent will do in a year. Hefter's way was to read over one queftion in her catechifm, or one verfe in her hymn-book, by fire-light before fhe went to-bed; this fhe thought over in the

the night; and when ſhe was dreſſing herſelf in the morning ſhe was glad to find ſhe always knew a little more than ſhe had done the morning before. It is not to be believed how much thoſe people will be found to have gained at the end of the year, who are accuſtomed to work up all the little odd ends and remnants of leiſure; who value time even more than money; and who are convinced that minutes are no more to be waſted than pence. Nay, he who finds he has waſted a ſhilling may by diligence hope to fetch it up again; but no repentance, or induſtry, can ever bring back one waſted hour. My good young reader, if ever *you* are tempted to waſte an hour, go and aſk a dying man what he would give for that hour which you are throwing away, and according as he anſwers, ſo do you act.

As her mother hated the ſight of a book, Heſter was forced to learn out of ſight: it was no diſobedience to do this, as long as ſhe waſted no part of that time which it was her

her duty to ſpend in uſeful labour. She would have thought it a ſin to have left her work for her book; but ſhe did not think it wrong to ſteal time from her ſleep, and to be learning an hour before the reſt of the family were awake. Heſter would not neglect the waſhing-tub, or the ſpinning-wheel, even to get on with her catechiſm; but ſhe thought it fair to think over her queſtions, while ſhe was waſhing and ſpinning. In a few months ſhe was able to read fluently in St. John's goſpel, which is the eaſieſt. But Mrs. Crew did not think it enough that her children could read a chapter, ſhe would make them underſtand it alſo. It is in a good degree owing to the want of religious knowledge in teachers, that there is ſo little religion in the world. Unleſs the Bible is laid open to the underſtanding, children may read from Geneſis to the Revelation, without any other improvement than barely learning how to pronounce the words. Mrs. Crew found there was but one way to compel their attention; this

this was by obliging them to return back again to her the ſenſe of what ſhe had read to them, and this they might do in their own words, if they could not remember the words of ſcripture. Thoſe who had weak capacities would, to be ſure, do this but very imperfectly; but even the weakeſt, if they were willing, would retain ſomething. She ſo managed, that *ſaying the Catechiſm* was not merely an act of the memory, but of the underſtanding; for ſhe had obſerved formerly, that thoſe who had learned the Catechiſm in the common formal way, when they were children, had never underſtood it when they became men and women, and it remained in the memory without having made any impreſſion on the mind. Thus this fine ſummary of the chriſtian religion is conſidered as little more than a form of words, the being able to repeat which is a qualification for being confirmed by the biſhop, inſtead of being conſidered as really containing thoſe grounds of chriſtian faith

faith and practice, by which they are to be confirmed chriſtians.

Mrs. Crew uſed to ſay to Mrs. Jones, Thoſe who teach the poor muſt indeed give line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, as they can receive it. So that teaching muſt be a great grievance to thoſe who do not really make it a *labour of love.* I ſee ſo much levity, obſtinacy, and ignorance, that it keeps my own forbearance in continual exerciſe, inſomuch, that I truſt that I am getting good myſelf while I am doing good to others. No one, madam, can know till they try, that after they have aſked a poor untaught child the ſame queſtion nineteen times, they muſt not loſe their temper, but go on and aſk it the twentieth. Now and then, when I am tempted to be impatient, I correct myſelf, by thinking over that active proof which our bleſſed Saviour requires of our love to him when he ſays, *Feed my lambs.*

Heſter

Heſter Wilmot had never been bred to go to church, for her father and mother had never thought of going themſelves, unleſs at a chriſtening in their own family, or at a funeral of their neighbours, both of which they conſidered merely as opportunities for good eating and drinking, and not as offices of religion.

As poor Heſter had no comfort at home, it was the leſs wonder ſhe delighted in her ſchool, her Bible, and her church; for ſo great is God's goodneſs, that he is pleaſed to make religion a peculiar comfort to thoſe who have no other comfort. The God whoſe name ſhe had ſeldom heard but when it was *taken in vain*, was now revealed to her as a God of infinite power, juſtice, and holineſs. What ſhe read in her Bible, and what ſhe felt in her own heart, convinced her ſhe was a ſinner; and her catechiſm ſaid the ſame. She was much diſtreſſed one day on thinking over this promiſe which ſhe had juſt made, (in anſwer to the queſtion which fell to her lot,) *To renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps*

*and*

*and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh.* I say she was distressed on finding that these were not merely certain words which she was bound to repeat, but certain conditions which she was bound to perform. She was sadly puzzled to know how this was to be done, till she met with these words in her Bible: *My grace is sufficient for thee.* But still she was at a loss to know how this grace was to be obtained. Happily Mr. Simpson preached on the next Sunday from this text, *Ask and ye shall have*, &c. In this sermon was explained to her the nature, the duty, and the efficacy of prayer. After this she opened her heart to Mrs. Crew, who taught her the great doctrines of Scripture, in a serious, but plain way. Hester's own heart led her to assent to that humbling doctrine of the catechism, that *We are by nature born in sin;* and truly glad was she to be relieved by hearing of *That spiritual grace by which we have a new birth unto righteousness.* Thus her mind was no sooner humbled by one part, than it gained comfort from another. On the

other

other hand, while ſhe was rejoicing in *a lively hope in God's mercy through Chriſt*, her miſtreſs put her in mind that that was the only *true* repentance, *by which we forſake ſin*. Thus the catechiſm, explained by a pious teacher, was found to contain *all the articles of the chriſtian faith*.

Mrs. Jones greatly diſapproved the practice of turning away the ſcholars becauſe they were grown up. Young people, ſaid ſhe, want to be warned at ſixteen more than they did at ſix, and they are commonly turned adrift at the very age when they want moſt inſtruction; when dangers and temptations moſt beſet them. They are expoſed to more evil by the leiſure of a Sunday evening than by the buſineſs of a whole week: but then religion muſt be made pleaſant, and inſtruction muſt be carried on in a kind, and agreeable, and familiar way. If they once diſlike the teacher they will ſoon get to diſlike what is taught, ſo that a maſter or miſtreſs is in ſome meaſure anſwerable for the future

piety of young perſons, inaſmuch as that piety depends on their manner of making religion pleaſant as well as profitable.

To attend Mrs. Jones's evening inſtructions was ſoon thought not a taſk but a holiday. In a few months it was reckoned a diſadvantage to the character of any young perſon in the pariſh to know they did not attend the evening ſchool. At firſt, indeed, many of them came only with a view to learn muſement; but, by the bleſſing of God, they grew fond of inſtruction, and ſome of them became truly pious. Mrs. Jones ſpoke to them one Sunday evening as follows:—"My dear young wo-
"men, I rejoice at your improvement; but
"I rejoice with trembling. I have known
"young people ſet out well, who afterwards
"fell off. The heart is deceitful. Many
"like religious knowledge, who do not
"like the ſtrictneſs of a religious life. I
"muſt therefore watch whether thoſe who
"are diligent at church and ſchool, are dili-
"gent in their daily walk. Whether thoſe
"who

"who ſay they *believe* in God, really *obey* "him. Whether they who profeſs to *love* "Chriſt keep his *commandments*. Thoſe "who hear themſelves commended for "early piety, may learn to reſt ſatisfied "with the praiſe of man. People may get "a knack at religious phraſes without being "religious; they may even get to frequent "places of worſhip as an amuſement, in "order to meet their friends, and may "learn to delight in a ſort of *ſpiritual goſ-* "*ſip*, while religion has no power in their "hearts. But I hope better things of you, "and things that accompany ſalvation, "though I thus ſpeak."

What became of Heſter Wilmot, with ſome account of Mrs. Jones's May-day feaſt for her ſchool, my readers ſhall be told next month.

## PART II.

### *The New Gown.*

HESTER WILMOT, I am ſorry to obſerve, had been by nature peeviſh, and lazy; ſhe would, when a child, now and then ſlight her work, and when her mother was very unreaſonable ſhe was too apt to return her a ſaucy anſwer; but when ſhe became acquainted with her own heart, and with the ſcriptures, theſe evil tempers were, in a good meaſure, ſubdued, for ſhe now learnt to imitate, not her violent mother, but *him who was meek and lowly*. When ſhe was ſcolded for doing ill, ſhe prayed for grace to do better; and the only anſwer ſhe made to her mother's charge, "that religion "only ſerved to make people lazy," was to ſtrive to do twice as much work, in order to prove that it really made them diligent. The only thing in which ſhe ventured to diſobey her mother was, that when ſhe ordered her to do week-days' work on a Sun-

a Sunday, Hefter cried, and faid, fhe did not dare to difobey God; but to fhow that fhe did not wifh to fave her own labour, fhe would do a double portion of work on the Saturday night, and rife two hours earlier on the Monday morning.

Once, when fhe had worked very hard, her mother told her fhe would treat her with a holiday the following Sabbath, and take her a fine walk to eat cakes and drink ale at Wefton fair, which, though it was profeffed to be kept on the Monday, yet, to the difgrace of the village, always began on the Sunday evening *. Rebecca, who would on no account have wafted the Monday, which was a working day, in idlenefs

* This practice is too common. Thofe fairs which profefs to be kept on Monday, commonly begin on the Sunday. It is much to be wifhed that magiftrates would put a ftop to it, as Mr. Simpfon did at Wefton, at the requeft of Mrs. Jones. There is another great evil worth the notice of juftices. In many villages, during the fair, ale is fold at private houfes, which have no licence, to the great injury of fobriety and good morals.



and

and pleaſure, thought ſhe had a very good right to enjoy herſelf at the fair on the Sunday evening, as well as to take her children. Heſter earneſtly begged to be left at home, and her mother in a rage went without her. A wet walk, and more ale than ſhe was uſed to drink, gave Rebecca a dangerous fever. During this illneſs, Heſter, who would not follow her to a ſcene of diſſolute mirth, attended her night and day, and denied herſelf neceſſaries that her ſick mother might have comforts: and though ſhe ſecretly prayed to God that this ſickneſs might change her mother's heart, yet ſhe never once reproached her, or put her in mind, that it was caught by indulging in a ſinful pleaſure.

Another Sunday night her father told Heſter, he thought ſhe had now been at ſchool long enough for him to have a little good of her learning, ſo he deſired ſhe would ſtay at home and read to him. Heſter cheerfully ran and fetched her Teſtament. But John fell a laughing, called

her

her a fool, and ſaid, it would be time enough to read the Teſtament to him when he was going to die, but at preſent he muſt have ſomething merry. So ſaying, he gave her a ſong-book which he had picked up at the Bell. Heſter having caſt her eyes over it, refuſed to read it, ſaying ſhe did not dare offend God by reading what would hurt her own ſoul, John called her a canting hypocrite, and ſaid, he would put the Teſtament into the fire, for that there was not a more merry girl than ſhe was before ſhe became religious. Her mother for once took her part, not becauſe ſhe thought her daughter in the right, but becauſe ſhe was glad of any pretence to ſhew her huſband was in the wrong; though ſhe herſelf would have abuſed Heſter for the ſame thing if John had taken her part. John, with a ſhocking oath, abuſed them both, and went off in a violent paſſion. Heſter, inſtead of ſaying one undutiful word againſt her father, took up a Pſalter in order to teach her little ſiſters; but Rebecca was ſo provoked at her for not join-

ing her in her abuſe of her huſband, that ſhe changed her humour, ſaid John was in the right, and Heſter a perverſe hypocrite, who only made religion a pretence for being undutiful to her parents. Heſter bore all in ſilence, and committed her cauſe to him *who judgeth righteouſly*. It would have been a great comfort to her if ſhe had dared to go to Mrs. Crew, and to have joined in the religious exerciſes of the evening at ſchool. But her mother refuſed to let her, ſaying, it would only harden her heart in miſchief. Heſter ſaid not a word, but after having put the little ones to bed, and heard them ſay their prayers out of ſight, ſhe went and ſat down in her own little loft, and ſaid to herſelf, it would be pleaſant to me to have taught my little ſiſters to read, I thought it was my duty, for David has ſaid, *Come ye children, hearken unto me, I will teach you the fear the Lord.* It would have been ſtill more pleaſant to have paſſed the evening at ſchool, becauſe I am ſtill ignorant, and fitter to learn than to teach; but I cannot do either without

flying

flying in the face of my mother; God fees fit to-night to change my pleafant duties into a painful trial. I give up my will, and I fubmit to the will of my father; but when he orders me to commit a known fin, then I dare not do it, becaufe, in fo doing, I muft difobey my father which is in heaven.

Now it fo fell out, that this difpute happened on the very Sunday next before Mrs. Jones's yearly feaft. On May-day all the fchool attended her to church, each in a ftuff gown of their own earning, and a cap and white apron of her giving. After church there was an examination made into the learning and behaviour of the fcholars; thofe who were moft perfect in their chapters, and who brought the beft character for induftry, humility, and fobriety, received a Bible, or fome other good book.

Now Hefter had been a whole year hoarding up her little favings, in order to be ready with a new gown on the May-day feaft. She had never got lefs than two fhillings a-week by her fpinning, befides working for the family, and earning a

trifle by odd jobs. This money ſhe faithfully carried to her mother every Saturday night, keeping back, by conſent, only twopence a-week towards the gown. The ſum was complete, the pattern had long been ſettled, and Heſter had only on the Monday morning to go to the ſhop, pay her money, and bring home her gown to be made. Her mother happened to go out that morning early to iron in a gentleman's family, where ſhe uſually ſtaid a day or two, and Heſter was buſy putting the houſe in order before ſhe went to the ſhop.

On that very Monday there was to be a meeting at the Bell of all the idle fellows in the pariſh, John Wilmot of courſe was to be there. Indeed he had accepted a challenge of the blackſmith to a batch at all-fours. The blackſmith was fluſh of money, John thought himſelf the beſt player; and that he might make ſure of winning, he reſolved to keep himſelf ſober, which he knew was more than the other would do. John was ſo uſed to go upon tick for ale, that he got to the door of the Bell before

he

he recollected that he could not keep his word with the gambler without money, and he had not a penny in his pocket, fo he fullenly turned homewards. He dared not apply to his wife, as he knew he fhould be more likely to get a fcratched face than a fix-pence from her; but he knew that Hefter had received two fhillings for her laft week's fpinning on Saturday, and perhaps fhe might not yet have given it to her mother. Of the hoarded fum he knew nothing. He afked her if fhe could lend him half-a-crown, and he would pay her next day. Hefter, pleafed to fee him in good-humour, after what had paffed the night before, ran up and fetched down her little box, and in the joy of her heart that he now defired fomething fhe *could* comply with, without wounding her confcience, cheerfully poured out her whole little ftock upon the table. John was in raptures at the fight of three half-crowns and a fixpence, and eagerly feized it, box and all, together with a few hoarded halfpence at the bottom, though he had only afked to

borrow

borrow half-a-crown. None but one whoſe heart was hardened by a long courſe of drunkenneſs could have taken away the whole, and for ſuch a purpoſe. He told her ſhe ſhould certainly have it again next morning, and, indeed, intended to pay it, not doubting but he ſhould double the ſum. But John over-rated his own ſkill, or luck, for he loſt every farthing to the blackſmith, and ſneaked home before midnight, and quietly walked up to-bed. He was quite ſober, which Heſter thought a good ſign. Next morning ſhe aſked him, in a very humble way, for the money, which ſhe ſaid ſhe would not have done, but that if the gown was not bought directly it would not be ready in time for the feaſt. John's conſcience had troubled him a little for what he had done, for when he was not drunk he was not ill-natured, and he ſtammered out a broken excuſe, but owned he had loſt the money, and had not a farthing left. The moment Heſter ſaw him mild and kind, her heart was ſoftened, and ſhe begged him not to vex; adding, that ſhe

would be contented never to have a new gown as long as ſhe lived, if ſhe could have the comfort of always ſeeing him come home as ſober as he was laſt night. For Heſter did not know that he had refrained from getting drunk, only that he might gamble with a better chance of ſucceſs, and that when a gameſter keeps himſelf ſober, it is not that he may practiſe a virtue, but that he may commit a worſe crime. "I "am indeed ſorry for what I have done," ſaid he; "you cannot go to the feaſt, and "what will Madam Jones ſay?"—"Yes, "but I can," ſaid Heſter, "for God looks "not at the gown, but at the heart, and I "am ſure he ſees mine full of gratitude at "hearing you talk ſo kindly; and if I "thought my dear father would change his "preſent evil courſes, I ſhould be the hap-"pieſt girl at the feaſt to-morrow." John walked away mournfully, and ſaid to himſelf, ſurely there muſt be ſomething in religion, ſince it can thus change the heart. Heſter was once a pert girl, and now ſhe is as mild as a lamb. She was once an indolent

girl,

girl, and now ſhe is up with the lark. She was a vain girl, and would do any thing for a new ribbon; and now ſhe is contented to go in rags to a feaſt at which every one elſe will have a new gown. She deprived herſelf of her gown to give me the money; and yet this very girl, ſo dutiful in ſome things, would ſubmit to be turned out of doors, rather than read a looſe book at my command, or break the Sabbath. I do not underſtand this; there muſt be ſome myſtery in it. All this he ſaid as he was going to work. In the evening he did not go to the Bell; whether it was owing to his new thoughts, or to his not having a penny in his pocket, I will not take upon me poſitively to ſay, but I believe it was a little of one, and a little of the other.

As the pattern of the intended gown had long been ſettled in the family, and as Heſter had the money by her, it was looked on as good as bought, ſo that ſhe was truſted to get it brought home, and made in her mother's abſence. Indeed, ſo little did Rebecca care about the ſchool, that ſhe would

not have cared any thing about the gown, if her vanity had not made her wiſh that her daughter ſhould be the beſt dreſt of any girl at the feaſt. Being from home, as was ſaid before, ſhe knew nothing of the diſappointment. On May-day morning, Heſter, inſtead of keeping from the feaſt, becauſe ſhe had not a new gown, or meanly inventing any excuſe for wearing an old one, dreſſed herſelf out as neatly as ſhe could in her poor old things, and went to join the ſchool in order to go to church. Whether Heſter had formerly indulged a little pride of heart, and talked of this gown rather too much, I am not quite ſure; certain it is, there was a great hue and cry made at ſeeing Heſter Wilmot, the neateſt girl, the moſt induſtrious girl in the ſchool, come to the May-day feaſt in an old ſtuff gown, when every other girl was ſo creditably dreſt. Indeed, I am ſorry to ſay, there were two or three much too ſmart for their ſtation, and who had dizened themſelves out in very improper finery, which Mrs. Jones made them take

off

off before her. "I mean this feaſt," ſaid ſhe, "as a reward of induſtry and piety, "and not as a trial of ſkill who can be "fineſt, and outvie the reſt in ſhow. If I "do not take care, my feaſt will become an "encouragement, not to virtue, but to "vanity. I am ſo great a friend to decency "of apparel, that I even like to ſee you "deny your appetites, that you may be "able to come decently dreſſed to the "houſe of God. To encourage you to do "this, I like to ſet apart this one day of "innocent pleaſure, againſt which you "may be preparing all the year, by laying "aſide ſomething every week towards buy-"ing a gown out of your little ſavings. "But, let me tell you, that meekneſs and "an humble ſpirit is of more value in the "ſight of God and good men, than the "gayeſt cotton gown, or the brighteſt pink "ribbon in the pariſh."

Mrs. Jones, for all this, was as much ſurpriſed as the reſt at Heſter's mean garb: but ſuch is the power of a good character, that

that ſhe gave her credit for a right intention, eſpecially as ſhe knew the unhappy ſtate of her family. For it was Mrs. Jones's way (and it is not a bad way) always to wait, and enquire into the truth, before ſhe condemned any perſon of good character, though appearances were againſt them. As we cannot judge of people's motives, ſaid ſhe, we may, from ignorance, often condemn their beſt actions, and approve of their worſt. It will be always time enough to judge unfavourably, and let us give others credit as long as we can, and then we, in our turn, may expect a favourable judgment from others, and remember who has ſaid, *Judge not, that ye be not judged.*

Heſter was no more proud of what ſhe had done for her father, than ſhe was humbled by the meanneſs of her garb; and notwithſtanding Betty Stiles, one of the girls whoſe finery had been taken away, ſneered at her, Heſter never offered to clear herſelf, by expoſing her father, though ſhe thought it right ſecretly to inform Mrs.

Jones of what had paſt. When the examination of the girls began, Betty Stiles was aſked ſome queſtions on the fourth and fifth commandments which ſhe anſwered very well. Heſter was aſked nearly the ſame queſtions, and, though ſhe anſwered them no better than Betty had done, they were all ſurpriſed to ſee Mrs. Jones riſe up, and give a handſome Bible to Heſter, while ſhe gave nothing to Betty. This girl cried out rather pertly, " Madam, it is very hard " that I have no book; I was as perfect " as Heſter."—" I have often told you," ſaid Mrs. Jones, " that religion is not a " thing of the tongue but of the heart. " That girl gives me the beſt proof that ſhe " has learned the fourth commandment to " good purpoſe, who perſiſts in keeping " holy the Sabbath-day, though commanded to break it by a parent whom ſhe " loves. And that girl beſt proves that ſhe " keeps the fifth, who gives up her own " comfort, and clothing, and credit, *to* " *honour and obey her father and mother*,

" even

"even though they are not ſuch as ſhe "could wiſh. Betty Stiles, though ſhe "could anſwer the queſtions ſo readily, "went abroad laſt Sunday, when ſhe ſhould "have been at ſchool, and refuſed to nurſe "her ſick mother, when ſhe could not help "herſelf. Is this having learnt theſe two "commandments to any good purpoſe?"

Farmer Hoſkins, who ſtood by, whiſpered Mrs. Jones, "Well, madam, now you "have convinced even me of the benefit of "religious inſtruction; now I ſee there is "a meaning to it. I thought it was in at "one ear and out at the other, and that a "ſong was as well as a pſalm; but now I "have found the proof of the pudding is "in the eating. I ſee your ſcholars muſt "*do* what they *hear*, and *obey* what they "*learn*. Why, at this rate, they will all "be the better ſervants for being really "godly, and ſo I will add a pudding to "next year's feaſt."

The pleaſure Heſter felt in receiving a new Bible, made her forget that ſhe had on

an old gown. She walked to church in a thankful frame; but how great was her joy, when ſhe ſaw, among a number of working men, her own father going into church! As ſhe paſt by him, ſhe caſt on him a look of ſo much joy and affection, that it brought tears into his eyes, eſpecially when he compared her mean dreſs with that of the other girls, and thought who had been the cauſe of it. John, who had not been at church for ſome years, was deeply ſtruck with the ſervice. The confeſſion with which it opens went to his heart. He felt, for the firſt time, that he was a *miſerable ſinner, and that there was no health in him.* He now felt compunction for ſin in general, though it was only his ill-behaviour to his daughter which had brought him to church. The ſermon was ſuch as ſerved to ſtrengthen the impreſſion which the prayers had made; and when it was over, inſtead of joining the ringers (for the belfry was the only part of the church John liked, becauſe it uſually led to the alehouſe) he quietly walked

walked back to his work. It was, indeed, the beſt day's work he ever made. He could not get out of his head the whole day the firſt words he heard at church: *When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedneſs, and doth that which is lawful and right, he ſhall ſave his ſoul alive.* At night, inſtead of going to the Bell, he went home, intending to aſk Heſter to forgive him; but as ſoon as he got to the door, he heard Rebecca ſcolding his daughter for having brought ſuch a diſgrace on the family as to be ſeen in that old rag of a gown, and inſiſted on knowing what ſhe had done with the money. Heſter tried to keep the ſecret, but her mother declared ſhe would turn her out of doors if ſhe did not tell the truth. Heſter was at laſt forced to confeſs ſhe had given it to her father. Unfortunately for poor John, it was at this very moment that he opened the door. The mother now divided her fury between her guilty huſband and her innocent child, till from words ſhe fell to blows. John de-

fended his daughter, and received ſome of the ſtrokes intended for the poor girl. This turbulent ſcene partly put John's good reſolutions to flight, though the patience of Heſter did him almoſt as much good as the ſermon he had heard. At length the poor girl eſcaped up ſtairs, not a little bruiſed, and a ſcene of much violence paſſed between John and Rebecca. She declared ſhe would not ſit down to ſupper with ſuch a brute, and ſet off to a neighbour's houſe, that ſhe might have the pleaſure of abuſing him the longer. John, whoſe mind was much diſturbed, went up ſtairs without his ſupper. As he was paſſing by Heſter's little room he heard her voice, and as he concluded ſhe was venting bitter complaints againſt her unnatural parents, he ſtopped to liſten, reſolving to go in and comfort her. He ſtopped at the door, for, by the light of the moon, he ſaw her kneeling by her bedſide, and praying ſo earneſtly that ſhe did not hear him. As he made ſure ſhe could be praying for nothing but his death, what was his

his furprife to hear thefe words, " O Lord, " have mercy upon my dear father and mo- " ther, teach me to love them, to pray for " them, and do them good; make me more " dutiful and more patient, that, adorning " the doctrine of God, my Saviour, I may " recommend his holy religion, and my " dear parents may be brought to love and " fear thee, through Jefus Chrift."

Poor John, who would never have been hard-hearted if he had not been a drunkard, could not ftand this, he fell down on his knees, embraced his child, and begged her to teach him how to pray. He prayed himfelf as well as he could, and though he did not know what words to ufe, yet his heart was melted; he owned he was a finner, and begged Hefter to fetch the prayer-book, and read over the confeffion with which he had been fo ftruck at church. This was the pleafanteft order fhe had ever obeyed. Seeing him deeply affected with a fenfe of fin, fhe pointed out to him the Saviour of finners; and in this manner fhe paft fome hours

hours with her father, which were the happieſt of her life; ſuch a night was worth a a hundred cotton, or even ſilk gowns. In the courſe of the week Heſter read over the confeſſion, and ſome other prayers, to her father ſo often that he got them by heart, and repeated them while he was at work. She next taught him the fifty-firſt pſalm. At length he took courage to kneel down and pray before he went to bed. From that time he bore his wife's ill-humour much better than he had ever done, and, as he knew her to be neat, and notable, and ſaving, he began to think, that if her temper was not quite ſo bad, his home might ſtill become as pleaſant a place to him as ever the Bell had been: but unleſs ſhe became more tractable he did not know what to do with his long evenings after the little ones were in bed, for he began, once more, to delight in playing with them. Heſter propoſed that ſhe herſelf ſhould teach him to read an hour every night, and he conſented. Rebecca began to ſtorm, from the

mere trick ſhe had got of ſtorming; but finding that he now brought home all his earnings, and that ſhe got both his money and his company (for ſhe had once loved him) ſhe began to reconcile herſelf to this new way of life. In a few months John could read a pſalm. In learning to read it he alſo got it by heart, and this proved a little ſtore for private devotion, and while he was mowing or reaping he could call to mind a text to cheer his labour. He now went conſtantly to church, and often dropped in at the ſchool on a Sunday evening to hear their prayers. He expreſſed ſo much pleaſure at this, that one day Heſter ventured to aſk him if they ſhould ſet up family prayer at home? John ſaid he ſhould like it mightily, but as he could not yet read quite well enough, he deſired Heſter to try to get a proper book and begin next Sunday night. Heſter had bought, of a pious hawker, for three half-pence *, the

* Theſe prayers may be had alſo divided into two parts, one fit for private perſons, the other for families, price one halfpenny.

Book of Prayers, printed for the Cheap Repoſitory, and knew ſhe ſhould there find ſomething ſuitable.

When Heſter read the exhortation at the beginning of this little book, her mother, who ſat in the corner, and pretended to be aſleep, was ſo much ſtruck that ſhe could not find a word to ſay againſt it. For a few nights, indeed, ſhe continued to ſit ſtill, or pretended to rock the young child while her huſband and daughter were kneeling at their prayers. She expected John would have ſcolded her for this, and ſo perverſe was her temper, that ſhe was diſappointed at his finding no fault with her. Seeing at laſt that he was very patient, and that though he prayed fervently himſelf he ſuffered her to do as ſhe liked, ſhe loſt the ſpirit of oppoſition for want of ſomething to provoke it. As her pride began to be ſubdued, ſome little diſpoſition to piety was awakened in her heart. By degrees ſhe ſlid down on her knees, though at firſt it was behind the cradle, or the clock, or in ſome corner, where ſhe thought they

they would not ſee her. Heſter rejoiced even in this outward change in her mother, and prayed that God would at laſt be pleaſed to touch her heart as he had done that of her father.

As John now ſpent no idle money, he had ſaved up a trifle by working over-hours; this he kindly offered to Heſter to make up for the loſs of her gown. Inſtead of accepting it, Heſter told him, that as ſhe herſelf was young and healthy, ſhe ſhould ſoon be able to clothe herſelf out of her own ſavings, and begged him to make her mother a preſent of this gown, which he did. It had been a maxim of Rebecca, that it was better not to go to church at all than go in an old gown. She had, however, ſo far conquered this evil notion, that ſhe had lately gone pretty often. This kindneſs of the gown touched her not a little, and the firſt Sunday ſhe put it on, Mr. Simpſon happened to preach from this text, *God reſiſteth the proud, but giveth grace*

to

*to the humble.* This ſermon ſo affected Rebecca that ſhe never once thought ſhe had her new gown on, till ſhe came to take it off when ſhe went to bed, and that very night, inſtead of ſkulking behind, ſhe knelt down by her huſband, and joined in prayer with much fervour.

There was one thing ſunk deep in Rebecca's mind; ſhe had obſerved, that ſince her huſband had grown religious he had been ſo careful not to give her any offence, that he was become ſcrupulouſly clean; took off his dirty ſhoes before he ſat down, and was very cautious not to ſpill a drop of beer on her ſhining table. Now it was rather remarkable, that as John grew more neat, Rebecca grew more indifferent to neatneſs. But both theſe changes aroſe from the ſame cauſe, the growth of religion in their hearts. John grew cleanly from the fear of giving pain to his wife, while Rebecca grew indifferent from having diſcovered the ſin and folly of an over-anxious

care

care about trifles. When the heart is once given up to God, ſuch vanities in a good degree die of themſelves.

Heſter continues to grow in grace, and in knowledge. Laſt Chriſtmas-day ſhe was appointed an under teacher in the ſchool, and many people think that ſome years hence, if any thing ſhould happen to Mrs. Crew, Heſter may be promoted to be head-miſtreſs.

# ALLEGORIES.

## THE GRAND ASSIZES, &c.

### OR

## *GENERAL GAOL DELIVERY.*

THERE was in a certain country a great king, who was alſo a judge. He was very merciful, but he was alſo very juſt; for he uſed to ſay, that juſtice was the foundation of all goodneſs, and that indiſcriminate and miſapplied mercy was in fact injuſtice. His ſubjects were apt enough, in a general way, to extol his merciful temper, and eſpecially thoſe ſubjects who were always committing crimes

crimes which made them particularly liable to be puniſhed by his juſtice. This laſt quality they conſtantly kept out of ſight, till they had cheated themſelves into a notion that he was too good to puniſh at all.

Now it had happened a long time before, that this whole people had broken their allegiance, and had forfeited the king's favour, and had alſo fallen from a very proſperous ſtate in which he had originally placed them, having one and all become bankrupts. But when they were over head and ears in debt, and had nothing to pay, the king's ſon moſt generouſly took the whole burden of their debts on himſelf; and, in ſhort, it was propoſed that all their affairs ſhould be ſettled, and their very crimes forgiven, (for they were criminals as well as debtors,) provided only they would ſhew themſelves ſincerely ſorry for what they had done themſelves, and be thankful for what had been done for them. I ſhould however remark, that a book was alſo given them, in which a true and faithful account of their own rebellion

rebellion was written; and of the manner of obtaining the king's pardon, together with a variety of directions for their conduct in the time to come; and in this book it was particularly mentioned, that after having lived a certain number of years in a remote part of the same king's country, yet still under his eye and jurisdiction, there should be a *Grand Assizes*, when every one was to be publicly tried for his past behaviour; and after this trial was over, certain heavy punishments were to be inflicted on those who should have still persisted in their rebellion, and certain high premiums were to be bestowed as a gracious reward upon the penitent and obedient.

It may be proper here to notice, that this king's court differed in some respects from our courts of justice, being indeed a sort of court of appeal, to which questions were carried after they had been imperfectly decided in the common courts. And although with us all criminals are tried (and a most excellent mode of trial it is) by a jury of

of their peers, yet in this king's country the mode was very different; for ſince every one of the people had been in a certain ſenſe criminals, the king did not think it fair to make them judges alſo. It would, indeed, have been impoſſible to follow in all reſpects the cuſtoms which prevail with us, for the crimes with which men are charged in our courts are mere *overt acts*, as the lawyers call them, that is, acts which regard the outward behaviour; ſuch as the acts of ſtriking, maiming, ſtealing, and ſo forth. But in this king's court it was not merely outward ſins, but ſins of the heart alſo which were to be puniſhed. Many a crime, therefore, which was never heard of in the court of King's Bench, or at the Old Bailey, and which indeed could not be cogniſable by theſe courts, was here to be brought to light, and was reſerved for this great day. Among theſe were pride and oppreſſion, and envy, and malice, and revenge, and covetouſneſs, and ſecret vanity

of

of mind, and evil thoughts of all ſorts, and all ſinful wiſhes and deſires. When covetouſneſs, indeed, put men on committing robbery, or when malice drove them to an act of murder, then the common courts immediately judged the criminal, without waiting for theſe Great Aſſizes; nevertheleſs, ſince even a thief and murderer would now and then eſcape in the common courts, for want of evidence, or through ſome fault or other of the judge or jury, the eſcape was of little moment to the poor criminal, for he was ſure to be tried again by this great king; and even though the man ſhould have been puniſhed in ſome ſenſe before, yet he had now a farther and more laſting puniſhment to fear, unleſs, indeed, he was one of thoſe, who had obtained (by the means I before ſpoke of) this great king's pardon. The *ſins of the heart*, however, were by far the moſt numerous ſort of ſins, which were to come before this great tribunal; and theſe were to be judged by this great king in perſon,

ſon, and by none but himſelf; becauſe he alone poſſeſſed a certain power of getting at all ſecrets.

I once heard of a certain king of Sicily, who built a whiſpering gallery in the form of an ear, through which he could hear every word his rebellious ſubjects uttered, though ſpoken ever ſo low. But this ſecret of the king of Sicily was nothing to what this great king poſſeſſed; for He had the power of knowing every thought which was conceived in the mind, though it never broke out into words, or proceeded to actions.

Now you may be ready to think, perhaps, that theſe people were worſe off than any others, becauſe they were to be examined ſo cloſely, and judged ſo ſtrictly. Far from it; the king was too juſt to expect bricks without giving them ſtraw; he gave them, therefore, every help that they needed. He gave them a book of directions, as I before obſerved; and becauſe they were naturally ſhort-ſighted, he ſup-

plied them with a glaſs for reading it, and thus the moſt dim-ſighted might ſee, if they did not wilfully ſhut their eyes; but though the king *invited* them to open their eyes, he did not *compel* them; and many remained ſtone blind all their lives with the book in their hand, becauſe they would not uſe the glaſs, nor take the proper means for reading and underſtanding all that was written for them. The humble and ſincere learned in time to ſee even that part of the book which was leaſt plainly written; and it was obſerved that the ability to underſtand it depended more on the heart than the head; an evil diſpoſition blinded the ſight, while humility operated like an eye-ſalve.

Now it happened that thoſe who had been ſo lucky as to eſcape the puniſhment of the lower courts, took it into their heads that they were all very good ſort of people, and of courſe very ſafe from any danger at this *Great Aſſize*. This grand intended trial, indeed, had been talked of ſo much, and put off ſo long, (for it had ſeemed long

at leaſt to theſe ſhort-ſighted people,) that many perſuaded themſelves it would never take place at all; and far the greater part were living away therefore without ever thinking about it; they went on juſt as if nothing at all had been done for their benefit; and as if they had no king to pleaſe, no king's ſon to be thankful to, no book to guide themſelves by, and as if the Aſſizes were never to come about.

But with this king *a thouſand years were as one day, for he was not ſlack concerning his promiſes, as ſome men count ſlackneſs.*— So at length the ſolemn period approached. Still, however, the people did not prepare for the ſolemnity, or rather, they prepared for it much as ſome of the people in our provincial towns are apt to prepare for the annual aſſize times; I mean by balls and feaſtings, and they ſaw their own trial come on, with as little concern as is felt by the people in our ſtreets, when they ſee the judge's proceſſion enter the town; they

 indeed

indeed comfort themſelves that it is only thoſe in the priſons who are guilty.

But when at laſt the day came, and every man found that he was to be judged for himſelf; and that ſomehow or other, all his ſecrets were brought out, and that there was now no eſcape, not even a ſhort reprieve, things began to take a more ſerious turn. Some of the worſt of the criminals were got together debating in an outer court of the grand hall, and there they paſſed their time, not in compunction and tears, not in comparing their lives with what was required in that book which had been given them, but they derived a fallacious hope by comparing themſelves with ſuch as had been ſtill more notorious offenders.

One who had grown wealthy by rapine and oppreſſion, but had contrived to keep within the letter of the law, inſulted a poor fellow as a thief, becauſe he had ſtolen a loaf of bread. "You were far wickeder

"than I was," ſaid a citizen to his apprentice, "for you drank and ſwore at the ale-"houſe every Sunday night."—"Yes," ſaid the poor fellow, "but it was your fault "that I did ſo, for you took no care of my "ſoul, but ſpent all your ſabbaths in jaunt-"ing abroad or in rioting at home; I "might have learnt, but there was no one "to teach me; I might have followed a "good example, but I ſaw only bad ones. "I ſinned againſt leſs light than you did." A drunken journeyman, who had ſpent all his wages on gin, rejoiced that he had not ſpent a great eſtate in bribery at elections, as the lord of his manor had done, while a perjured elector boaſted that he was no drunkard, like the journeyman; and the member himſelf took comfort that he had never *received* the bribes which he had not been aſhamed to *offer*.

I have not room to deſcribe the awful pomp of the court, nor the terrible ſounding of the trumpet which attended the judge's entrance, nor the ſitting of the

 judge,

judge, nor the opening of the books, nor the crowding of the millions, who ſtood before him. I ſhall paſs over the multitudes who were tried and condemned to dungeons and chains, and eternal fire, and to perpetual baniſhment from the preſence of the king, which always ſeemed to be the ſaddeſt part of the ſentence. I ſhall only notice further, a few who brought ſome plea of merit, and claimed a right to be rewarded by the king, and even deceived themſelves ſo far as to think that his own book of laws would be their juſtification.

A thoughtleſs ſpendthrift advanced without any contrition, and ſaid, "that he had "lived handſomely, and had hated the "covetous whom God abhorreth; that he "truſted in that paſſage of the book which "ſaid, that *covetouſneſs was idolatry*; and "that he therefore hoped for a favorable "ſentence." Now it proved that this man had not only avoided covetouſneſs, but that he had even left his wife and children in want through his exceſſive prodigality. The Judge

Judge therefore immediately pointed to that place in the book where it is written, *he that provideth not for his houſehold is worſe than an infidel. He that liveth in pleaſure is dead while he liveth*; "thou," ſaid he, "*in thy* "*life-time, receivedſt thy good things, and* "*now thou muſt be tormented.*"—Then a miſer, whom hunger and hoarding had worn to ſkin and bone, crept forward, and praiſed the ſentence paſſed on this extravagant youth, "and ſurely," ſaid he, "ſince "he is condemned, I am the man that may "make ſome plea to favor—I was never idle "or drunk, I kept my body in ſubjection. "I have been ſo ſelf-denying that I am "certainly a ſaint: I have loved neither "father nor mother, nor wife nor children "to exceſs, in all this I have obeyed the "book of the law."—Then the judge ſaid, "But where are thy works of mercy and "thy labours of love? ſee that family "which periſhed in thy ſight laſt hard win- "ter, while thy barns were overflowing; "that poor family were my repreſenta-

"tives; yet they were hungry, and thou "gaveſt them no meat.—*Go to now, thou* "*rich man, weep and howl for the miſeries* "*that are come upon you. Your gold and* "*your ſilver is cankered, and the ruſt of them* "*ſhall be a witneſs againſt you, and ſhall eat* "*your fleſh as it were fire.*"

Then came up one with a moſt ſelf-ſufficient air. He walked up boldly, having in one hand the plan of an hoſpital which he had built, and in the other the drawing of a ſtatue, which was erecting for him in the country that he had juſt left, and on his forehead appeared, in gold letters, the liſt of all the public charities to which he had ſubſcribed. He ſeemed to take great pleaſure in the condemnation of the miſer, and ſaid, "*Lord, when ſaw I thee hungry and* "*fed thee not, or in priſon and viſited thee* "*not? I have viſited the fatherleſs and* "*widow in their affliction.*" Here the judge cut him ſhort, by ſaying, "True, "thou didſt viſit the fatherleſs, but didſt "thou fulfil equally that other part of my "command,

"command, *to keep thyſelf unſpotted from* "*the world.*—No, thou waſt conformed to "the world in many of its ſinful cuſtoms, "*thou didſt follow a multitude to do evil*; "*thou didſt love the world and the things of* "*the world*; and the motive to all thy "charities was not a regard to me but to "thy own credit with thy fellow men. "Thou haſt done every thing for the ſake "of reputation, and now thou art vainly "truſting in thy deceitful works, inſtead of "putting all thy truſt in my Son, who has "offered himſelf to be a ſurety for thee. "Where has been that humility and gra-"titude to him which was required of thee. "No, thou wouldſt be thine own ſurety: "thou haſt truſted in thyſelf: thou haſt "made thy boaſt of thine own goodneſs; "thou haſt ſought after and thou haſt en-"joyed the praiſe of men, and verily I ſay "unto thee, *thou haſt had thy reward.*"

A poor diſeaſed blind cripple, who came from the very hoſpital which this great man had built, then fell proſtrate on his face, crying

crying out, *Lord be merciful to me a ſinner!* on which the judge, to the ſurpriſe of all, ſaid, "*Well done, good and faithful ſervant.*" The poor man replied, "Lord, I have done "nothing!"—"But thou haſt *ſuffered* "*well,*" ſaid the judge; "thou haſt been "an example of patience and meekneſs, "and though thou hadſt but few talents, "yet thou haſt well improved thoſe few; "thou hadſt time, this thou didſt ſpend in "the humble duties of thy ſtation, and alſo "in earneſt prayer; thou didſt pray even "for that proud founder of thine hoſpital, "who never prayed for himſelf; thou waſt "indeed blind and lame, but it is no where "ſaid, my ſon give me thy feet, or thine "eyes, but *give me thy heart;* and even "the few faculties I did grant thee, were "employed to my glory; with thine ears "thou didſt liſten to my word, with thy "tongue thou didſt ſhew forth my praiſe, "*enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.*"

There were ſeveral who came forward, and boaſted of ſome ſingle and particular virtue,

virtue, in which they had been ſuppoſed to excel. One talked of his generoſity, another of his courage, and a third of his fortitude; but it proved, on a cloſe examination, that ſome of thoſe ſuppoſed virtues were merely the effect of a particular conſtitution of body; that others proceeded from a falſe motive, and that not a few of them were actual vices, ſince they were carried to exceſs; and under the pretence of fulfilling one duty, ſome other duty was loſt ſight of; in ſhort, theſe partial virtues were none of them practiſed in obedience to the will of the king, but merely to pleaſe the perſon's own humour, or to gain praiſe, and they would not, therefore, ſtand this day's trial, for *he that had kept the whole law, and yet had wilfully and habitually offended in any one point, was declared guilty of breaking the whole.*

At this moment a ſort of thick ſcales fell from the eyes of the multitude. They could now no longer take comfort, as they had done for ſo many years, by meaſuring their

their neighbours' conduct against their own. Each at once saw himself in his true light, and found, alas! when it was too late, that he should have made the book which had been given him his rule of practice before, since it now proved to be the rule by which he was to be judged. Nay, every one now thought himself even worse than his neighbour, because, while he only *saw* and *heard* of the guilt of others, he *felt* his own in all its aggravated horror.

To complete their confusion, they were compelled to acknowledge the justice of the judge who condemned them; and also to approve the favourable sentence by which thousands of other criminals had not only their lives saved, but were made happy and glorious beyond all imagination; not for any great merits which they had to produce, but in consequence of their sincere repentance, and their humble acceptance of the pardon offered to them by the king's son. One thing was remarkable, that whilst most of those who were condemned, never

expected condemnation, but even claimed a reward for their supposed innocence or goodness, all who were really rewarded and forgiven were sensible that they owed their pardon to a mere act of grace, and they cried out with one voice, *Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!!!*

THE

# SERVANT MAN TURNED SOLDIER,

OR

## *THE FAIR WEATHER CHRISTIAN.*

### AN ALLEGORY.

WILLIAM was a lively young ſervant, who lived in a *great but very irregular family.* His place was, on the whole, agreeable to him, and ſuited to his gay thoughtleſs temper. He found a plentiful table and a good cellar. There was, indeed, a good deal of work to be done, though it was performed with much diſorder and confuſion. The family in the main were not unkind to him, though they often contradicted and croſſed him, eſpecially when things went ill with them-

themſelves. This, William never much liked, for he was always fond of having his own way. There was a merry, or rather a noiſy and riotous ſervants' hall; for diſorder and quarrels are indeed the uſual effects of plenty and unreſtrained indulgence. The men were ſmart, but idle; the maids were ſhowy, but licentious, and all did pretty much as they liked for a time, but the time was commonly ſhort. The wages were reckoned high, but they were ſeldom paid, and it was even ſaid by ſober people, that the family was inſolvent, and never fulfilled any of their flattering engagements, or their moſt poſitive promiſes; but ſtill, notwithſtanding their real poverty, things went on with juſt the ſame thoughtleſneſs and ſplendor, and neither maſters or ſervants looked beyond the jollity of the preſent hour.

In this unruly family there was little church going, and ſtill leſs praying at home. They pretended, indeed, in a general way, to believe in the Bible, but it was only an

outward profeſſion, few of them read it at all, and even of thoſe who did read it ſtill fewer were governed by it. There was indeed a Bible lying on the table in the great hall, which was kept for the purpoſe of adminiſtering an oath, but was ſeldom uſed on any other occaſion, and ſome of the heads of the family were of opinion that this was its only real uſe, as it might ſerve to keep the lower parts of it in order.

William, who was fond of novelty and pleaſure, was apt to be negligent of the duties of the houſe. He uſed to ſtay out on his errands, and one of his favourite amuſements was going to the parade to ſee the ſoldiers exerciſe. He ſaw with envy how ſmartly they were dreſſed, liſtened with rapture to the muſic, and fancied that a ſoldier had nothing to do but to walk to and fro in a certain regular order, to go through a little eaſy exerciſe, in ſhort, to live without fighting, fatigue, or danger.

O, ſaid he, whenever he was affronted at home, what a fine thing it muſt be to be a ſoldier!

ſoldier! to be ſo well dreſſed, to have nothing to do but to move to the pleaſant ſound of fife and drum, and to have ſo many people come to look at one, and admire one. O it muſt be a fine thing to be a ſoldier!

Yet when the vexation of the moment was over, he found ſo much eaſe and diverſion in the great family, it ſo ſuited to his low taſte and ſenſual appetites, that he thought no more of the matter. He forgot the glories of a ſoldier, and eagerly returned to all the mean gratifications of the kitchen. His evil habits were but little attended to by thoſe with whom he lived; his faults, among which were lying and ſwearing, were not often corrected by the family, who had little objection to thoſe ſins, which only offended God and did not much affect their own intereſt or property. And except that William was obliged to work rather more than he liked, he found little, while he was young and healthy, that was very diſagreeable in this ſervice. So he

went on, ftill thinking, however, when things went a little crofs, what a fine thing it was to be a foldier! At laft one day as he was waiting at dinner, he had the misfortune to let fall a china difh, and broke it all to pieces. It was a curious difh, much valued by the family, as they pretended; this family were indeed apt to fet a falfe fantaftic value on things, and not to eftimate them by their real worth. The heads of the family, who had generally been rather patient and good-humoured with William, as I faid before, for thofe vices, which though offenfive to God did not touch their own pocket, now flew out into a violent paffion with him, called him a thoufand hard names, and even threatened to horfewhip him for his fhameful negligence.

William, in a great fright, for he was a fad coward at bottom, ran directly out of the houfe to avoid the threatened punifhment; and happening juft at that very time to pafs by the parade where the foldiers chanced to be then exercifing, his refolution was taken

taken in a moment. He inftantly determined to be no more a flave, as he called it; he would return no more to be fubject to the humours of a tyrannical family; no, he was refolved to be free, or at leaft, if he muft ferve, he would ferve no mafter but the king.

William, who had now and then happened to hear from the accidental talk of the foldiers, that thofe who ferved the great family he had lived with, were flaves to their tyranny and vices, had alfo heard in the fame cafual manner, that the fervice of the king was *perfect freedom*. Now he had taken it into his head to hope that this might be a freedom to do evil, or at leaft to do nothing, fo he thought it was the only place in the world to fuit him.

A fine likely young man as William was, had no great difficulty to get enlifted. The few forms were foon fettled, he received the bounty money as eagerly as it was offered, took the oaths of allegiance, was joined to the regiment, and heartily wel-

comed by his new comrades. He was the happieſt fellow alive. All was ſmooth and calm. The day happened to be very fine, and therefore William always reckoned upon a fine day. The ſcene was gay and lively, the muſic cheerful, he found the exerciſe very eaſy, and he thought there was little more expected from him.

He ſoon began to flouriſh away in his talk; and when he met with any one of his old fellow ſervants, he fell a prating about marches and counter-marches, and blockades, and battles, and ſieges, and blood, and death, and triumphs, and victories, all at random, for theſe were words and phraſes he had picked up without at all underſtanding what he ſaid. He had no knowledge, and therefore he had no modeſty, he had no experience, and therefore he had no fears.

All ſeemed to go on ſwimmingly, for he had as yet no trial. He began to think with triumph what a mean life he had eſcaped from in the old quarrelſome family, and what a happy, honourable life he ſhould have

have in the army. O there was no life like the life of a ſoldier!

In a ſhort time, however, war broke out, his regiment was one of the firſt which was called out to actual and hard ſervice. As William was the moſt raw of all the recruits he was the firſt to murmur at the difficulties and hardſhips, the cold and hunger, the fatigue and danger of being a ſoldier. O what watchings, and perils, and trials, and hardſhips, and difficulties he now thought attended a military life! Surely, ſaid he, I could never have ſuſpected all this miſery when I uſed to ſee the men on the parade in our town.

He now found, when it was too late, that all the field-days he uſed to attend, all the evolutions and exerciſes which he had obſerved the ſoldiers to go through in the calm times of peace and ſafety, were only meant to fit, train, and qualify them, for the actual ſervice which they were now ſent out to perform by the command of the king.

 The

The truth is, William often complained when there was no real hardſhip to complain of; for the common troubles of life fell out pretty much alike to the great family which William had left, and to the ſoldiers in the king's army. But the ſpirit of obedience, diſcipline, and ſelf-denial of the latter ſeemed hardſhips to one of William's looſe turn of mind. When he began to murmur, ſome good old ſoldier clapped him on the back, ſaying, cheer up lad, it is a kingdom you are to ſtrive for, if we faint not, henceforth there is laid up for us a great reward, we have the king's word for it man. William obſerved, that to thoſe who truly believed this, their labours were as nothing, but he himſelf did not at the bottom believe it; and it was obſerved of all the ſoldiers who failed, the true cauſe was that they did not really believe the king's promiſe. He was ſurpriſed to ſee that thoſe ſoldiers, who uſed to bluſter, and boaſt, and deride the aſſaults of the enemy, now began to fall away; while ſuch as had faithfully obeyed the

the king's orders, and believed in his word, were ſuſtained in the hour of trial. Thoſe who had truſted in their own ſtrength all fainted on the ſlighteſt attack, while thoſe who had put on the armour of the king's providing, the ſword, and the ſhield, and the helmet, and the breaſt-plate, and whoſe feet were ſhod according to order, now endured hardſhip as good ſoldiers, and were enabled to fight the good fight.

An engagement was expected immediately. The men were ordered to prepare for battle. While the reſt of the corps were ſo preparing, William's whole thoughts were bent on contriving how he might deſert. But alas! he was watched on all ſides, he could not poſſibly deviſe any means to eſcape. The danger increaſed every moment, the battle came on. William, who had been ſo ſure and confident before he entered, flinched in the moment of trial, while his more quiet and leſs boaſtful comrades prepared boldly to do their duty. William looked about on all ſides,

 and

and ſaw that there was no eye upon him, for he did not know that the king's eye was every where at once. He at laſt thought he ſpied a chance of eſcaping, not from the enemy, but from his own army. While he was endeavouring to eſcape, a ball from the oppoſite camp took off his leg. As he fell, the firſt words which broke from him were, while I was in my duty I was preſerved; in the very act of deſerting I am wounded. He lay expecting every moment to be trampled to death, but as ſoon as the confuſion was a little over, he was taken off the field by ſome of his own party, laid in a place of ſafety, and left to himſelf, after his wound was dreſſed.

The ſkirmiſh, for it proved nothing more, was ſoon over. The greater part of the regiment eſcaped in ſafety. William in the mean time ſuffered cruelly both in mind and body. To the pains of a wounded ſoldier, he added the diſgrace of a coward, and the infamy of a deſerter. O, cried he, why was I ſuch a fool as to leave the *great*

*family*

*family* I lived in, where there was meat and drink enough and to ſpare, only on account of a little quarrel? I might have made up that with them as we had done our former quarrels. Why did I leave a life of eaſe and pleaſure, where I had only a little rub now and then, for a life of daily diſcipline and conſtant danger? Why did I turn ſoldier? O, what a miſerable animal is a ſoldier!

As he was ſitting in this weak and diſabled condition, uttering the above complaints, he obſerved a venerable old officer, with thin grey locks on his head, and on his face deep wrinkles engraved by time, and many an honeſt ſcar inflicted by war. William had heard this old officer highly commended for his extraordinary courage and conduct in battle, and in peace he uſed to ſee him cool and collected, devoutly employed in reading and praying in the interval of more active duties. He could not help comparing this officer with himſelf. I, ſaid he, flinched and drew back, and would

would even have deferted in the moment of peril, and now in return, I have no confolation in the hour of repofe and fafety. I would not fight then, I cannot pray now. O why would I ever think of being a foldier? He then began afrefh to weep and lament, and he groaned fo loud that he drew the notice of the officer, who came up to him, kindly fat down by him, took him by the hand, and inquired with as much affection as if he had been his brother, what was the matter with him, and what particular diftrefs, more than the common fortune of war it was which drew from him fuch bitter groans? "I know fomething of "furgery," added he, "let me examine "your wound and affift you with fuch lit- "tle comforts as I can."

William at once faw the difference between the foldiers in the king's army and the people in the great family; the latter commonly withdrew their kindnefs in ficknefs and trouble, when moft wanted, which was juft the very time when the others

came

came forward to aſſiſt. He told the officer his little hiſtory, the manner of his living in the great family, the trifling cauſe of his quarrelling with it, the ſlight ground of his entering into the king's ſervice. "Sir," ſaid he, "I quarrelled with the family, and "I thought I was at once fit for the army: "I did not know the qualifications it re-"quired. I had not reckoned on diſci-"pline, and hardſhips, and ſelf-denial. I "liked well enough to ſing a loyal ſong, "or drink the king's health, but I find I do "not reliſh working and fighting for him, "though I raſhly promiſed even to lay "down my life for his ſervice if called up-"on, when I took the bounty money and "the oath of allegiance. In ſhort, ſir, I "find that I long for the eaſe and ſloth, "the merriment and the feaſting of my old "ſervice; I find I cannot be a ſoldier, and, "to ſpeak truth, I was in the very act of "deſerting when I was ſtopped ſhort by the "cannon ball. So that I feel the guilt of "deſerting,

"desertion, and the misery of having lost "my leg into the bargain."

The officer thus replied; "your state is "that of every worldly, irreligious man. "The great family you served is a just pic-"ture of the world. The wages the world "promises to those who are willing to do "its work are high, but the payment is at-"tended with much disappointment; nay, "the world, like your great family, is in "itself insolvent, and in its very nature in-"capable of making good the promises, and "of paying the high rewards, which it "holds out to tempt its credulous followers. "The ungodly world, like your family, "cares little for church, and still less for "prayer; and considers the Bible rather as "an instrument to make an oath binding, "in order to keep the vulgar in obedience, "than as containing in itself a perfect rule "of faith and practice, and as a title-deed to "heaven. The generality of men love the "world as you did your service, while it

"smiles

"ſmiles upon them, and gives them eaſy "work, and plenty of meat and drink; "but as ſoon as it begins to croſs and con- "tradict them, they get out of humour "with it, juſt as you did with your ſervice. "They then think its drugery hard, its "rewards low. They find out that it is "high in its expectations from them, and "ſlack in its payments to them. And they "begin to fancy (becauſe they do not hear "religious people murmur as they do) that "there muſt be ſome happineſs in religion. "The world, which takes no account of "their deeper ſins, at length brings them "into diſcredit for ſome act of imprudence, "juſt as your family overlooked your lying "and ſwearing, but threatened to drub you "for breaking a china diſh. Such is the "judgment of the world! it particularly "bears with thoſe who only break the laws "of God, but ſeverely puniſhes the ſmalleſt "negligence by which they themſelves are "injured. The world ſooner pardons the "breaking ten commandments of God than "even a china diſh of its own.

 "After

" After ſome croſs or oppoſition, worldly
" men, as I ſaid before, begin to think how
" much content and cheerfulneſs they re-
" member to have ſeen in religious people.
" They therefore begin to fancy that reli-
" gion muſt be an eaſy and delightful, as
" well as a good thing. They have heard
" that, *her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs*
" *and all her paths are peace*; and they per-
" ſuade themſelves, that by this is meant
" worldly pleaſantneſs, and ſenſual peace.
" They reſolve at length to try it, to turn
" their back upon the world, to engage in
" the ſervice of God and turn Chriſtians;
" juſt as you reſolved to leave your old
" ſervice, to enter into the ſervice of the
" king and turn ſoldier. But as you
" quitted your place in a paſſion, ſo they
" leave the world in a huff. They do
" not count the coſt. They do not cal-
" culate upon the darling ſins, the habitual
" pleaſures, the eaſe and vanities which they
" undertake by their new engagements to
" renounce, any more than you counted
" what

" what indulgences you were going to give " up when you quitted the luxuries and " idleneſs of your place to enliſt in the ſol- " dier's warfare. They have, as I ſaid, " ſeen Chriſtians cheerful, and they miſtook " the ground of their cheerfulneſs; they " fancied it aroſe, not becauſe, through " grace they had conquered difficulties, but " becauſe they had no difficulties in their " paſſage. They fancied that religion found " the road ſmooth, whereas it only helps to " bear with a rough road without com- " plaint. They do not know that theſe " Chriſtians are of good cheer, not becauſe " the world is free from tribulation, but " becauſe Chriſt their captain has *overcome* " *the world*. But the irreligious man, who " has only ſeen the outſide of a Chriſtian in " his worldly intercourſe, knows little of his " ſecret conflicts, his trials, his ſelf-denials, " his warfare with the world without, and " with his own corrupt deſires within.

" The irreligious man quarrels with the " world on ſome ſuch occaſion as you did

" with

" with your place. He now puts on the
" outward forms and ceremonies of religion,
" and aſſumes the badge of Chriſtianity,
" juſt as you were ſtruck with the ſhows of
" a field day; juſt as you were pleaſed with
" the muſic and the marching, and put on
" the cockade and the red coat. All
" ſeems ſmooth for a little while. He goes
" through the outward exerciſes of a
" Chriſtian, a degree of credit attends his
" new profeſſion, but he never ſuſpects
" there is either difficulty or diſcipline at-
" tending it; he fancies religion is a thing
" for talking about, and not a thing of the
" heart and the life. He never ſuſpects
" that all the pſalm-ſinging he joins in, and
" the ſermons he hears, and the other
" means he is uſing, are only as the exer-
" ciſes and the evolutions of the ſoldiers, to
" fit and prepare him for actual ſervice;
" and that theſe means are no more religion
" itſelf, than the exerciſes and evolutions
" of your parade were real warfare.

" At

"At length ſome trial ariſes. This "nominal Chriſtian is called to differ from "the world in ſome great point; ſome-"thing happens which may ſtrike at his "comfort, or his credit, or ſecurity. This "cools his zeal for religion, juſt as the "view of an engagement cooled your "courage as a ſoldier. He finds he was "only *angry* with the world, he was not "*tired* of it. He was out of humour "with the world, not becauſe he had "ſeen through its vanity and emptineſs, "but becauſe the world was out of hu-"mour with him. He finds that it is an "eaſy thing to be a fair-weather Chriſtian, "bold where there is nothing to be done, "and confident where there is nothing to "be feared. Difficulties unmaſk him to "others; temptations unmaſk him to him-"ſelf; he diſcovers, that though he is a "high profeſſor, he is no Chriſtian; juſt as "you found out that your red coat and "your cockade, your ſhoulder-knot, and

" your muſket, did not prevent you from " being a coward.

" Your miſery in the military life, like " that of the nominal Chriſtian, aroſe from " your love of eaſe, your cowardice, and " your ſelf-ignorance. You ruſhed into a " new way of life, without trying after " one qualification for it. A total change " of heart and temper were neceſſary for " your new calling. With new views and " new principles, the ſoldier's life would " have been not only eaſy but delightful " to you. But while with a new profeſ- " ſion you retained your old nature, it is " no wonder if all diſcipline ſeemed intoler- " able to you.

" The true Chriſtian, like the brave ſol- " dier, is ſupported under dangers by a " ſtrong faith that the fruits of that victory " for which he fights will be ſafety and " peace. But, alas! the pleaſures of " this world are preſent and viſible; the " rewards for which he ſtrives are remote.

" He

"He therefore fails, becauſe nothing ſhort "of a lively faith can ever outweigh a "ſtrong preſent temptation, and lead a "man to prefer the joys of conqueſt to the "pleaſures of indulgence."

# BETTY BROWN,

THE

## *ST. GILES's ORANGE GIRL:*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

## MRS. SPONGE, THE MONEY-LENDER.

BETTY BROWN, the Orange Girl, was born nobody knows where, and bred nobody knows how. No girl in all the ſtreets of London could drive a barrow more nimbly, avoid puſhing againſt paſſengers more dextrouſly, or cry her 'fine China Oranges' in a ſhriller voice. But then ſhe could neither ſew, nor ſpin, nor knit, nor waſh, nor iron, nor read, nor ſpell. Betty had not been always in ſo good a ſituation as that in which

we

we now defcribe her. She came into the world before fo many good gentlemen and ladies began to concern themfelves fo kindly that the poor might have a little learning. There was no charitable fociety then, as there is now, to pick up poor friendlefs children in the ftreets *, and put them into a good houfe, and give them meat, and drink, and lodging, and learning, and teach them to get their bread in an honeft way, into the bargain. Whereas, this now is often the cafe in London; bleffed be God who *has ordered the bounds of our habitation*, and caft our lot in fuch a country!

The longeft thing that Betty can remember is, that fhe ufed to crawl up out of a night cellar, ftroll about the ftreets, and pick cinders from the fcavengers' carts. Among the afhes fhe fometimes found fome ragged gauze and dirty ribbons; with thefe fhe ufed to dizen herfelf out, and join the merry bands on the firft of May. This

* The Philanthropic.

was not however quite fair, as ſhe did not lawfully belong either to the female dancers, who foot it gaily round the garland, or to the ſooty tribe, who, on this happy holiday, forget their whole year's toil in Portman ſquare, cheered by the tender bounty of her whoſe wit has long enlivened the moſt learned, and whoſe taſte and talents long adorned the moſt poliſhed ſocieties. Betty, however, often got a few ſcraps, by appearing to belong to both parties. But as ſhe grew bigger, and was not an idle girl, ſhe always put herſelf in the way of doing ſomething. She would run of errands for the footmen, or ſweep the door for the maid of any houſe where ſhe was known; ſhe would run and fetch ſome porter, and never was once known either to ſip a drop by the way, or ſteal the pot. Her quickneſs and fidelity in doing little jobs, got her into favour with a lazy cook-maid, who was too apt to give away her maſter's cold meat and beer, not to thoſe who were moſt in want, but to thoſe who waited upon

her,

her, and did the little things for her which ſhe ought to have done herſelf.

The cook, who found Betty a dextrous girl, ſoon employed her to ſell ends of candles, pieces of meat and cheeſe, and lumps of butter, or any thing elſe ſhe could crib from the houſe. Theſe were all carried to her friend Mrs. Sponge, who kept a little ſhop, and a kind of eating-houſe for poor working people, not far from the Seven Dials. She alſo bought, as well as ſold, many kinds of ſecond hand things, and was not ſcrupulous to know whether what ſhe bought was honeſtly come by, provided ſhe could get it for a ſixth part of what it was worth. But if the owner preſumed to aſk for its real value, then ſhe had ſudden qualms of conſcience, inſtantly ſuſpected the things were ſtolen, and gave herſelf airs of honeſty, which often took in poor ſilly people, and gave her a ſort of half reputation among the needy and the ignorant, whoſe friend ſhe hypocritically pretended to be.

To this artful woman Betty carried the cook's pilferings; and as Mrs. Sponge would give no great price for theſe in money, the cook was willing to receive payment for her eatables in Mrs. Sponge's drinkables; for ſhe dealt in all kinds of ſpirits. I ſhall only juſt remark here, that one receiver, like Mrs. Sponge, makes many pilferers, who are tempted to commit theſe petty thieveries, by knowing how eaſy it is to diſpoſe of them at ſuch iniquitous houſes.

Betty was faithful to both her employers, which is extraordinary, conſidering the greatneſs of the temptation, and her utter ignorance of good and evil. One day ſhe ventured to aſk Mrs. Sponge, if ſhe could not aſſiſt her to get into a more ſettled way of life. She told her, that when ſhe roſe in the morning ſhe never knew where ſhe ſhould lie at night, nor was ſhe ever ſure of a meal before-hand. Mrs. Sponge aſked her what ſhe thought herſelf fit for; Betty, with fear and trembling, ſaid, there was one trade for which ſhe thought herſelf qualified,

lified, but ſhe had not the ambition to look ſo high; it was far above her humble views; this was, to have a barrow, and ſell fruit, as ſeveral other of Mrs. Sponge's cuſtomers did, whom ſhe had often looked up to with envy, little expecting herſelf even to attain ſo independent a ſtation.

Mrs. Sponge was an artful woman. Bad as ſhe was, ſhe was always aiming at ſomething of a character; this was a great help to her trade. While ſhe watched keenly to make every thing turn to her own profit, ſhe had a falſe fawning way of ſeeming to do all ſhe did out of pity and kindneſs to the diſtreſſed; and ſhe ſeldom committed an extortion, but ſhe tried to make the perſons ſhe cheated believe themſelves highly obliged to her kindneſs. By thus pretending to be their friend, ſhe gained their confidence; and ſhe grew rich herſelf, while they thought ſhe was only ſhewing favour to them. Various were the arts ſhe had of getting rich; and the money ſhe got by grinding the poor, ſhe ſpent in the moſt

luxurious

luxurious living; while ſhe would haggle with her hungry cuſtomers for a farthing, ſhe would ſpend pounds on the moſt coſtly delicacies for herſelf.

Mrs. Sponge, laying aſide that haughty look and voice, well known to ſuch as had the misfortune to be in her debt, put on the hypocritical ſmile and ſoft canting tone, which ſhe always aſſumed, when ſhe meant to flatter her ſuperiors, or take in her dependents. "Betty," ſaid ſhe, "I am re- "ſolved to ſtand your friend. Theſe are "ſad times to be ſure. Money is money "now. Yet I am reſolved to put you into "a handſome way of living. You ſhall "have a barrow, and well furniſhed too." Betty could not have felt more joy or gratitude, if ſhe had been told that ſhe ſhould have a coach. "O, madam!" ſaid Betty, "it is impoſſible. I have not a penny in "the world towards helping me to ſet up." "I will take care of that," ſaid Mrs. Sponge; "only you muſt do as I bid you. "You muſt pay me intereſt for my money;

"and you will, of courſe, be glad alſo to "pay ſo much every night for a nice hot "ſupper which I get ready, *quite out of* "*kindneſs*, for a number of poor working "people. This will be a great comfort for "ſuch a friendleſs girl as you, for my vic-"tuals and drink are the beſt, and my "company the merrieſt of any houſe in all "St. Giles's." Betty thought all this only ſo many more favours, and courteſying to the ground, ſaid, "To be ſure, ma'am, and "thank you a thouſand times into the bar-"gain. I never could hope for ſuch a riſe "in life."

Mrs. Sponge knew what ſhe was about. Betty was a lively girl, who had a knack at learning any thing; and ſo well looking through all her dirt and rags, that there was little doubt ſhe would get cuſtom. A bar-row was ſoon provided, and five ſhillings put into Betty's hands. Mrs. Sponge kindly condeſcended to go to ſhew her how to buy the fruit; for it was a rule with this prudent gentlewoman, and one from which ſhe

never

never departed, that no one ſhould cheat but herſelf; and ſuſpecting from her own heart the fraud of all other dealers, ſhe was ſeldom guilty of the weakneſs of being impoſed upon.

Betty had never poſſeſſed ſuch a ſum before. She grudged to lay it out all at once, and was ready to fancy ſhe could live upon the capital. The crown, however, was laid out to the beſt advantage. Betty was carefully taught in what manner to cry her oranges; and received many uſeful leſſons how to get off the bad with the good, and the ſtale with the freſh. Mrs. Sponge alſo lent her a few bad ſixpences, for which ſhe ordered her to bring home good ones at night. Betty ſtared. Mrs. Sponge ſaid, "Betty, thoſe who would get money, muſt "not be too nice about trifles. Keep one "of theſe ſixpences in your hand, and if "an ignorant young cuſtomer gives you a "good ſixpence, do you immediately ſlip it "into your other hand, and give him the "bad one, declaring, that it is the very one "you

"you have juſt received, and be ready to "ſwear that you have not another ſixpence "in the world. You muſt alſo learn how "to treat different ſorts of cuſtomers. To "ſome you may put off, with ſafety, goods "which would be quite unſaleable to others. "Never offer bad fruit, Betty, to thoſe who "know better; never waſte the good on "thoſe who may be put off with worſe; "put good oranges at top to attract the eye, "and the mouldy ones under for ſale."

Poor Betty had not a nice conſcience, for ſhe had never learnt that grand, but ſimple rule of all moral obligation, *Never do that to another which you would not have another do to you.* She ſet off with her barrow, as proud and as happy as if ſhe had been ſet up in the fineſt ſhop in Covent Garden. Betty had a ſort of natural good temper, which made her unwilling to impoſe, but ſhe had no principle which told her it was a ſin to do ſo. She had ſuch good ſucceſs, that, when night came, ſhe had not an orange left. With a light heart, ſhe drove her empty barrow to Mrs. Sponge's door.

She went in with a merry face, and threw down on the counter every farthing ſhe had taken. "Betty," ſaid Mrs. Sponge, "I have a right to it all, as it was got by "my money. But I am too generous to "take it. I will therefore only take "ſixpence for this day's uſe of my five "ſhillings. This is a moſt reaſonable in-"tereſt, and I will lend you the ſame ſum "to trade with to-morrow, and ſo on; you "only paying me ſixpence for the uſe of it "every night, which will be a great bargain "to you. You muſt alſo pay me my price "every night for your ſupper, and you "ſhall have an excellent lodging above "ſtairs; ſo you ſee every thing will now "be provided for you in a genteel manner, "through my generoſity *."

Poor Betty's gratitude blinded her ſo completely, that ſhe forgot to calculate the vaſt proportion which this generous bene-

* For an authentic account of numberleſs frauds of this kind, ſee that very uſeful work of Mr. Colquhoun on the *Police of the Metropolis of London.*

factreſs

factrefs was to receive out of her little gains. She thought herfelf a happy creature, and went in to fupper with a number of others of her own clafs. For this fupper, and for more porter and gin than fhe ought to have drunk, Betty was forced to pay fo high, that it ate up all the profits of the day, which, added to the daily intereft, made Mrs. Sponge a rich return for her five fhillings.

Betty was reminded again of the gentility of her new fituation, as fhe crept up to bed in one of Mrs. Sponge's garrets, five ftories high. This loft, to be fure, was fmall, and had no window, but what it wanted in light was made up in company, as it had three beds, and thrice as many lodgers. Thofe gentry had one night, in a drunken frolic, broken down the door, which happily had never been replaced; for, fince that time, the lodgers had died much feldomer of infectious diftempers, than when they were clofe fhut in. For this lodging Betty paid twice as much to her *good friend* as fhe

would

would have done to a ſtranger. Thus ſhe continued, with great induſtry and a thriving trade, as poor as on the firſt day, and not a bit nearer to ſaving money enough to buy her even a pair of ſhoes, though her feet were nearly on the ground.

One day, as Betty was driving her barrow through a ſtreet near Holborn, a lady from a window called out to her that ſhe wanted ſome oranges. While the ſervant went to fetch a plate, the lady entered into ſome talk with Betty, having been ſtruck with her honeſt countenance and civil manner. She queſtioned her as to her way of life, and the profits of her trade; and Betty, who had never been ſo kindly treated before by ſo genteel a perſon, was very communicative. She told her little hiſtory as far as ſhe knew it, and dwelt much on the generoſity of Mrs. Sponge, in keeping her in her houſe, and truſting her with ſo large a capital as five ſhillings. At firſt it ſounded like a very good-natured thing; but the lady, whoſe huſband was one of the juſtices

of

of the new police, happened to know more of Mrs. Sponge than was good, which led her to inquire ſtill further. Betty owned, that to be ſure it was not all clear profit, for that beſides that the high price of the ſupper and bed ran away with all ſhe got, ſhe paid ſix-pence a-day for the uſe of the five ſhillings. "And how long have you "done this?" ſaid the lady. "About a-"year, madam."

The lady's eyes were at once opened. "My poor girl," ſaid ſhe, "do you know "that you have already paid for that ſingle "five ſhillings the enormous ſum of 7l. 10s.? "I believe it is the moſt profitable five ſhil-"lings Mrs. Sponge ever laid out."—"O, "no, madam," ſaid the girl, "that good "gentlewoman does the ſame kindneſs to "ten or twelve other poor friendleſs crea-"tures like me."—"Does ſhe ſo?" ſaid the lady, "then I never heard of a more "lucrative trade than this woman carries "on, under the maſk of charity, at the ex-

" pence of her poor deluded fellow-crea-
" tures."

" But, madam," ſaid Betty, who did not comprehend this lady's arithmetic, " what " can I do? I now contrive to pick up a " morſel of bread without begging or ſteal- " ing. Mrs. Sponge has been very good " to me; and I don't ſee how I can help " myſelf."

" I will tell you," ſaid the lady: " if you " will follow my advice, you may not only " maintain yourſelf honeſtly, but independ- " ently. Only oblige yourſelf to live hard " for a little time, till you have ſaved five " ſhillings out of your own earnings. Give " up that expenſive ſupper at night, drink " only one pint of porter, and no gin at all. " As ſoon as you have ſcraped together the " five ſhillings, carry it back to your falſe " friend; and if you are induſtrious, you " will, at the end of the year, have ſaved " 7l. 10s. If you can make a ſhift to live " now, when you have this heavy intereſt

" to

" to pay, judge how things will mend when
" your capital becomes your own. You
" will put ſome clothes on your back; and,
" by leaving the uſe of ſpirits, and the com-
" pany in which you drink them, your
" health, your morals, and your condition,
" will mend."

The lady did not talk thus to ſave her money. She would willingly have given the girl the five ſhillings; but ſhe thought it was beginning at the wrong end. She wanted to try her. Beſides, ſhe knew there was more pleaſure, as well as honour, in poſſeſſing five ſhillings of one's own ſaving, than of another's giving. Betty promiſed to obey. She owned ſhe had got no good by the company or the liquor at Mrs. Sponge's. She promiſed that very night to begin ſaving the expence of the ſupper; and that ſhe would not taſte a drop of gin till ſhe had the five ſhillings beforehand. The lady, who knew the power of good habits, was contented with this, thinking, that if the girl could abſtain for a certain

 time,

time, it would become eafy to her. She therefore, at prefent, faid little about the *fin* of drinking, and only infifted on the *expence* of it.

In a very few weeks Betty had faved up the five fhillings. She went to carry back this money with great gratitude to Mrs. Sponge. This kind friend began to abufe her moft unmercifully. She called her many hard names, not fit to repeat, for having forfaken the fupper, by which fhe fwore fhe herfelf got nothing at all; but as fhe had the charity to drefs it for fuch beggarly wretches, fhe infifted they fhould pay for it, whether they eat it or not. She alfo brought in a heavy fcore for lodging, though Betty had paid for it every night, and had given notice of her intending to quit her. By all thefe falfe pretences, fhe got from her not only her own five fhillings, but all the little capital with which Betty was going to fet up for herfelf. All was not fufficient to anfwer her demands, fhe declared fhe would fend her to prifon; but

5 while

while ſhe went to call a conſtable, Betty contrived to make off.

With a light pocket and a heavy heart, ſhe went back to the lady; and with many tears told her ſad ſtory. The lady's huſband, the juſtice, condeſcended to liſten to Betty's tale. He ſaid Mrs. Sponge had long been upon his books as a receiver of ſtolen goods. Betty's evidence ſtrengthened his bad opinion of her. "This petty ſyſtem "of uſury," ſaid the magiſtrate, "may be "thought trifling; but it will no longer "appear ſo, when you reflect, that if one "of theſe female ſharpers poſſeſſes a capital "of ſeventy ſhillings, or 3 l. 10 s. with four-"teen ſteady regular cuſtomers, ſhe can re-"alize a fixed income of one hundred "guineas a-year. Add to this the influence "ſuch a loan gives her over theſe friendleſs "creatures, by compelling them to eat at "her houſe, or lodge, or buy liquors, or by "taking their pawns, and you will ſee the "extent of the evil. I pity theſe poor vic-"tims: you, Betty, ſhall point out ſome of

" them to me. I will endeavour to open " their eyes on their own bad management. " It is not by giving to the importunate ſhil- " lings and halfcrowns, and turning them " adrift to wait for the next accidental re- " lief, that much good is done. It ſaves " trouble, indeed, but that trouble being " the moſt valuable part of charity ought " not to be ſpared; at leaſt by thoſe who " have leiſure as well as affluence. It is " one of the greateſt acts of kindneſs to " the poor to mend their œconomy, and to " give them right views of laying out their " little money to advantage. Theſe poor " blinded creatures look no farther than to " be able to pay this heavy intereſt every " night, and to obtain the ſame loan on the " ſame hard terms the next day. Thus are " they kept in poverty and bondage all their " lives; but I hope as many as hear of this " will get on a better plan, and I ſhall be " ready to help any who are willing to help " themſelves." This worthy magiſtrate went directly to Mrs. Sponge's with pro-

per

per officers; and he ſoon got to the bottom of many iniquities. He not only made her refund poor Betty's money, but committed her to priſon for receiving ſtolen goods, and various other offences, which may, perhaps, make the ſubject of another hiſtory.

Betty was now ſet up in trade to her heart's content. She had found the benefit of leaving off ſpirits, and ſhe reſolved to drink them no more. The firſt fruits of this reſolution was, that in a fortnight ſhe bought her a new pair of ſhoes; and as there was now no deduction for intereſt, or for gin, her earnings became conſiderable. The lady made her a preſent of a gown and a hat, on the eaſy condition that ſhe ſhould go to church. She accepted the terms, at firſt rather as an act of obedience to the lady, than from a ſenſe of higher duty. But ſhe ſoon began to go from a better motive. This conſtant attendance at church, joined to the inſtructions of the lady, opened a new world to Betty. She now heard, for the firſt time, that ſhe was a ſinner;

that God had given a law which was holy, juſt, and good; that ſhe had broken this law, had been a ſwearer, a ſabbath-breaker, and had lived *without God in the world.* All this was ſad news to Betty; ſhe knew, indeed, before, that there were ſinners, but ſhe thought they were only to be found in the priſons, or at Botany Bay, or in thoſe mournful carts which ſhe had ſometimes followed with her barrow, with the unthinking crowd, to Tyburn. She was deeply ſtruck with the great truths revealed in the Scripture, which were quite new to her; her heart ſmote her, and ſhe became anxious *to flee from the wrath to come.* She was deſirous of improvement, and ſaid, "ſhe would give up all the profits of her "barrow, and go into the hardeſt ſervice, "rather than live in ſin and ignorance."

"Betty," ſaid the lady, "I am glad to "ſee you ſo well diſpoſed, and will do what "I can for you. Your preſent way of life, "to be ſure, expoſes you to much danger; "but the trade is not unlawful in itſelf, and

"we

" may pleafe God in any calling, provided " it be not a difhoneft one. In this great " town there muft be barrow-women to fell " fruit. Do you, then, inftead of forfaking " your bufinefs, fet a good example to " thofe in it, and fhew them, that though a " dangerous trade, it need not be a wicked " one. Till Providence points out fome " fafer way of getting your bread, let your " companions fee, that it is poffible to be " good even in this. Your trade being car- " ried on in the open ftreet, and your fruit " bought in an open fhop, you are not fo " much obliged to keep finful company as " may be thought. Take a garret in an " honeft houfe, to which you may go home " in fafety at night. I will give you a bed " and a few neceffaries to furnifh your " room; and I will alfo give you a con- " ftant Sunday's dinner. A barrow-wo- " man, bleffed be God and our good laws, " is as much her own miftrefs on Sundays " as a duchefs; and the church and the " Bible are as much open to her. You

" may

"may ſoon learn as much of religion as you "are expected to know. A barrow-wo- "man may pray as heartily morning and "night, and ſerve God as acceptably all "day, while ſhe is carrying on her little "trade, as if ſhe had her whole time to "ſpare.

"To do this well, you muſt mind the "following

"RULES FOR RETAIL DEALERS:

"*Reſiſt every temptation to cheat.*

"*Never impoſe bad goods on falſe pretences.*

"*Never put off bad money for good.*

"*Never uſe prophane or uncivil language.*

"Never ſwear your goods coſt ſo much, "when you know it is falſe. By ſo doing "you are guilty of two ſins in one breath, "a lie and an oath.

"To break theſe rules, will be your "chief temptation. God will mark how "you behave under them, and will reward "or puniſh you accordingly. Theſe tempt-

"ations

"ations will be as great to you, as higher "trials are to higher people; but you have "the ſame God to look to for ſtrength to "reſiſt them as they have. You muſt pray "to him to give you this ſtrength. You "ſhall attend a Sunday-ſchool, where you "will be taught theſe good things; and I "will promote you as you ſhall be found to "deſerve."

Poor Betty here burſt into tears of joy and gratitude, crying out, "What! ſhall "ſuch a poor friendleſs creature as I be "treated ſo kindly and learn to read the "word of God too? Oh, madam, what a "lucky chance brought me to your door!" —"Betty," ſaid the lady, "what you have "juſt ſaid, ſhews the need you have of "being better taught; there is no ſuch "thing as chance; and we offend God "when we call that luck or chance which "is brought about by his will and pleaſure. "None of the events of your life have hap-"pened by chance; but all have been un-"der the direction of a good and kind

"Pro-

"Providence. He has permitted you to "experience want and diſtreſs, that you "might acknowledge his hand in your pre- "ſent comfort and proſperity. Above all, "you muſt bleſs his goodneſs in ſending "you to me, not only becauſe I have been "of uſe to you in your worldly affairs, but "becauſe he has enabled me to ſhew you "the danger of your ſtate from ſin and ig- "norance, and to put you in a way to know "his will and to keep his commandments, "which is eternal life."

How Betty, by induſtry and piety, roſe in the world, till at length ſhe came to keep that handſome ſauſage-ſhop near the Seven Dials, and was married to that very hack- ney-coachman, whoſe hiſtory and honeſt character may be learned from that ballad of the Cheap Repoſitory which bears his name, may be ſhewn hereafter.

# BLACK GILES
## *THE POACHER;*

CONTAINING

*Some Account of a Family who had rather live by their Wits than their Work.*

### PART I.

POACHING GILES lives on the borders of one of thoſe great moors in Somerſetſhire. Giles, to be ſure, has been a ſad fellow in his time; and it is none of his fault if his whole family do not end their career either at the gallows or at Botany Bay. He lives at that mud cottage with the broken windows, ſtuffed with dirty rags, juſt beyond the gate which divides the Upper from the Lower

Lower Moor. You may know the houſe at a good diſtance by the ragged tiles on the roof, and the looſe ſtones which are ready to drop out from the chimney; though a ſhort ladder, a hod of mortar, and half an hour's leiſure time, would have prevented all this, and made the little dwelling tight enough. But as Giles had never learnt anything that was good, ſo he did not know the value of ſuch uſeful ſayings, as, that a " a tile in time ſaves nine."

Beſides this, Giles fell into that common miſtake, that a beggarly looking cottage, and filthy ragged children, raiſed moſt compaſſion, and of courſe drew moſt charity. But as cunning as he was in other things, he was out in his reckoning here; for it is neatneſs, houſewifery, and a decent appearance, which draw the kindneſs of the rich and charitable, while they turn away diſguſted from filth and lazineſs; not out of pride, but becauſe they ſee that it is next to impoſſible to mend the condition of thoſe who degrade themſelves by dirt and ſloth;

and

and few people care to help thofe who will not help themfelves.

The common on which Giles's hovel ftands, is quite a deep marfh in a wet winter: but in fummer it looks green and pretty enough. To be fure it would be rather convenient when one paffes that way in a carriage, if one of the children would run out and open the gate: but inftead of any *one* of them running out as foon as they hear the wheels, which would be quite time enough, what does Giles do, but fet all his ragged brats, with dirty faces, matted locks, and naked feet and legs, to lie all day upon a fand-bank hard by the gate, waiting for the flender chance of what may be picked up from travellers. At the found of a carriage, a whole covey of thefe little fcarecrows ftart up, rufh to the gate, and all at once thruft out their hats and aprons; and for fear this, together with the noife of their clamorous begging, fhould not fufficiently frighten the horfes, they are very apt to let the gate flap full againft you, before you are half-

half-way through, in their eager ſcuffle to ſnatch from each other the halfpence which you may have thrown out to them. I know two ladies who were one day very near being killed by theſe abominable tricks.

Thus five or ſix little idle creatures, who might be earning a trifle by knitting at home, who might be uſeful to the public by working in the field, and who might aſſiſt their families by learning to get their bread twenty honeſt ways, are ſuffered to lie about all day, in the hope of a few chance halfpence, which, after all, they are by no means ſure of getting. Indeed, when the neighbouring gentlemen found out that opening the gate was the family trade, they ſoon left off giving anything. And I myſelf, though I uſed to take out a penny ready to give, had there been only one to receive it, when I ſee a whole family eſtabliſhed in ſo beggarly a trade, quietly put it back again in my pocket, and give nothing at all. And ſo few travellers paſs that way, that ſometimes, after the whole family have

loſt

loſt a day; their gains do not amount to two-pence.

As Giles had a far greater taſte for living by his wits than his work, he was at one time in hopes that his children might have got a pretty penny by *tumbling* for the diverſion of travellers, and he ſet about training them in that indecent practice; but unluckily the moors being level, the carriages travelled faſter than the children tumbled. He envied thoſe parents who lived on the London road, over the Wiltſhire Downs, which Downs being very hilly, it enables the tumbler to keep pace with the traveller, till he ſometimes extorts from the light and unthinking a reward inſtead of a reproof. I beg leave, however, to put all gentlemen and ladies in mind that ſuch tricks are a kind of apprenticeſhip to the trades of begging and thieving; and that nothing is more injurious to good morals, than to encourage the poor in any habits which may lead them to live upon chance.

 Giles,

Giles, to be ſure, as his children grew older, began to train them to ſuch other employments as the idle habits they had learned at the gate very properly qualified them for. The right of common, which ſome of the poor cottagers have in that part of the country, and which is doubtleſs a conſiderable advantage to many, was converted by Giles into the means of corrupting his whole family; for his children, as ſoon as they grew too big for the trade of begging at the gate, were promoted to the dignity of thieving on the moor. Here he kept two or three aſſes, miſerable beings, which, if they had the good fortune to eſcape an untimely death by ſtarving, did not fail to meet with it by beating. Some of the biggeſt boys were ſent out with theſe lean and galled animals to carry ſand or coals about the neighbouring towns. Both ſand and coals were often ſtolen before they got them to ſell; or if not, they always took care to cheat in ſelling them. By long practice in this art, they grew ſo dextrous, that

that they could give a pretty good guefs how large a coal they could crib out of every bag before the buyer would be likely to mifs it.

All their odd time was taken up under the pretence of watching their affes on the moor, or running after five or fix half-ftarved geefe: but the truth is, thefe boys were only watching for an opportunity to fteal an odd goofe of their neighbour's, while they pretended to look after their own. They ufed alfo to pluck the quills or the down from thefe poor live creatures, or half milk a cow before the farmer's maid came with her pail. They all knew how to calculate to a minute what time to be down in a morning to let out their lank hungry beafts, which they had turned over-night into the farmer's field to fteal a little good pafture. They contrived to get there juft time enough to efcape being caught in replacing the ftakes they had pulled out for the cattle to get over. For Giles was a prudent long-headed fellow; and wherever

 he

he ſtole food for his colts, took care never to ſteal ſtakes from the hedges at the ſame place. He had ſenſe enough to know that the gain did not make up for the danger; he knew that a looſe faggot, pulled from a neighbour's pile of wood after the family were gone to bed, anſwered the end better, and was not half the trouble.

Among the many trades which Giles profeſſed, he ſometimes practiſed that of a rat-catcher; but he was addicted to ſo many tricks, that he never followed the ſame trade long; for detection will, ſooner or later, follow the beſt concerted villainy. Whenever he was ſent for to a farm-houſe, his cuſtom was to kill a few of the old rats, always taking care to leave a little ſtock of young ones alive ſufficient to keep up the "breed; for," ſaid he, "if I were to be "ſuch a fool as to clear a houſe or a barn at "once, how would my trade be carried on?" And where any barn was over-ſtocked, he uſed to borrow a few rats from thence juſt to people a neighbouring granary which had none;

none; and he might have gone on till now, had he not unluckily been caught one evening emptying his cage of rats under parfon Wilfon's barn-door.

This worthy minifter, Mr. Wilfon, ufed to pity the neglected children of Giles, as much as he blamed the wicked parents. He one day picked up Dick, who was far the beft of Giles's bad boys. Dick was loitering about in a field behind the parfon's garden in fearch of a hen's neft, his mother having ordered him to bring home a few eggs that night, by hook or by crook, as Giles was refolved to have fome pancakes for fupper, though he knew that eggs were a penny a-piece. Mr. Wilfon had long been defirous of fnatching fome of this vagrant family from ruin; and his chief hopes were bent on Dick, as the leaft hackneyed in knavery. He had once given him a new pair of fhoes, on his promifing to go to fchool next Sunday; but no fooner had Rachel, the boy's mother, got the fhoes into her clutches, than fhe pawned them

 for

for a bottle of gin, and ordered the boy to keep out of the parſon's ſight, and to be ſure to play his marbles on Sunday for the future at the other end of the pariſh, and not near the church-yard. Mr. Wilſon, however, picked up the boy once more; for it was not his way to deſpair of any body. Dick was juſt going to take to his heels, as uſual, for fear the old ſtory of the ſhoes ſhould be brought forward; but finding he could not get off, what does he do but run into a little puddle of muddy water which lay between him and the parſon, that the ſight of his naked feet might not bring on the dreaded ſubject. Now it happened that Mr. Wilſon was planting a little field of beans, ſo he thought this a good opportunity to employ Dick; and he told him he had got ſome pretty eaſy work for him. Dick did as he was bid; he willingly went to work, and readily began to plant his beans with diſpatch and regularity, according to the directions given him.

While the boy was buſily at work by himſelf,

himſelf, Giles happened to come by, having been ſkulking round the back way to look over the parſon's garden wall, to ſee if there was any thing worth climbing over for on the enſuing night. He ſpied Dick, and began to ſcold him for working for the ſtingy old parſon; for Giles had a natural antipathy to whatever belonged to the church. "What has he promiſed thee "a-day?" ſaid he; "little enough I dare "ſay." "He is not to pay me by the "day," ſaid Dick, "but ſays he will give "me ſo much when I have planted this "peck, and ſo much for the next." "Oh, "oh! that alters the caſe," ſaid Giles. "One may, indeed, get a trifle by this ſort "of work. I hate your regular day-jobs, "where one can't well avoid doing one's "work for one's money. Come, give me "a handful of the beans; I will teach thee "how to plant when thou art paid for "planting by the peck. All we have to "do in that caſe is to diſpatch the work as "faſt as we can, and get rid of the beans "with

"with all ſpeed; and as to the ſeed coming "up or not, that is no buſineſs of our's; "we are paid for planting, not for growing. "At the rate thou goeſt on thou would'ſt "not get ſixpence to-night. Come along, "bury away." So ſaying, he took his hat-ful of the ſeed, and where Dick had been ordered to ſet one bean, Giles buried a dozen: of courſe the beans were ſoon out. But though the peck was emptied, the ground was unplanted. But cunning Giles knew this could not be found out till the time when the beans might be expected to come up, "and then, Dick," ſays he, "the "ſnails and the mice may go ſhares in the "blame; or we can lay the fault on the "rooks or the black-birds." So ſaying, he ſent the boy into the parſonage to receive his pay, taking care to ſecure about a quarter of the peck of beans for his own colt. He put both bag and beans into his own pocket to carry home, bidding Dick tell Mr. Wilſon that he had planted the beans and loſt the bag.

In

In the mean time Giles's other boys were buſy in emptying the ponds and trout-ſtreams in the neighbouring manor. They would ſteal away the carp and tench when they were no bigger than gudgeons. By this untimely depredation they plundered the owner of his property, without enriching themſelves. But the pleaſure of miſchief was reward enough. Theſe, and a hundred other little thieveries, they committed with ſuch dexterity, that old Tim Crib, whoſe ſon was tranſported laſt aſſizes for ſheep-ſtealing, uſed to be often reproaching his boys, that Giles's ſons were worth a hundred of ſuch blockheads as he had; for ſcarce a night paſt but Giles had ſome little comfortable thing for ſupper which his boys had pilfered in the day, while his undutiful dogs never ſtole any thing worth having. Giles, in the mean time, was buſy in his way, but as buſy as he was in laying nets, ſtarting coveys, and training dogs, he always took care that his depredations ſhould not be confined merely to game.

Giles's

Giles's boys had never ſeen the inſide of a church ſince they were chriſtened, and the father thought he knew his own intereſt better than to force them to it; for church-time was the ſeaſon of their harveſt. Then the hens' neſts were ſearched, a ſtray duck was clapped under the ſmock frock, the tools which might have been left by chance in a farm-yard were picked up, and all the neighbouring pigeon-houſes were thinned, ſo that Giles uſed to boaſt to tawny Rachel his wife, that Sunday was to them the moſt profitable day in the week. With her it was certainly the moſt laborious day, as ſhe always did her waſhing and ironing on the Sunday morning, it being, as ſhe ſaid, the only leiſure day ſhe had, for on the other days ſhe went about the country telling fortunes, and ſelling dream books and wicked ſongs. Neither her huſband's nor her children's clothes were ever mended, and if Sunday, her idle day, had not come about once in every week, it is likely they would never have been waſhed neither.

You

You might, however, ſee her as you were going to church ſmoothing her own rags on her beſt red cloak, which ſhe always uſed for her ironing-cloth on Sundays, for her cloak when ſhe travelled, and for her blanket at night; ſuch a wretched manager was Rachel! Among her other articles of trade, one was to make and ſell peppermint, and other diſtilled waters. Theſe ſhe had the cheap art of making without trouble and without expence, for ſhe made them without herbs and without a ſtill. Her way was, to fill ſo many quart bottles with plain water, putting a ſpoonful of mint water in the mouth of each; theſe ſhe corked down with roſin, carrying to each cuſtomer a phial of real diſtilled water to taſte by way of ſample. This was ſo good that her bottles were commonly bought up without being opened; but if any ſuſpicion aroſe, and ſhe was forced to uncork a bottle, by the few drops of diſtilled water lying at top, ſhe even then eſcaped detection, and took care to get out of reach before the bottle

was

was opened a ſecond time. She was too prudent ever to go twice to the ſame houſe.

## *The upright Magiſtrate.*

THERE is hardly any petty miſchief that is not connected with the life of a poacher. Mr. Wilſon was aware of this; he was not only a pious clergyman, but an upright juſtice. He uſed to ſay, that people who were truly conſcientious, muſt be ſo in ſmall things as well as in great ones, or they would deſtroy the effect of their own precepts, and their example would not be of general uſe. For this reaſon he never would accept of a hare or a partridge from any unqualified perſon in his pariſh. He did not content himſelf with ſhuffling the thing off by aſking no queſtions, and pretending to take it for granted in a general way that the game was fairly come at; but he uſed to ſay, that by receiving the booty he connived at a crime, made himſelf a ſharer in it, and if he gave a preſent to the man who

bought

bought it, he even tempted him to repeat the fault.

One day poor Jack Weſton, an honeſt fellow in the neighbourhood, whom Mr. Wilſon had kindly viſited and relieved in a long ſickneſs, from which he was but juſt recovered, was brought before him as he was ſitting on the Juſtice's bench; Jack was accuſed of having knocked down a hare; and of all the birds in the air, who ſhould the informer be but black Giles the poacher? Mr. Wilſon was grieved at the charge, he had a great regard for Jack, but he had ſtill a greater regard for the law. The poor fellow pleaded guilty. He did not deny the fact, but ſaid he did not conſider it as a crime, for he did not think game was private property, and he owned he had a ſtrong temptation for doing what he had done, which he hoped would plead in his excuſe. The Juſtice deſired to know what this temptation was. "Sir," ſaid the poor fellow, "you know I was given over this ſpring in "a bad fever. I had no friend in the "world

"world but you, ſir. Under God you "ſaved my life by your charitable relief; "and I truſt alſo you may have helped to "ſave my ſoul by your prayers and your "good advice; for, by the grace of God, I "have turned over a new leaf ſince that "ſickneſs."

"I know I can never make you amends "for all your goodneſs, but I thought it "would be ſome comfort to my full heart "if I could but once give you ſome little "token of my gratitude. So I had trained "a pair of nice turtle doves for Madam "Wilſon, but they were ſtolen from me, "ſir, and I do ſuſpect Black Giles ſtole "them. Yeſterday morning, ſir, as I was "crawling out to my work, for I am ſtill "but very weak, a fine hare ran acroſs my "path. I did not ſtay to conſider whether "it was wrong to kill a hare, but I felt it "was right to ſhew my gratitude; ſo, ſir, "without a moment's thought I did knock "down the hare, which I was going to carry "to your worſhip, becauſe I knew madam

"was

"was fond of hare. I am truly ſorry for "my fault, and will ſubmit to whatever "puniſhment your worſhip may pleaſe to "inflict."

Mr. Wilſon was much moved with this honeſt confeſſion, and touched with the poor fellow's gratitude. What added to the effect of the ſtory, was the weak condition and pale ſickly looks of the offender. But this worthy magiſtrate never ſuffered his feelings to bias his integrity; he knew that he did not ſit on that bench to indulge pity, but to adminiſter juſtice; and while he was ſorry for the offender, he would never juſtify the offence. "John," ſaid he, "I am "ſurpriſed that you could for a moment "forget that I never accept any gift which "cauſes the giver to break a law. On "Sunday I teach you from the pulpit the "laws of God, whoſe miniſter I am. At "preſent I fill the chair of the magiſtrate, "to enforce and execute the laws of the "land. Between thoſe and the others there "is more connexion than you are aware.

"I thank

" I thank you, John, for your affection to " me, and I admire your gratitude; but I " muſt not allow either affection or grati- " tude to be brought as a plea for a wrong " action. It is not your buſineſs nor mine, " John, to ſettle whether the game laws are " good or bad. Till they are repealed we " muſt obey them. Many, I doubt not, " break theſe laws through ignorance, and " many, I am certain, who would not dare " to ſteal a gooſe or a turkey, make no " ſcruple of knocking down a hare or a par- " tridge. You will hereafter think yourſelf " happy that this your firſt attempt has " proved unſucceſsful, as I truſt you are " too honeſt a fellow ever to intend to turn " poacher. With poaching much moral " evil is connected; a habit of nightly " depredation; a cuſtom of prowling in " the dark for prey produces in time a " diſreliſh for honeſt labour. He whoſe " firſt offence was committed without much " thought or evil intention, if he happens " to ſucceed a few times in carrying off his

 " booty

"booty undiſcovered, grows bolder and "bolder; and when he fancies there is "no ſhame attending it, he very ſoon gets "to perſuade himſelf that there is alſo no "ſin. While ſome people pretend a ſcruple "about ſtealing a ſheep, they partly live by "plundering of warrens. But remember "that the warrener pays a high rent, and "that therefore his rabbits are as much his "property as his ſheep. Do not then de- "ceive yourſelves with theſe falſe diſtinc- "tions. All property is ſacred, and as the "laws of the land are intended to fence in "that property, he who brings up his chil- "dren to break down any of theſe fences, "brings them up to certain ſin and ruin. "He who begins with robbing orchards, "rabbit-warrens, and fiſh-ponds, will proba- "bly end with horſe ſtealing or highway rob- "bery. Poaching is a regular apprentice- "ſhip to bolder crimes. He whom I may "commit as a boy to ſit in the ſtocks "for killing a partridge, may be likely to "end at the gallows for killing a man.

" Obſerve, you who now hear me, the " ſtrictneſs and impartiality of juſtice. I " know Giles to be a worthleſs fellow, yet " it is my duty to take his information; I " know Jack Weſton to be an honeſt youth, " yet I muſt be obliged to make him pay " the penalty. Giles is a bad man, but he " can prove this fact; Jack is a worthy lad, " but he has committed this fault. I am " ſorry for you, Jack; but do not let it " grieve you that Giles has played worſe " tricks a hundred times, and yet got off, " while you were detected in the very firſt " offence, for that would be grieving be- " cauſe you are not ſo great a rogue as " Giles. At this moment you think your " good luck is very unequal; but all this " will one day turn out in your favour. " Giles is not the more a favourite of Hea- " ven becauſe he has hitherto eſcaped Bo- " tany Bay or the Hulks; nor is it any " mark of God's diſpleaſure againſt you, " John, that you were found out in your " very firſt attempt."

Here the good Juſtice left off ſpeaking, and no one could contradict the truth of what he had ſaid. Weſton humbly ſubmitted to his ſentence, but he was very poor, and knew not where to raiſe the money to pay his fine. His character had always been ſo fair, that ſeveral farmers preſent kindly agreed to advance a trifle each to prevent his being ſent to priſon, and he thankfully promiſed to work out the debt. The Juſtice himſelf, though he could not ſoften the law, yet ſhewed Weſton ſo much kindneſs, that he was enabled, before the year was out, to get out of this difficulty. He began to think more ſeriouſly than he had ever yet done, and grew to abhor poaching, not merely from fear but from principle.

We ſhall ſoon ſee whether poaching Giles always got off ſo ſucceſsfully. Here we have ſeen that worldly proſperity is no ſure ſign of goodneſs. Next month we may, perhaps, ſee that the "triumphing of the "wicked is ſhort;" for I then promiſe to

 give

give the Second Part of the Poacher, together with the entertaining ſtory of the Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.

---

## PART II.

### *Hiſtory of Widow Brown's Apple-Tree.*

I THINK my readers got ſo well acquainted laſt month with Black Giles the poacher, that they will not expect, this month, to hear any great good, either of Giles himſelf, his wife Rachel, or any of their family. I am ſorry to expoſe their tricks, but it is their fault, not mine. If I pretend to ſpeak about people at all, I muſt tell the truth. I am ſure, if folks would but turn about and mend, it would be a thouſand times pleaſanter to me to write their hiſtories; for it is no comfort to tell of any body's faults. If the world would but grow good, I ſhould be glad enough to publiſh it; but till it really becomes ſo, I muſt go on deſcribing

it

it as it is; otherwife, I fhould only miflead my readers, inftead of inftructing them. It is the duty of a faithful hiftorian to relate the evil with the good.

As to Giles and his boys, I am fure old widow Brown has good reafon to remember their dexterity. Poor woman! fhe had a fine little bed of onions, in her neat and well-kept garden; fhe was very fond of her onions, and many a rheumatifm has fhe caught by kneeling down to weed them in a damp day, notwithftanding the little flannel cloak and the bit of an old mat which madam Wilfon gave her, becaufe the old woman would needs weed in wet weather. Her onions fhe always carefully treafured up for her winter's ftore; for an onion makes a little broth very relifhing, and is indeed the only favoury thing poor people are ufed to get. She had alfo a fmall orchard, containing about a dozen apple-trees, with which in a good year fhe has been known to make a couple of barrels of cyder, which fhe fold to her landlord to-

wards paying her rent, beſides having a little keg which ſhe was able to keep back for her own drinking. Well! would you believe it, Giles and his boys marked both onions and apples for their own; indeed, a man who ſtole ſo many rabbits from the warren, was likely enough to ſteal onions for ſauce. One day, when the widow was abroad on a little buſineſs, Giles and his boys made a clear riddance of the onion bed; and when they had pulled up every ſingle onion, they then turned a couple of pigs into the garden, who, allured by the ſmell, tore up the bed in ſuch a manner, that the widow, when ſhe came home, had not the leaſt doubt but the pigs had been the thieves. To confirm this opinion, they took care to leave the little hatch half open at one end of the garden, and to break down a ſlight fence at the other end.

I wonder how anybody can find in his heart not to pity and reſpect poor old widows! There is ſomething ſo forlorn and helpleſs in their condition, that methinks it

is

is a call on every body, men, women, and children, to do them all the kind ſervices that fall in their way. Surely their having no one to take their part, is an additional reaſon for kind-hearted people not to hurt and oppreſs them. But it was this very reaſon which led Giles to do this woman an injury. With what a touching ſimplicity is it recorded in ſcripture, of the youth whom our Bleſſed Saviour raiſed from the dead, that he was the only ſon of his mother, *and ſhe a widow!*

It happened unluckily for poor widow Brown that her cottage ſtood quite alone. On ſeveral mornings together (for roguery gets up much earlier than induſtry) Giles and his boys ſtole regularly into her orchard, followed by their jack-aſſes. She was ſo deaf that ſhe could not hear the aſſes if they had brayed ever ſo loud, and to this Giles truſted; for he was very cautious in his rogueries; ſince he could not otherwiſe have contrived ſo long to keep out of priſon; for though he was almoſt always

 ſuſpected,

ſuſpected, he had ſeldom been taken up, and never convicted. The boys uſed to fill their bags, load their aſſes, and then march off; and if in their way to the town where the apples were to be ſold, they chanced to paſs by one of their neighhours who might be likely to ſuſpect them, they then all at once began to ſcream out, "Buy my coal!—buy "my ſand!"

Beſides the trees in her orchard, poor widow Brown had in her ſmall garden one apple-tree particularly fine; it was a red-ſtreak, ſo tempting and ſo lovely, that Giles's family had watched it with longing eyes, till at laſt they reſolved on a plan for carrying off all this fine fruit in their bags. But it was a nice point to manage. The tree ſtood directly under her chamber-window, ſo that there was ſome danger that ſhe might ſpy them at the work. They therefore determined to wait till the next Sunday morning, when they knew ſhe would not fail to be at church. Sunday came, and during ſervice Giles attended. It was

a lone

a lone houſe, as I ſaid before, and the reſt of the pariſh were ſafe at church. In a trice the tree was cleared, the bags were filled, the aſſes were whipped, the thieves were off, the coaſt was clear, and all was ſafe and quiet by the time the ſermon was over.

Unluckily, however, it happened, that this tree was ſo beautiful, and the fruit ſo fine, that the people, as they uſed to paſs to and from the church, were very apt to ſtop and admire widow Brown's redſtreaks; and ſome of the farmers rather envied her that in that ſcarce ſeaſon, when they hardly expected to make a pye out of a large orchard, ſhe was likely to make a caſk of cyder from a ſingle tree. I am afraid, indeed, if I muſt ſpeak out, ſhe herſelf rather ſet her heart too much upon this fruit, and had felt as much pride in her tree as gratitude to a good Providence for it; but this failing of hers was no excuſe for Giles. The covetouſneſs of this thief had for once got the better of his caution; the tree was too completely ſtripped, though the youngeſt

boy

boy Dick did beg hard that his father would leave the poor old woman enough for a few dumplings; and when Giles ordered Dick in his turn to ſhake the tree, the boy did it ſo gently that hardly any apples fell, for which he got a good ſtroke of the ſtick with which the old man was beating down the apples.

The neighbours on their return from church ſtopped as uſual, but it was—not, alas! to admire the apples, for apples there were none left, but to lament the robbery, and conſole the widow; meantime the red-ſtreaks were ſafely lodged in Giles's hovel under a few bundles of new hay which he had contrived to pull from the farmers mow the night before, for the uſe of his jack aſſes. Such a ſtir, however, began to be made about the widow's apple-tree, that Giles, who knew how much his character laid him open to ſuſpicion, as ſoon as he ſaw the people ſafe in church again in the afternoon, ordered his boys to carry each a hat-ful of the apples and thruſt them in at a little

little cafement window which happened to be open in the houfe of Samuel Price, a very honeft carpenter in that parifh, who was at church with his whole family. Giles's plan, by this contrivance, was to lay the theft on Price's fons in cafe the thing fhould come to be further inquired into. Here Dick put in a word, and begged and prayed his father not to force them to carry the apples to Price's. But all that he got by his begging was fuch a knock as had nearly laid him on the earth. "What, "you cowardly rafcal," faid Giles, "you "will go and *'peach* I fuppofe, and get "your father fent to gaol."

Poor widow Brown, though her trouble had made her ftill weaker than fhe was, went to church again in the afternoon; indeed fhe rightly thought that her being in trouble was a new reafon why fhe ought to go. During the fervice fhe tried with all her might not to think of her redftreaks, and whenever they would come into her head, fhe took up her prayer book directly, and fo

ſo ſhe forgot them a little; and indeed ſhe found herſelf much eaſier when ſhe came out of the church than when ſhe went in; an effect ſo commonly produced by prayer, that methinks it is a pity people do not try it oftener. Now it happened oddly enough, that on that Sunday, of all the Sundays in the year, the widow ſhould call in to reſt a little at Samuel Price's, to tell over again the lamentable ſtory of the apples, and to conſult with him how the thief might be brought to juſtice. But, O reader! gueſs if you can, for I am ſure I cannot tell you, what was her ſurpriſe, when, on going into Samuel Price's kitchen, ſhe ſaw her own redſtreaks lying in the window! The apples were of a ſort too remarkable, for colour, ſhape, and ſize, to be miſtaken. There was not ſuch another tree in the pariſh. Widow Brown immediately ſcreamed out, "Alas-"a-day! as ſure as can be here are my red-"ſtreaks; I could ſwear to them in any "court." Samuel Price, who believed his ſons to be as honeſt as himſelf, was ſhocked and

and troubled at the ſight. He knew he had no redſtreaks of his own; he knew there were no apples in the window when he went to church; he did verily believe theſe apples to be the widow's. But how they came there he could not poſſibly gueſs. He called for Tom, the only one of his ſons who now lived at home. Tom was at the Sunday ſchool, which he had never once miſſed ſince Mr. Wilſon the miniſter had ſet up one in the pariſh. Was ſuch a boy likely to do ſuch a deed?

A crowd was by this time got about Price's door, among which were Giles and his boys, who had already taken care to ſpread the news that Tom Price was the thief. Moſt people were unwilling to believe it. His character was very good, but appearances were ſtrongly againſt him. Mr. Wilſon, who had ſtaid to chriſten a child, now came in. He was much concerned that Tom Price, the beſt boy in his ſchool, ſhould ſtand accuſed of ſuch a crime. He ſent for the boy, examined, and croſs

examined

examined him. No marks of guilt appeared. But ſtill though he pleaded *not guilty*, there lay the redſtreaks in his father's window. All the idle fellows in the place, who were moſt likely to have committed ſuch a theft themſelves, were the very people who fell with vengeance on poor Tom. The wicked ſeldom give any quarter. "This "is one of your ſanctified ones!" cried they. "This was all the good that Sun-"day ſchools did! For their parts they "never ſaw any good come by religion. "Sunday was the only day for a little paſ-"time, and if poor boys muſt be ſhut up "with their godly books, when they ought "to be out taking a little pleaſure, it was no "wonder they made themſelves amends by "ſuch tricks." Another ſaid, he ſhould like to ſee parſon Wilſon's righteous one well whipped. A third hoped he would be clapped in the ſtocks for a young hypocrite as he was; while old Giles, who thought the only way to avoid ſuſpicion was by being more violent than the reſt, declared,

declared, "that he hoped the young dog "would be tranſported for life."

Mr. Wilſon was too wiſe and too juſt to proceed againſt Tom without full proof. He declared the crime was a very heavy one, and he feared that heavy muſt be the puniſhment. Tom, who knew his own innocence, earneſtly prayed to God that it might be made to appear as clear as the noon-day; and very fervent were his ſecret devotions on that night.

Black Giles paſſed his night in a very different manner. He ſet off as ſoon as it was dark, with his ſons and their jack-aſſes laden with their ſtolen goods. As ſuch a cry was raiſed about the apples he did not think it ſafe to keep them longer at home, but reſolved to go and ſell them at the next town; borrowing without leave a lame colt out of the moor to aſſiſt in carrying off his booty.

Giles and his eldeſt ſons had rare ſport all the way in thinking, that while they were enjoying the profit of their plunder, Tom

Price

Price would be whipped round the market-place at leaſt, if not ſent beyond ſea. But the younger boy Dick, who had naturally a tender heart, though hardened by his long familiarity with ſin, could not help crying when he thought that Tom Price might, perhaps, be tranſported for a crime which he himſelf had helped to commit. He had had no compunction about the robbery, for he had not been inſtructed in the great principles of truth and juſtice; nor would he, therefore, perhaps, have had much remorſe about accuſing an innocent boy. But, though utterly devoid of principle, he had ſome remains of natural feeling and of gratitude. Tom Price had often given him a bit of his own bread and cheeſe; and once, when Dick was like to be drowned, Tom had jumped into the pond with his clothes on, and ſaved his life when he was juſt ſinking; the remembrance of all this made his heart heavy. He ſaid nothing; but, as he trotted barefoot after the aſſes, he heard his father and brothers laugh at having

having outwitted the godly ones; and he grieved to think how poor Tom would suffer for his wickedneſs, yet fear kept him ſilent; they called him ſulky dog, and laſhed the aſſes till they bled.

In the mean time Tom Price kept up his ſpirits as well as he could. He worked hard all day, and prayed heartily night and morning. It is true, ſaid he to himſelf, I am not guilty of this ſin; but let this accuſation ſet me on examining myſelf, and truly repenting of all my other ſins; for I find enough to repent of, though I thank God I did not ſteal the widow's apples.

At length Sunday came, and Tom went to ſchool as uſual. As ſoon as he walked in, there was a great deal of whiſpering and laughing among the worſt of the boys; and he overheard them ſay, "Who would "have thought it? This is maſter's favour-"ite! This is parſon Wilſon's ſober Tom-"my! We ſha'nt have Tommy thrown in "our teeth again if we go to get a bird's "neſt, or gather a few nuts on a Sunday."

"Your

"Your demure ones are always hypocrites," ſays another. "The ſtill ſow ſucks all the milk," ſays a third.

Giles's family had always kept clear of the ſchool. Dick, indeed, had ſometimes wiſhed to go; not that he had much ſenſe of ſin, or deſire after goodneſs, but he thought if he could once read, he might riſe in the world, and not be forced to drive aſſes all his life. Through this whole Saturday night he could not ſleep. He longed to know what would be done to Tom. He began to wiſh to go to ſchool, but he had not courage; ſin is very cowardly. So on the Sunday morning he went and ſat himſelf down under the church wall. Mr. Wilſon paſſed by. It was not his way to reject the moſt wicked, till he had tried every means to bring them over; and even then he pitied and prayed for them. He had, indeed, long left off talking to Giles's ſons; but, ſeeing Dick ſitting by himſelf, he once more ſpoke to him, deſired him to leave off his vagabond life, and go with him into

into the ſchool. The boy hung down his head, but made no anſwer. He did not, however, either riſe up and run away, or look ſulky, as he uſed to do. The miniſter deſired him once more to go. "Sir," ſaid the boy, "I can't go; I am ſo big I "am aſhamed."—"The bigger you are, "the leſs time you have to loſe."—"But, "ſir, I can't read."—"Then it is high "time you ſhould learn."—"I ſhould be "aſhamed to begin to learn my letters."— "The ſhame is not in beginning to learn "them, but in being contented never to "know them."—"But, ſir, I am ſo rag-"ged!"—"God looks at the heart and "not at the coat."—"But, ſir, I have no "ſhoes and ſtockings."—"So much the "worſe. I remember who gave you both. "(Here Dick coloured.) It is bad to want "ſhoes and ſtockings, but ſtill if you can "drive your aſſes a dozen miles without "them, you may certainly walk a hundred "yards to ſchool without them."—"But,

 "ſir,

" ſir, the good boys will hate me, and " won't ſpeak to me."—" Good boys hate " nobody: and as to not ſpeaking to you, " to be ſure they will not keep you com- " pany while you go on in your preſent evil " courſes; but as ſoon as they ſee you wiſh " to reform, they will help you, and pity " you, and teach you; and ſo come along." Here Mr. Wilſon took this dirty boy by the hand, and gently pulled him forward, kindly talking to him all the way, in the moſt condeſcending manner.

How the whole ſchool ſtared to ſee Dick Giles come in! No one, however, dared to ſay what he thought. The buſineſs went on, and Dick ſlunk into a corner, partly to hide his rags, and partly to hide his ſin; for laſt Sunday's tranſaction ſat heavy on his heart, not becauſe he had ſtolen the apples, but becauſe Tom Price had been accuſed. This, I ſay, made him ſlink behind. Poor boy! he little thought there was ONE ſaw him who ſees all things, and from whoſe eye no

no hole nor corner can hide the ſinner; "for he is about our bed, and about our "paths, and ſpieth out all our ways."

It was the cuſtom in that ſchool, and an excellent cuſtom it is, for the maſter, who was a good and wiſe man, to mark down in his pocket-book all the events of the week, that he might turn them to ſome account in his Sunday evening inſtructions; ſuch as any uſeful ſtory in the newſpaper, any account of boys being drowned as they were out in a pleaſure-boat on Sundays, any ſudden death in the pariſh, or any other remarkable viſitation of Providence; inſomuch, that many young people in the place, who did not belong to the ſchool, and many parents alſo, uſed to drop in for an hour on a Sunday evening, when they were ſure to hear ſomething profitable. The miniſter greatly approved this practice, and often called in himſelf, which was a great ſupport to the maſter, and encouragement to the people who attended.

The maſter had taken a deep concern in the ſtory of widow Brown's apple-tree. He could not believe Tom Price was guilty, nor dared he pronounce him innocent; but he reſolved to turn the inſtructions of the preſent evening to this ſubject. He began thus: "My dear boys, however light ſome "of you may make of robbing an orchard, "yet I have often told you there is no ſuch "thing as a *little* ſin, if it be wilful or ha-"bitual. I wiſh now to explain to you, "alſo, that there is hardly ſuch a thing as a "*ſingle* ſolitary ſin. You know I teach you "not merely to repeat the commandments "as an exerciſe for your memory, but as a "rule for your conduct. If you were to "come here only to learn to read and ſpell "on a Sunday, I ſhould think that was not "employing God's day for God's work; "but I teach you to read that you may, "by this means, come ſo to underſtand the "Bible and the Catechiſm, as to make "every text in the one, and every queſtion

"and

"and anſwer in the other, to be ſo fixed "in your hearts, that they may bring forth "in you the fruits of good living."

*Maſter.* How many commandments are there?

*Boy.* Ten.

*Maſter.* How many commandments did that boy break who ſtole widow Brown's apples?

*Boy.* Only one, maſter; the eighth.

*Maſter.* What is the eighth?

*Boy.* *Thou ſhalt not ſteal.*

*Maſter.* And you are very ſure that this was the only one he broke? Now ſuppoſe I could prove to you that he probably broke not leſs than ſix out of thoſe ten commandments, which the great Lord of heaven himſelf ſtooped down from his eternal glory to deliver to men, would you not, then, think it a terrible thing to ſteal, whether apples or guineas?

*Boy.* Yes, maſter.

*Maſter.* I will put the caſe. Some wicked boy has robbed widow Brown's orchard. (Here the eyes of every one were turned

turned on poor Tom Price, except thoſe of Dick Giles, who fixed his on the ground.) I accuſe no one, continued the maſter, Tom Price is a good boy, and was not miſſing at the time of the robbery; theſe are two reaſons why I preſume that he is innocent; but whoever it was, you allow that by ſtealing theſe apples he broke the *eighth* commandment?

*Boy*. Yes, maſter.

*Maſter*. On what day were theſe apples ſtolen?

*Boy*. On Sunday.

*Maſter*. What is the fourth commandment?

*Boy*. Thou ſhalt keep holy the ſabbath-day.

*Maſter*. Does that perſon keep holy the ſabbath-day who loiters in an orchard on Sunday, when he ſhould be at church, and ſteals apples when he ought to be ſaying his prayers?

*Boy*. No, maſter.

*Maſter*. What command does he break?

*Boy*. The fourth.

*Maſter*.

*Maſter*. Suppoſe this boy had parents who had ſent him to church, and that he had diſobeyed them by not going, would that be keeping the fifth commandment?

*Boy*. No, maſter; for the fifth commandment ſays, *Thou ſhalt honour thy father and thy mother*.

This was the only part of the caſe in which poor Dick Giles's heart did not ſmite him; he knew he had diſobeyed no father; for his father, alas! was ſtill wickeder than himſelf, and had brought him up to commit the ſin. But what a wretched comfort was this! The maſter went on.

*Maſter*. Suppoſe this boy earneſtly coveted this fruit, though it belonged to another perſon, would that be right?

*Boy*. No, maſter; for the tenth commandment ſays, *Thou ſhalt not covet*.

*Maſter*. Very well. Here are four of God's poſitive commands already broken. Now do you think thieves ever ſcruple to uſe wicked words?

*Boy*. I am afraid not, maſter.

Here

Here Dick Giles was not ſo hardened but that he remembered how many curſes had paſſed between him and his father while they were filling the bags, and he was afraid to look up. The maſter went on.

I will now go one ſtep further. If the thief, to all his other ſins, has added that of accuſing the innocent to ſave himſelf, if he ſhould break the *ninth* commandment, by *bearing falſe witneſs againſt a harmleſs neighbour*, then ſix commandments are broken for an *apple!* But if it be otherwiſe, if Tom Price ſhould be found guilty, it is not his good character ſhall ſave him. I ſhall ſhed tears over him, but puniſh him I muſt, and that ſeverely. "No, that you ſhan't," roared out Dick Giles, who ſprung from his hiding-place, fell on his knees, and burſt out a-crying, "Tom Price is as good "a boy as ever lived; it was father and I "who ſtole the apples!"

It would have done your heart good to have ſeen the joy of the maſter, the modeſt bluſhes of Tom Price, and the ſatisfaction of

of every honeſt boy in the ſchool. All ſhook hands with Tom, and even Dick got ſome portion of pity. I wiſh I had room to give my readers the moving exhortation which the maſter gave. But while Mr. Wilſon left the guilty boy to the management of the maſter, he thought it became him, as a miniſter and a magiſtrate, to go to the extent of the law in puniſhing the father. Early on the Monday morning he ſent to apprehend Giles. In the meantime Mr. Wilſon was ſent for to a gardener's houſe two miles diſtant, to attend a man who was dying. This was a duty to which all others gave way in his mind. He ſet out directly; but what was his ſurpriſe, on his arrival, to ſee, on a little bed on the floor, poaching Giles lying in all the agonies of death! Jack Weſton, the ſame poor young man againſt whom Giles had informed for killing a hare, was kneeling by him, offering him ſome broth, and talking to him in the kindeſt manner. Mr. Wilſon begged to

know

know the meaning of all this; and Jack Weſton ſpoke as follows:

"At four this morning, as I was going "out to mow, paſſing under the high wall "of this garden, I heard a moſt diſmal "moaning. The nearer I came the more "diſmal it grew. At laſt, who ſhould I ſee "but poor Giles groaning, and ſtruggling "under a quantity of bricks and ſtones, "but not able to ſtir. The day before he "had marked a fine large net on this old "wall, and reſolved to ſteal it, for he "thought it might do as well to catch par-"tridges as to preſerve cherries; ſo, ſir, "ſtanding on the very top of this wall, and "tugging with all his might to looſen the "net from the hooks which faſtened it, "down came Giles, net, wall, and all; for "the wall was gone to decay. It was very "high indeed, and poor Giles not only "broke his thigh, but has got a terrible "blow on his head, and is bruiſed all over "like a mummy. On ſeeing me, ſir, poor

"Giles

" Giles cried out, ' Oh, Jack! I did try to " ruin thee by lodging that information, " and now thou wilt be revenged by letting " me lie here and perifh.' ' God forbid, " Giles! cried I; thou fhalt fee what fort of " revenge a Chriftian takes.' So, fir, I fent " off the gardener's boy to fetch a furgeon, " while I fcampered home and brought on " my back this bit of a hammock, which " is indeed my own bed, and put Giles up- " on it; we then lifted him up, bed and all, " as tenderly as if he had been a gentle- " man, and brought him in here. My " wife has juft brought him a drop of nice " broth; and now, fir, as I have done what " I could for his poor perifhing body, it was " I who took the liberty to fend to you to " come to try to help his poor foul, for the " doctor fays he can't live."

Mr. Wilfon could not help faying to himfelf, Such an action as this is worth a whole volume of comments on that precept of our bleffed Mafter, *Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you.* Giles's dying groans confirmed

confirmed the ſad account Weſton had juſt given. The poor wretch could neither pray himſelf nor attend to the miniſter. He could only cry out, " Oh! ſir, what will be-" come of me? I don't know how to re-" pent. O my poor wicked children! Sir, " I have bred them all up in ſin and igno-" rance. Have mercy on them, ſir; let " me not meet them in the place of torment " to which I am going. Lord grant them " that time for repentance which I have " thrown away!" He languiſhed a few days, and died in great miſery:—a freſh and ſad inſtance that people who abuſe the grace of God and reſiſt his ſpirit, find it difficult to repent when they will.

Except the miniſter and Jack Weſton, no one came to ſee poor Giles, beſides Tommy Price, who had been ſo ſadly wronged by him. Tom often brought him his own rice-milk or apple-dumpling; and Giles, ignorant and depraved as he was, often cried out, " That he thought now " there muſt be ſome truth in religion, " ſince

" ſince it taught even a boy to *deny himſelf*, " and to *forgive an injury*." Mr. Wilſon, the next Sunday, made a moving diſcourſe on the danger of what are called *petty offences*. This, together with the awful death of Giles, produced ſuch an effect, that no poacher has been able to ſhew his head in that pariſh ever ſince.

# TAWNEY RACHEL;

OR,

## *THE FORTUNE TELLER:*

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

## DREAMS, OMENS, AND CONJURERS.

Tawney Rachel was the wife of poaching Giles. There ſeemed to be a conſpiracy in Giles's whole family to maintain themſelves by tricks and pilfering. Regular labour and honeſt induſtry did not ſuit their idle habits. They had a ſort of genius at finding out every unlawful means to ſupport a vagabond life. Rachel travelled the country with a baſket on her arm. She pretended to get her bread by ſelling laces,

cabbage-

cabbage nets, ballads, and hiſtory books, and uſed to buy old rags and rabbit ſkins. Many honeſt people trade in theſe things, and I am ſure I do not mean to ſay a word againſt honeſt people, let them trade in what they will. But Rachel only made this traffic a pretence for getting admittance into farmers' kitchens, in order to tell fortunes.

She was continually practiſing on the credulity of ſilly girls; and took advantage of their ignorance to cheat and deceive them. Many an innocent ſervant has ſhe cauſed to be ſuſpected of a robbery, while ſhe herſelf, perhaps, was in league with the thief. Many a harmleſs maid has ſhe brought to ruin by firſt contriving plots and events herſelf, and then pretending to foretel them. She had not, to be ſure, the power of really foretelling things, becauſe ſhe had no power of ſeeing into futurity: but ſhe had the art ſometimes to bring them about according as ſhe had foretold them.

So ſhe got that credit for her wiſdom which really belonged to her wickedneſs.

Rachel was alſo a famous interpreter of dreams, and could diſtinguiſh exactly between the fate of any two perſons who happened to have a mole on the right or the left cheek. She had a cunning way of getting herſelf off when any of her prophecies failed. When ſhe explained a dream according to the natural appearance of things, and it did not come to paſs; then ſhe would get out of that ſcrape by ſaying, that this ſort of dreams went by contraries. Now of two very oppoſite things the chance always is that one of them may turn out to be true; ſo in either caſe ſhe kept up the cheat.

Rachel, in one of her rambles, ſtopped at the houſe of Farmer Jenkins.* She contrived to call when ſhe knew the maſter of the houſe was from home, which indeed was her uſual way. She knocked at the door; the maids being in the field hay-making,

making, Mrs. Jenkins went to open it herſelf. Rachel aſked her if ſhe would pleaſe to let her light her pipe ? This was a common pretence, when ſhe could find no other way of getting into a houſe. While ſhe was filling her pipe, ſhe looked at Mrs. Jenkins, and ſaid, ſhe could tell her ſome good fortune. The farmer's wife, who was a very inoffenſive, but a weak and ſuperſtitious woman, was curious to know what ſhe meant. Rachel then looked about very carefully, and ſhutting the door with a myſterious air, aſked her if ſhe was ſure nobody would hear them. This appearance of myſtery was at once delightful and terrifying to Mrs. Jenkins, who, with trembling agitation, bid the cunning woman ſpeak out. “ Then,” ſaid Rachel in a ſolemn whiſper, “ there is to my certain know-“ ledge a pot of money hid under one of “ the ſtones in your cellar.”—“ Indeed !” ſaid Mrs. Jenkins, “ it is impoſſible, for “ now I think of it, I dreamt laſt night I “ was in priſon for debt.”—“ Did you

 “ really ?”

"really?" ſaid Rachel; "that is quite ſur-"
"prifing. Did you dream this before "twelve o'clock or after?"—"O it was "this morning, juſt before I awoke."— "Then I am ſure it is true, for morning "dreams always go by contraries," cried Rachel. "How lucky it was you dreamt "it ſo late."—Mrs. Jenkins could hardly contain her joy, and aſked how the money was to be come at. "There is but one "way," ſaid Rachel; "I muſt go into the "cellar. I know by my art under which "ſtone it lies, but I muſt not tell." Then they both went down into the cellar, but Rachel refuſed to point at the ſtone unleſs Mrs. Jenkins would put five pieces of gold into a baſon and do as ſhe directed. The ſimple woman, inſtead of turning her out of doors for a cheat, did as ſhe was bid. She put the guineas into a baſon which ſhe gave into Rachel's hand. Rachel ſtrewed ſome white powder over the gold, muttered ſome barbarous words, and pretended to perform the black art. She then told Mrs. Jenkins to

to put the bafon quietly down within the cellar; telling her that if fhe offered to look into it, or even to fpeak a word, the charm would be broken. She alfo directed her to lock the cellar door, and on no pretence to open it in lefs than forty-eight hours. "If," added fhe, "you clofely follow thefe "directions, then, by the power of my art, "you will find the bafon conveyed to the "very ftone under which the money lies "hid, and a fine treafure it will be!" Mrs. Jenkins, who firmly believed every word the woman faid, did exactly as fhe was told, and Rachel took her leave with a handfome reward.

When farmer Jenkins came home he defired his wife to draw him a cup of cyder; this fhe put off doing fo long that he began to be difpleafed. At laft fhe begged he would be fo good to drink a little beer inftead. He infifted on knowing the reafon, and when at laft he grew angry, fhe told him all that had paffed; and owned that as the pot of gold happened to be in the cyder

 cellar,

cellar, ſhe did not dare open the door, as ſhe was ſure it would break the charm. “ And it would be a pity you know,” ſaid ſhe, “ to loſe a good fortune for the ſake “ of a draught of cyder.” The farmer, who was not ſo eaſily impoſed upon, ſuſpected a trick. He demanded the key, and went and opened the cellar door; there he found the baſon, and in it five round pieces of tin covered with powder. Mrs. Jenkins burſt out a-crying; but the farmer thought of nothing but of getting a warrant to apprehend the cunning woman. Indeed ſhe well proved her claim to that name, when ſhe inſiſted that the cellar door might be kept locked till ſhe had time to get out of the reach of all purſuit.

Poor Sally Evans! I am ſure ſhe rued the day that ever ſhe liſtened to a fortune-teller! Sally was as harmleſs a girl as ever churned a pound of butter; but Sally was credulous, ignorant, and ſuperſtitious. She delighted in dream-books, and had conſulted all the cunning women in the country

to

to tell her whether the two moles on her cheek denoted that ſhe was to have two huſbands, or only two children. If ſhe picked up an old horſe-ſhoe going to church, ſhe was ſure that would be a lucky week. She never made a black-pudding without borrowing one of the parſon's old wigs to hang in the chimney, firmly believing there were no other means to preſerve them from burſting. She would never go to bed on Midſummer eve without ſticking up in her room the well-known plant called Midſummer-men, as the bending of the leaves to the right or to the left, would not fail to tell her whether Jacob, of whom we ſhall ſpeak preſently, was true or falſe. She would rather go five miles about than paſs near a church-yard at night. Every ſeventh year ſhe would not eat beans becauſe they grew downward in the pod, inſtead of upward; and, though a very neat girl, ſhe would rather have gone with her gown open than have taken a pin from an old woman, for fear of being bewitched. Poor Sally had ſo

many unlucky days in her calendar, that a large portion of her time became of little uſe, becauſe on theſe days ſhe did not dare ſet about any new work. And ſhe would have refuſed the beſt offer in the country if made to her on a Friday, which ſhe thought ſo unlucky a day that ſhe often ſaid what a pity it was that there were any Friday in the week. Sally had twenty pounds left her by her grandmother. She had long been courted by Jacob, a ſober lad, with whom ſhe lived fellow-ſervant at a creditable farmer's. Honeſt Jacob, like his nameſake of old, thought it little to wait ſeven years to get this damſel to wife, becauſe of the love he bore her, for Sally had promiſed to marry him when he could match her twenty pounds with another of his own.

Now there was one Robert, a rambling, idle young gardener, who, inſtead of ſitting down ſteadily in one place, uſed to roam about the country, and do odd jobs where he could get them. No one underſtood any thing about him, except that he was a

a down-

a down-looking fellow, who came nobody knew whence, and got his bread nobody knew how, and never had a penny in his pocket. Robert, who was now in the neighbourhood, happened to hear of Sally Evans and her twenty pounds. He immediately conceived a longing desire for the latter. So he went to his old friend Rachel the fortune-teller, told her all he had heard of Sally, and promised if she could bring about a marriage between them, she should go shares in the money.

Rachel undertook the business. She set off to the farm-house, and fell to singing one of her most enticing songs just under the dairy window. Sally was so struck with the pretty tune, which was unhappily used, as is too often the case, to set off some very loose words, that she jumped up, dropped the skimming dish into the cream, and ran out to buy the song. While she stooped down to rummage the basket for those songs which had the most tragical pictures, (for Sally had a tender heart, and delighted in whatever

whatever was mournful,) Rachel looked ſtedfaſtly in her face, and told her ſhe knew by her art that ſhe was born to good fortune, but adviſed her not to throw herſelf away. "Theſe two moles on your cheek," added ſhe, "ſhew you are in ſome dan-"ger."—"Do they denote huſbands or "children?" cried Sally, ſtarting up, and letting fall the ſong of the children in the wood.—"Huſbands," muttered Rachel.—"Alas! poor Jacob!" ſaid Sally, mournfully, "then he will die firſt, won't he?"—"Mum for that," quoth the fortune-teller, "I will ſay no more." Sally was impatient, but the more curioſity ſhe diſcovered, the more myſtery Rachel affected. At laſt ſhe ſaid, "if you will croſs my hand with a "piece of ſilver, I will tell your fortune. "By the power of my art I can do this three "ways; firſt by cards, next by the lines "of your hand, or by turning a cup of tea-"grounds; which will you have?"—"O, "all! all!" cried Sally, looking up with reverence to this ſun-burnt oracle of wiſ-

dom,

dom, who was poſſeſſed of no leſs than three different ways of diving into the ſecrets of futurity. Alas! perſons of better ſenſe than Sally have been ſo taken in; the more is the pity! The poor girl ſaid, ſhe would run up ſtairs to her little box where ſhe kept her money tied up in a bit of an old glove, and would bring down a bright queen Ann's ſixpence very crooked. "I "am ſure," added ſhe, "it is a lucky one, "for it cured me of a very bad ague laſt "ſpring, by only laying it nine nights under "my pillow without ſpeaking a word. But "then you muſt know what gave the virtue "to this ſixpence was, that it had belonged "to three young men of the name of John; "I am ſure I had work enough to get it. "But true it is, it certainly cured me. It "muſt be the ſixpence you know, for I "am ſure I did nothing elſe for my ague, "except indeed taking ſome bitter ſtuff "every three hours which the doctor called "bark. To be ſure I loſt my ague ſoon "after I took it, but I am certain it was "owing

" owing to the crooked ſixpence and not to " the bark. And ſo, good woman, you " may come in if you will, for there is not " a ſoul in the houſe but me." This was the very thing Rachel wanted to know, and very glad ſhe was to learn it.

While Sally was above ſtairs untying her glove, Rachel ſlipped into the parlour, took a ſmall ſilver cup from the beaufet, and clapped it into her pocket. Sally ran down lamenting that ſhe had loſt her ſixpence, which ſhe verily believed was owing to her having put it into a left glove, inſtead of a right one. Rachel comforted her by ſaying, that if ſhe gave her two plain ones inſtead, the charm would work juſt as well. Simple Sally thought herſelf happy to be let off ſo eaſily, never calculating that a ſmooth ſhilling was worth two crooked ſixpences. But this ſkill was a part of the black art in which Rachel excelled. She took the money and began to examine the lines of Sally's left hand. She bit her withered lip, ſhook her head, and bade her

poor

poor dupe beware of a young man, who had black hair. "No indeed," cried Sally all in a fright, "you mean black eyes, for "our Jacob has got brown hair, 'tis his "eyes that are black."—"That is the very "thing I was going to ſay," muttered Rachel, "I meant eyes though I ſaid hair, "for I know his hair is as brown as a cheſ-"nut, and his eyes as black as a ſloe."—"So they are ſure enough," cried Sally, "how in the world could you know that?" forgetting that ſhe herſelf had juſt told her ſo. And it is thus that theſe hags pick out of the credulous all which they afterwards pretend to reveal to them. "O, I know a "pretty deal more than that," ſaid Rachel, "but you muſt be aware of this man."—"Why ſo," cried Sally with great quick-neſs: "Becauſe," anſwered Rachel, "you "are fated to marry a man worth a hundred "of him, who has blue eyes, light hair, "and a ſtoop in the ſhoulders."—"No, "indeed, but I can't," ſaid Sally; "I have "promiſed Jacob, and Jacob I will marry."

—"You

—“ You cannot, child,” returned Rachel, in a ſolemn tone; “ it is out of your power, “ you are *fated* to marry the grey eyes and “ light hair.”—“ Nay, indeed,” ſaid Sally, ſighing deeply, “ if I am fated, I muſt; “ I know there's no reſiſting one's fate.” This is a common cant with poor deluded girls, who are not aware that they themſelves make their fate by their folly, and then complain there is no reſiſting it.— “ What can I do?” ſaid Sally. “ I will “ tell you that too,' ſaid Rachel. “ You “ muſt take a walk next Sunday afternoon “ to the church-yard, and the firſt man you “ meet in a blue coat, with a large poſy of “ pinks and ſouthernwood in his boſom, “ ſitting on the church-yard wall, about “ ſeven o'clock, he will be the man.”— “ Provided,” ſaid Sally, much diſturbed, “ that he has grey eyes, and ſtoops.”— “ O, to be ſure,” ſaid Rachel, “ otherwiſe “ it is not the right man.”—“ But if I “ ſhould miſtake,” ſaid Sally, “ for two “ men may happen to have a coat and eyes “ of

"of the ſame colour?"—"To prevent "that," replied Rachel, "if it is the right "man, the two firſt letters of his name will "be R. P. This man has got money be-"yond ſea."—"O, I do not value his mo-"ney," ſaid Sally, with tears in her eyes, "for I love Jacob better than houſe or "land; but if I am fated to marry an-"other, I can't help it; you know there "is no ſtruggling againſt my fate."

Poor Sally thought of nothing, and dreamt of nothing all the week but the blue coat and the grey eyes. She made a hundred blunders at her work. She put her rennet into the butter-pan, and her ſkimming diſh into the cheeſe-tub. She gave the curd to the hogs, and put the whey into the vats. She put her little knife out of her pocket for fear it ſhould cut love, and would not ſtay in the kitchen, if there was not an even number of people, leſt it ſhould break the charm. She grew cold and myſterious in her behaviour to faithful Jacob, whom ſhe truly loved. But

the more ſhe thought of the fortune-teller, the more ſhe was convinced that brown hair and black eyes were not what ſhe was fated to marry, and therefore, though ſhe trembled to think it, Jacob could not be the man.

On Sunday ſhe was too uneaſy to go to church; for poor Sally had never been taught that her being uneaſy was only a freſh reaſon why ſhe ought to go thither. She ſpent the whole afternoon in her little garret, dreſſing in all her beſt. Firſt ſhe put on her red ribbon, which ſhe had bought at laſt Lammas fair: then ſhe recollected that red was an unlucky colour, and changed it for a blue ribbon, tied in a true lover's knot; but ſuddenly calling to mind that poor Jacob had bought this knot for her of a pedlar at the door, and that ſhe had promiſed to wear it for his ſake, her heart ſmote her, and ſhe laid it by, ſighing to think ſhe was not fated to marry the man who had given it to her. When ſhe had looked at herſelf twenty times in the glaſs,

(for

(for one vain action always brings on another) ſhe ſet off, trembling and ſhaking every ſtep ſhe went. She walked eagerly towards the church-yard, not daring to look to the right or left, for fear ſhe ſhould ſpy Jacob, who would have offered to walk with her, and ſo have ſpoilt all. As ſoon as ſhe came within ſight of the wall, ſhe ſpied a man ſitting upon it. Her heart beat violently. She looked again; but alas! the ſtranger not only had on a black coat, but neither hair nor eyes anſwered the deſcription. She now happened to caſt her eyes on the church-clock, and found ſhe was two hours before her time. This was ſome comfort. She walked away and got rid of the two hours as well as ſhe could, paying great attention as ſhe went not to walk over any ſtraws which lay acroſs, and carefully looking to ſee if there were never an old horſe-ſhoe in the way, that infallible ſymptom of good fortune. While the clock was ſtriking ſeven, ſhe returned to the church-yard, and, O! the wonderful power of

of fortune-tellers! there ſhe ſaw him! there ſat the very man! his hair as light as flax, his eyes as blue as butter-milk, and his ſhoulders as round as a tub. Every tittle agreed, to the very noſegay in his waiſtcoat button-hole. At firſt indeed ſhe thought it had been ſweetbrier, and, glad to catch at a ſtraw, whiſpered to herſelf, it is not he, and I ſhall marry Jacob ſtill; but on looking again, ſhe ſaw it was ſouthernwood plain enough, and that of courſe all was over. The man accoſted her with ſome very nonſenſical, but too acceptable, compliments. Sally was naturally a modeſt girl, and but for Rachel's wicked arts, would not have had courage to talk with a ſtrange man; but how could ſhe reſiſt her fate you know? After a little diſcourſe, ſhe aſked him, with a trembling heart, what might be his name? Robert Price at your ſervice, was the anſwer. "Robert Price! that is R. P. as "ſure as I am alive, and the fortune-teller "was a witch! It is all out! it is all out! "O the wonderful art of fortune-tellers!"

The

The little ſleep ſhe had that night was diſturbed with dreams of graves, and ghoſts, and funerals; but as they were morning dreams, ſhe knew thoſe always went by contraries, and that a funeral denoted a wedding. Still a ſigh would now and then heave, to think that in that wedding Jacob could have no part. Such of my readers as know the power which ſuperſtition has over the weak and credulous mind, ſcarcely need be told, that poor Sally's unhappineſs was ſoon completed. She forgot all her vows to Jacob; ſhe at once forſook an honeſt man whom ſhe loved, and conſented to marry a ſtranger, of whom ſhe knew nothing, from a ridiculous notion that ſhe was compelled to do ſo by a decree which ſhe had it not in her power to reſiſt. She married this Richard Price, the ſtrange gardener, whom ſhe ſoon found to be very worthleſs, and very much in debt. He had no ſuch thing as "money beyond "ſea," as the fortune-teller had told her; but alas! he had another wife there. He

got immediate poſſeſſion of Sally's twenty pounds. Rachel put in for her ſhare, but he refuſed to give her a farthing, and bid her get away or he would have her taken up on the vagrant act. He ſoon ran away from Sally, leaving her to bewail her own weakneſs; for it was that indeed, and not any irreſiſtible fate, which had been the cauſe of her ruin. To complete her miſery, ſhe herſelf was ſuſpected of having ſtolen the ſilver cup which Rachel had pocketed. Her maſter, however, would not proſecute her, as ſhe was falling into a deep decline, and ſhe died in a few months of a broken heart, a ſad warning to all credulous girls.

Rachel, whenever ſhe got near home, uſed to drop her trade of fortune-telling, and only dealt in the wares of her baſket. Mr. Wilſon, the clergyman, found her one day dealing out ſome very wicked ballads to ſome children. He went up with a view to give her a reprimand; but had no ſooner begun his exhortation than up came a conſtable,

conſtable, followed by ſeveral people.— "There ſhe is, that is ſhe, that is the old "witch who tricked my wife out of the five "guineas," ſaid one of them. "Do your "office conſtable, ſeize that old hag. She "may tell fortunes and find pots of gold in "Taunton gaol, for there ſhe will have no-"thing elſe to do?" This was that very farmer Jenkins, whoſe wife had been cheated by Rachel of the five guineas. He had taken pains to trace her to her own pariſh: he did not ſo much value the loſs of the money, as he thought it was a duty he owed the public to clear the country of ſuch vermin. Mr. Wilſon immediately committed her. She took her trial at the next aſſizes, when ſhe was ſentenced to a year's impriſonment. In the meantime, the pawnbroker to whom ſhe had ſold the ſilver cup, which ſhe had ſtolen from poor Sally's maſter, impeached her; and as the robbery was fully proved upon Rachel, ſhe was ſentenced for this crime to Botany Bay; and a happy day it was for the county of So-

merſet,

merſet, when ſuch a nuiſance was ſent out of it. She was tranſported much about the ſame time that her huſband Giles loſt his life, in ſtealing the net from the garden-wall, as related in the ſecond part of poaching Giles.

I have thought it my duty to print this little hiſtory, as a kind warning to all you young men and maidens not to have anything to ſay to *cheats, impoſtors, cunning women, fortune-tellers, conjurers,* and *interpreters of dreams.* Liſten to me, your true friend, when I aſſure you that God never reveals to weak and wicked women thoſe ſecret deſigns of his providence, which no human wiſdom is able to foreſee. To conſult theſe falſe oracles is not only fooliſh, but ſinful. It is fooliſh, becauſe they are themſelves as ignorant as thoſe whom they pretend to teach; and it is ſinful, becauſe it is prying into that futurity which God, in mercy as well as wiſdom, hides from men. God indeed *orders* all things; but when you have a mind to do a fooliſh thing, do

not

not fancy you are *fated* to do it. This is tempting Providence, and not truſting him. It is indeed *charging God with folly.* Prudence is his gift, and you obey him better when you make uſe of prudence, under the direction of prayer, than when you madly run into ruin, and think you are only ſubmitting to your fate. Never fancy that you are compelled to undo yourſelf, or to ruſh upon your own deſtruction, in compliance with any ſuppoſed fatality. Never believe that God conceals his will from a ſober Chriſtian who obeys his laws, and reveals it to a vagabond gypſey who runs up and down breaking the laws both of God and man. King Saul never conſulted the witch till he had left off ſerving God. The Bible will direct us what to do better than any conjuror, and there are no days unlucky but thoſe which we make ſo by our own vanity, ſin and folly.

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

*Printed by A. Strahan, Printers Street, London*